



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

*PS 3505*

Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf. *Q74 W3*

*1879*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







THE WAR FOR THE UNION,  
OR  
THE DUEL BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH:

(U. S. A. 1861-1865.)

A Poetical Panorama, Historical  
and Descriptive,

PREFACED BY  
THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS,  
OR THE STORY OF THE NEW WORLD,

By *KINAHAN CORNWALLIS*,

*Author of "The Conquest of Mexico and Peru," etc.*



NEW YORK :  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF  
THE WALL STREET DAILY INVESTIGATOR,  
44 BROADWAY.

Library of Congress  
Office of the  
NOV 27 1899  
Register of Copyrights

PS 3505  
.074 W/3  
1899

47578

COPYRIGHTED, 1899,  
By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

SECOND COPY,

38999  
June 13 '99.

## INTRODUCTORY.

IN publishing this historical and descriptive poem of *The War for the Union, or The Duel Between North and South*, with a new edition of *The Song of America and Columbus, or The Story of the New World*,—I will venture to congratulate both the United States and the United Kingdom—the two great sections of the English-speaking race—on the growth of fraternity between them; and may this sentiment of brotherhood between England and America—with or without a formal alliance—prove everlasting, for it will be a boon to civilization, and to both the Old World and the New.

Here it is appropriate to say that although the New World was discovered by Columbus, or,—in view of the much earlier voyages of the Norsemen to America,—more strictly speaking, re-discovered by him on his first voyage in the service of Spain, when he reached the West India islands, the credit of the first subsequent discovery of the Continent of America is due to the Cabots on their voyage of exploration from Bristol in England. It was later—on his second voyage—that Columbus discovered the mainland.

Hence it is fitting and just that corresponding credit should be given to the Cabots and to England for their part in the discovery of America, notwithstanding that they made no settlements in America, as a result of this and other British exploring voyages.

Moreover, as England and the United States are kindred in blood, language, religion, social institu-

tions, laws and literature, and bound together by the ties of vast commercial interests, I avail myself of this opportunity to say that I have given expression to my own sentiments, and, I believe, the sentiments of the people of the United States of America, in the following New World tribute to England and England's Queen, in promotion of this grand sentiment of international brotherhood :

## VICTORIA'S REIGN.

### AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

[Suggested by the dawn of the new era of fraternal love and friendship between the United Kingdom and the United States.]

#### I.

Hail ! Sovereign of our Old World Mother-land !  
To thee thy New-World Kinsmen greetings send,  
While—See !—Columbia clasps Britannia's hand  
In love and friendship, nevermore to end.

#### II.

God save the Queen ! and hail Columbia ! too—  
America and Britain hand in hand—;  
And God protect and glorify the two,  
And make them pure, as well as great and grand.

#### III.

Hail ! Queen of England, thou, Victoria, hail !  
Whose life has added luster to its Crown,—  
Before whose splendor other splendors pale.—  
And for thyself won infinite renown !

## IV.

Hail ! Queen of England's vast and grand domain,  
On which the circling sun doth ever shine !  
How matchless is the grandeur of thy reign !—  
A grandeur, though of earth, so near divine.

## V.

Hail ! Queen of England's lands beyond the sea—  
The vast Colonial Empire thou dost sway !—  
A rule that leaves thy people great and free.  
Lo ! Zone on Zone its splendid fruits display.—

## VI.

Queen 'neath Australian and Canadian skies,  
And Africa's and India's burning suns,  
Where the protecting flag of England flies,  
And Liberty and Justice bless her sons !—

## VII.

Queen of a Navy ranging every zone,  
Thy rule is felt where'er that flag is borne  
From clime to clime, the emblem of the throne !  
And ne'er that flag was of its glory shorn.

## VIII.

Hail ! Queen of England through an era grand—  
The grandest era that the world has seen,—  
With England leading Progress by the hand,  
And Virtue led by thee, O ! Peerless Queen !

## IX.

God fill thy cup of happiness anew !  
And give thy mighty empire endless peace,

And all thy path with England's roses strew ;  
And ne'er let Freedom wane, or Progress cease.

## X.

Hail ! Sovereign of a great historic line,  
And fairest flower of thy royal race,  
To evermore in England's annals shine,  
The type of England's majesty and grace !

## XI.

Hail ! Queen of England, thou to duty true,  
As Sovereign, Wife and Mother ! hail ! to thee,  
Whose good example good made millions do—  
The great and lowly swayed by Purity.

## XII.

Hail ! Queen of England, hail O ! Gracious Queen,  
Whose lengthy reign has glorified thy realm ;  
For ne'er the world has purer monarch seen,  
Nor grander figure at a nation's helm.

## XIII.

Hail ! England's Queen and India's Empress ! thou  
Whose rule is based on Freedom and on Right,  
And at whose throne we saw the nations bow,  
And, in thy honor, all the world unite.

## XIV.

O ! Glorious Monarch of a glorious land,  
Thy regal Jubilee has passed away,  
But mem'ry pictures it superbly grand,  
And long may thou the British scepter sway !

## XV.

Hail ! England, school of nations, great in might,—  
That in the world's advancement heads the line,—  
May God protect thee with His guiding light :  
The welfare of the world is linked with thine !

## XVI.

Hail ! England, home of Literature and Art,  
Of Science, Learning, Commerce and the Loom,  
With splendid annals, dear to England's heart—  
That England which first sealed the slaver's doom !

## XVII.

Yes, long o'er England may Victoria reign !  
And, Great Jehovah ! bless her to the end,  
To greater good with greater years attain ;  
And Peace and Plenty to her people send.

## XVIII.

All hail ! America's proud Mother-land !  
Both in religion, race and language one,  
Forever may they prosper hand in hand,  
In peace and friendship ever speeding on.

## XIX.

The giants of the Old World and the New,  
Forgiving and forgetting what is gone,  
Have, through the world, a holy work to do,  
Linked in the van of Progress, e'en as one.

## XX.

Behold them civilize where'er they go !  
Behold them bring more happiness to man,



And by the light of knowledge raise the low,  
While Wrong alone is crushed beneath their ban !

## XXI.

Yes, may Columbia and Britannia be  
In closer bonds united evermore,—  
United, still to be forever free,  
And sway the world, for good, on sea and shore—

## XXII.

Uniting all the English-speaking race,—  
Uniting all the forces of our life  
That speed aright the world's progressive pace,  
And making Arbitration banish strife.

## XXIII.

But whene'er war is thund'ring in the air,  
God to Columbia grant entire success,  
And let her proudly warlike honors wear,  
And o'er her foes, her just achievements bless.

## XXIV.

God bless Old England and her noble Queen !  
And England in her reign is blest indeed.  
The New World sings with her, "GOD SAVE THE  
QUEEN !"  
Still England long to God and glory lead.

## XXV.

Long o'er her vast dominions may she reign,  
And, through the world, her bright example shine,  
And swell the measure of her country's gain,  
And luster add to her illustrious line.

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

New York, 1899.



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Song of America and Columbus; or, The Story of the New World, . . . . .	1-278
The War for the Union; or, the Duel between North and South, 1861-1865. An Histori- cal and Descriptive Picture of the Great Contest Between North and South in the United States of America, embracing De- scriptions of all its Important Battles and Events, etc., etc., . . . . .	279
I to X. PREAMBLE.—The Story of the War, . . . . .	281
XI. RETROSPECTIVE.—The Precursors of the War, . . . . .	285
XII. The Election of Lincoln the Signal for Se- cession, . . . . .	286
XIII. Lincoln and Davis—North and South, . . . . .	287
XIV. The Bombardment of Fort Sumpter, the Opening Tragedy of the War, . . . . .	288
XVI. The Union's Call for Volunteers, . . . . .	288
XVII. The Uprising of the North.—"The Union Forever!" the People's Cry, . . . . .	289
XVIII. An Army of Union Volunteers, . . . . .	290
XIX. Leaving Home, . . . . .	291
XX. The News of Battles, . . . . .	292
XXI. Mourning for the Dead, . . . . .	293
XXII. The Crucible of War from '61 to '65, . . . . .	293
XXIII. On the Potomac, . . . . .	293
XXIV. Battling and Blockading from Texas to Vir- ginia, . . . . .	294
XXV. "On to Richmond!"—The Battle of Bull Run, . . . . .	295
XXVI. Union Successes Follow the Bull Run Dis- aster, . . . . .	296
XXVII. Fierce Southwestern Warfare, . . . . .	297
XXIX. The Army of the Potomac.—Scott Retires and McClellan takes Command.—His Campaign to Capture Richmond, . . . . .	298

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
xxx. Clouds Abroad, . . . . .	298
xxxI. The Duel Between the Monitor and Merri- mac, and, later, between the Weehawken and Atlanta, . . . . .	299
xxxII. A Chain of Battles, . . . . .	301
xxxIII. The Battle of Shiloh, . . . . .	301
xxxIV. Farragut Sails Up the Mississippi to New Orleans, . . . . .	302
xxxV. The Battles of South Mountain, Malvern Hill, Gaines's Mill, etc., . . . . .	303
xxxVI. The Battle of Antietam, . . . . .	303
xxxIX. Thoughts of Home in Camp, . . . . .	305
xl. The Tide of Battle, . . . . .	306
xLI. Lincoln Proclaims the Abolition of Slavery, . . . . .	306
XLII. The Battle of Fredericksburg, . . . . .	307
XLIII. The Battle of Murfreesboro, . . . . .	308
XLIV. The Theater of War, . . . . .	309
XLV. The Battle of Chancellorsville, . . . . .	309
XLVI. Stoneman's Daring Raid, . . . . .	311
XLVII. Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania.—Battles on the March—Kilpatrick at the Battle of Brandy Station, . . . . .	311
XLIX. The Battle of Gettysburg, . . . . .	312
LIV. Southern Prisons—Andersonville and Libby, . . . . .	314
LV. The Union Arms Prosper, . . . . .	315
LVI. The Surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hud- son to Grant Reopens the Mississippi, . . . . .	315
LVII. The Battle of Chickamauga, . . . . .	316
LVIII. The Battle of Lookout Mountain, . . . . .	317
LIX. Fresh Union Successes, and the <i>Alabama</i> sunk by the <i>Kearsarge</i> , . . . . .	318
LX. Grant, in Command of all the Union Ar- mies, plans the capture of Atlanta and Richmond, . . . . .	320
LXI. This War of Brothers a Fierce and Sad Do- mestic Tragedy, . . . . .	321
LXII. Grant's Eight Days of Battle with Lee in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania.— Meade, Hancock, Sedgwick, Butler, Cook, and Warren Commanders under Grant.— Sedgwick killed, . . . . .	321
LXIII. Sherman Enters Atlanta, and then Marches Victoriously through Georgia to the Sea, and Captures Savannah, . . . . .	322

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LXVII. The Capture of Fort Fisher, . . . . .	325
LXVIII. Sherman Continues his March to South Carolina, . . . . .	326
LXIX. The War in Maryland and Virginia in 1864.— Sheridan's Ride from Winchester, . . . .	326
LXX. Virginia the War's Great Battle Ground, . .	327
LXXI. Charleston Captured.—The Stars and Stripes Again Wave Over Fort Sumpter, . . .	328
LXXII. The Last Battles in Virginia, Richmond Captured, and Sheridan Pursues Early.— Grant, after the Battle of Five Forks, and a Succession of Other Battles with Lee, Cuts Him off from all Means of Escape, . .	329
LXXIII. The Union Arms Victorious, . . . . .	330
LXXIV. The Rebellion Ends with the Surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, . . . . .	331
LXXV. Sherman Captures Raleigh, N. C., and Johnstons Surrenders, . . . . .	332
LXXVI. The Guiding Forces of the War for the Union, Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Grant and Chase.—The Commanders of the Army and Navy, and Butler in New Orleans, . . . . .	332
LXXVII. The Military Heroes of the War for the Union, . . . . .	333
LXXVIII. The Assassination of Lincoln.—The Nation Mourns, . . . . .	334
LXXIX. Lincoln Enshrined in the Nation's Heart, .	335
LXXX. Lincoln, a Great and Providential Leader, Crowned with Immortal Fame, . . . . .	336
LXXXI. The Evil Spirit of the War.—Jefferson Davis a Captive, . . . . .	337
LXXXII. The Confederate States in the Union Fold, . . . . .	337
LXXXIII. Blue and Gray in Unity Once More, . .	337
LXXXIV. Home Again, North and South, . . . .	338
LXXXV. Loving Hearts Reunited, . . . . .	338
LXXXVI. Peace and Prosperity, . . . . .	339
LXXXVII. The Slave's Emancipation a Boon to the South, . . . . .	339
LXXXVIII. The Union Forever, . . . . .	340
LXXXIX. God Bless and Preserve our Splendid Heritage, . . . . .	341



## PREFACE.

---

THIS volume contains the first part, or Columbus section, of a poetical narrative of the history of America, which—with other matter, chiefly picturing America as it is—embraces descriptive accounts of the four voyages of Columbus to the New World. Those of the other early voyagers, who followed that illustrious discoverer in exploring the New World, together with the stories in detail of the Discovery of the Pacific, the Conquest of Mexico by Cortes, and the Conquest of Peru by Pizarro, are reserved for future publication.

Of this alluring and inspiring theme I was of course enamored, or I should never have written such an elephantine work, which must be published in sections, if at all; and, with life so short and a book so long, the whole of it may never find its way into type. That a busy man, like myself, should have devoted so much time and labor to a task involving no promise of pecuniary recompense goes to show how much I was in love with my subject, and how little I cared for the Almighty Dollar.

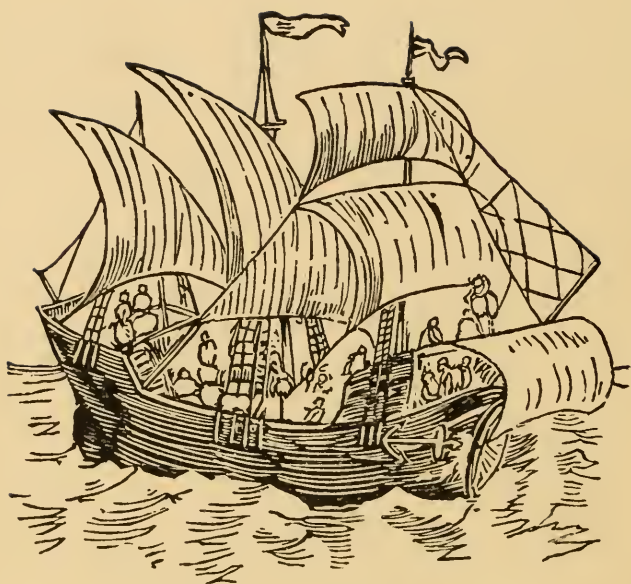
The work has the merit of historical accuracy in every particular, but the disadvantage of being planned on too large a scale for popular consumption; and whether homœopathic doses of it at intervals will overcome this drawback, is a question

on which doctors would doubtless differ, as usual. Instead of being short and sweet it may be considered either "linked sweetness long drawn out," or, like the Hoosac Tunnel, a great bore, as the reader happens to feel about it; and the chances are ten to one in favor of the Hoosac Tunnel view of the matter. But in either case the Song of America and the Greeting to Columbus, now presented, are at least sincere and enthusiastic, and may perhaps be considered a fitting tribute to him, and to the great republic that now honors his memory and celebrates the achievement that immortalized him.

To that glorious memory I dedicate this pioneer offering of descriptive verse, which in its story of the discovery and colonization of America, commemorates one of the greatest and most momentous events in the history of the world, whose rich and splendid fruits are best seen in these great United States of America in this four hundredth anniversary year of that grand discovery—an anniversary we are so fitly and magnificently celebrating, not only in the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, but everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In this celebration all nations are nobly joining hands with us, and 1892 glorifies the hero of 1492 anew, as hero was never glorified before.

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.





THE SANTA MARIA—1492

*(From a Drawing by Columbus.)*



# THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS

OR

## THE STORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

A GREETING TO COLUMBUS AND COLUMBIA, AND DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGES AND CAREER OF COLUMBUS, THEIR PRECURSORS AND SEQUEL.

---

*In celebration of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus, 1492-1892.*

---

PART I. THE SONG OF AMERICA IN 1892.—A GREETING TO COLUMBUS AND COLUMBIA.

PART II. PRELUDE.—THE ANCIENTS ON THE SEA BEFORE COLUMBUS.

PART III. THE ADVENT OF COLUMBUS.

PART IV. THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

PART V. THE SECOND VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.—THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN AMERICA.

PART VI. THE THIRD VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS AND DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.—RETURNING IN FETTERS.

PART VII. THE FOURTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS—SHIPWRECK.

PART VIII. L'ENVOI.—COLUMBUS DIES IN SPAIN.

PART IX. THE SEQUEL TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD BY COLUMBUS AS SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—TO COLUMBIA, THE MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS.—THE VOICE OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO, 1892.



THE SONG  
OF  
AMERICA AND COLUMBUS;

OR THE DISCOVERY AND STORY OF  
THE NEW WORLD.

---

PART I.

THE SONG OF AMERICA IN 1892.—A GREETING  
TO COLUMBUS AND COLUMBIA.

1492-1892.

COLUMBIA greets Columbus now  
Across the splendid bridge of time.  
To him across the span we bow,  
The great discov'rer of our clime.  
Across four hundred years we glance,  
And watch his caravels arrive,  
The winners in a game of chance;  
And see ashore a human hive  
That marvelled at the startling sight  
Which met their wond'ring New World eyes;

2 *THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS;*

With Spain's proud banner waving, bright,  
Beneath the warm West Indian skies.

1892

Clasps hands across the gulf, and cheers

1492,

A long momentous line of years :  
And brighter with the lapse of these  
We see his fame—Columbus—grow,—  
For sailing into New World seas,—  
As vaster grows the debt we owe.

God bless this glorious land of ours  
In time to come as in the past,  
And guide and strengthen all our powers.  
To Thee we hold forever fast,  
And bow in gratitude and prayer,  
And sing hosannas in thy praise  
For all thy mercies and thy care.  
To Thee a nation's voice we raise.

TO COLUMBUS.

Chicago by her inland sea—  
The mouthpiece of these mighty States—  
With nations gathered at her gates,—  
Their choicest treasures with them there  
To swell The World's Columbus Fair,—  
Invites the world to honor thee,  
And pilgrims go where Glory waits  
To add fresh lustre to thy name,  
To blazon thy historic deeds,  
And consecrate anew thy fame.  
Columbia this procession leads,  
And all the world the pageant heeds,  
And joins these great United States  
In greetings at Chicago's gates.

---

Hail! yet once more, that white-winged fleet of  
yore  
That sought Cathay, and found the New World  
shore.

With sun-gilt spars, and silvered flags and sails  
Triumphant over all opposing gales—  
We see it anchor by the blooming isle  
Where endless summer wears its endless smile :  
And this was but four hundred years ago !  
What mighty rivers from this fountain flow !  
What giant oaks have from this acorn grown !  
What grand achievement ours, from zone to zone !  
What population vast from sea to sea !  
What cities great ! What Government so free ?  
What commerce 'twixt the Old World and the New !  
What wealth and splendor far and wide we view !  
What wondrous progress since Columbus came,  
And woke this New World to eternal fame !

---

Columbus ! O Columbus, unto thee—  
Thou Great Magician of the Western Sea—  
Quadro-Centennial songs we gladly sing,  
While through the hemispheres thy praises ring—  
The Old World vying grandly with the New—  
THOU, laurelled by COLUMBIA's hand anew ;  
For all the world unites to honor thee,  
And sends its tribute over ev'ry sea :  
And may the nations met in unity,  
In friendship evermore united be,  
And meet again four hundred years from now,  
Before the temple of thy fame to bow—  
That deathless and imperishable fame  
That lights the world with its inspiring flame—

4 *THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS;*

That tells the story of a mighty deed  
And all we see of which it sowed the seed;  
That vastly widened the domain of man—  
Save the doomed Indian, placed beneath the ban;—  
That gave a virgin New World to the Old—  
With all its greatness and its wealth untold—  
And changed the course of nations and the race:—  
Momentous deed! and sanctified by grace.  
Thy praise, Columbus, now Columbia sings,  
And with thy name and fame the New World rings:  
And, though on earth no more, perchance on high  
These plaudits reach thee :—thou canst never die!

I.

Four hundred years ago Columbus sailed  
 From Palos west till land his eyes regaled.  
 He sought Cathay, but found San Salvador—  
 The New World's welcome, hospitable door,  
 A world of which he ne'er had dreamed before.  
 A splendid, thrilling accident was this.  
 Well might he kneel the sacred cross to kiss,  
 And utter prayers of gratitude to God  
 For guiding him to that green island's sod.  
 All hail to that auspicious day of yore  
 When first Columbus saw the promised shore,  
 And gave this New World welcome with his eyes,  
 A precious and illimitable prize.  
 'Tis in the sequel that its grandeur lies.  
 Behold the land that celebrates his deed  
 Might ne'er have been had he not sown the seed;  
 And of this land, that glorifies him now—  
 The fruit of that to which he turned his prow—  
 My theme shall be, nor grander theme could be.  
 Columbus, and America, the free,  
 I link as cause and consequence sublime  
 Of that discov'ry in the olden time.  
 No more the world event so grand can know  
 As that to which we all our greatness owe.  
 No more a continent remains unknown  
 To dazzle any new Castilian throne,  
 For where have not the wings of Commerce flown?  
 A new Columbus never more can be,  
 To solve the splendid problem of the sea,  
 With its alluring charm and mystery.  
 So let us glorify anew his name,  
 And celebrate the deed that gave him fame,  
 And trumpet to the universe his due—  
 The Guide who linked the Old World to the New,

6 *THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS;*

Who piloted the way to vast success,  
And left the world to wonder and to bless;  
For he of our America is part,  
And near and dear to her—Columbia's—heart.

II.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC: A NATIONAL HYMN.

Hail! to this New World nation, hail,  
That to Columbus tribute pays;  
That glorifies his name, all hail,  
And crowns his memory with bays.

Hail! to Columbia's mighty realm,  
Which all her valiant sons revere,  
And foemen ne'er can overwhelm.  
Well may the world its prowess fear.

Hail! to this richly favored land,  
For which the patriot fathers fought.  
Forever may the Union stand,  
To crown the noble deeds they wrought.

Hail! to the clime where Plenty reigns,  
And Nature woos, with lavish hands—  
Across the prairies and the plains—  
A countless throng from other lands.

Hail! to the galaxy of States,  
The many radiant in one!  
For them fresh glory ever waits,  
And Progress leads them grandly on.

Hail! to the flag which freemen love  
That typifies the Union,  
Whose stars are like the stars above,  
But closer in communion.



Hail ! Banner that all these unites,  
And may the States emblazoned there—  
A loyal host, with sovereign rights,—  
God's blessing through the ages share.

Hail ! to the stars and stripes sublime.  
Forever let them wave on high ;  
And range the world from clime to clime,  
To symbol Freedom to the sky.

Hail ! East and West, and North and South,  
From Bunker Hill to Mexico ;  
The Lakes to Mississippi's mouth,  
And the Sierras crowned with snow.

Hail ! to the wondrous works of man,  
From Maine to California's shores ;  
From ocean they to ocean span,  
And over all the eagle soars.

Hail ! to New England and her homes,  
New England and her sombre pines.  
No son of hers, who widely roams,  
But gladly seeks again her shrines.

Hail ! daughters of this glorious land,  
Whose beauty bears away the palm  
From beauty on each foreign strand.  
With ye there is in Gilead balm.

Hail ! to the great republic, hail !  
Its future fame will dim the past.  
'Twas not pre-destined e'er to fail,  
But to succeed from first to last.

8 *THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS;*

Hail ! to its splendid years of life,  
The century its course has run,  
Its victories in peace and strife,  
The countless triumphs it has won.

Hail ! to those greater deeds undone,  
That greater glory to be gained.  
Its grandest work has just begun.  
Its destiny is God-ordained.

Hail ! yet once more, United States,  
United less by wire and rail  
Than loving hearts and buried hates ;  
Hail ! Great united nation, hail.

And hail Columbus—pioneer,  
Who gave the New World to mankind,  
And paved the way to empire here,  
As though the plan were God-designed !

III.

Lo, we of 1892  
Now garland 1492.  
We take Columbus by the hand,  
And lead him through the promised land,  
The land to which he boldly led the way.  
No matter that he aimed to reach Cathay,  
Nor dreamed of what the future had in store  
For this New World that wooed him to its shore.

Thou more than royal queen, Columbia, hail !  
On Inspiration's pinions let me sail,  
And on thee long my ardent eyes regale.  
With glowing thoughts, that paint thee nigh divine,  
I worship like a lover at thy shrine,

And gladly greet thee in this glorious year—  
Round which are clust'ring mem'ries, deep and  
dear—

And while the sounds of celebration ring,  
And tens of millions to thy glory sing,  
I fain would swell the chorus of their praise,  
And add a chaplet to thy fadeless bays.  
In thee I find a soul-inspiring theme,  
And well my brain with fancies fair may teem  
As I behold thee mirrored to my view  
And mentally thy majesty review.

IV.

'Thou mighty offshoot of a mighty race  
Whose prowess through the centuries we trace—  
The sturdy Anglo-Saxon, strong and bold—  
'Tis yet for thee fresh grandeur to unfold.  
Who knows how soon thy spangled flag will wave  
Where Venezuela verges on the grave,  
And Costa Rica seems a nation dead ;  
Where Mexico, self-wounded, long has bled,  
And the La Plata rolls its lengthy tide,  
And Orinoco spreads its waters wide ;  
From bright Brazil to green San Salvador,  
And Chili and Peru to Eucador,  
Embracing all the Andes, grand and tall—  
Undying Nature's everlasting wall—  
One continent and flag, one people ? Lo !  
The tide foreshadows where the sea will flow.

V.

Land of a thousand glories and delights  
I fain would soar to more transcendent flights,  
And see, through vast infinities of time,  
Thy destiny majestic and sublime.

When Cabot and Columbus voyaged first,  
 And venturers thy early childhood nursed,  
 Who dreamed the giant of the future lay  
 In Nature's cradle sleeping life away?  
 And who of all who see thee, grand and vast,  
 Can thy far greater glory yet forecast?  
 No thought can compass in this mundane sphere,  
 No tongue on earth can tell to list'ning ear,  
 No mental eye, though keen it be, foresee  
 What yet remains—Columbia!—for thee,  
 What tides may swell the ocean of thy life,  
 What undreamt possibilities be rife,  
 That, as the cycles slowly roll away,  
 O'er all the Western world may give thee sway.  
 Scarce has the march of progress yet begun,  
 And countless triumphs wait thee to be won.  
 The future, lo! will dim the shining past,  
 And each new act be grander than the last.

## VI.

Land where the Mississippi—mighty tide  
 By whose dark waters brave De Soto died—  
 Magnificently flows, its country's pride,  
 And with Missouri shares anon its bed—  
 Two noble rivers to each other wed;  
 Land where Niag'ra, like a foaming steed,  
 Leaps o'er the awful brink with flying speed  
 And thund'ring tramp, then rushes toward the sea,  
 Wild, bounding, and impatient to be free—  
 A cataract majestic and sublime,  
 Which never wearies with the flight of time;  
 Land where a mighty chain of inland seas  
 Gleams in the sun and ripples in the breeze—  
 Ontario and Huron; Champlain, too,  
 With broad Superior's bright waters blue,

And Michigan and Erie, grand to view,  
 Whose wavelets kiss and fret upon their shores,  
 Or break in fury when the tempest roars,  
 And o'er whose bosom busy commerce plies—  
 The messenges of New World enterprise;  
 Land of the eagle and the buffalo,  
 Where the Sierras raise their crowns of snow—  
 That glitter in the sun's refulgent light—  
 O'er which the bird of Freedom takes its flight;  
 Land by two mighty oceans washed, to thee,  
 Through changing climes, that stretch from sea to  
 sea,  
 In adoration I would bend the knee,  
 And link Columbus with my minstrelsy.

## VII.

America! magnificent domain  
 I would my muse could sing a worthier strain,  
 But speech may falter though the heart be strong  
 And words are weakest when ideas throng.  
 Long sail thy Ship of State a prosp'rous sea,  
 And glory greet her wheresoe'er she be.  
 May vigilance, eternal, guard her prow,  
 Nor fewer stars thy banner stud than now.  
 May Fortune smile, and gladden, and caress,  
 And all thy course the great Jehovah bless.  
 May all thy daughters—lovely as the rose—  
 Strive, more than beauty, virtues to disclose,  
 Enhancing pleasures and relieving woes;  
 And may thy sons prize honor more than fame,  
 And worth, and manhood, and a stainless name,  
 Than all the gold that sordid natures crave,  
 But to relinquish when they reach the grave.  
 May peace, unbroken, all thy ways attend,  
 And all thy acts to bloodless conquest tend.

Though on thee now no mighty army feeds  
 Thy fame is great for war's courageous deeds.  
 Well I remember when Fort Moultrie's guns  
 Awoke the giant North, and roused her sons  
 To arms!—a vast and patriotic host.  
 From East to West—the prairies to the coast—  
 Uprose the legions of the brave and strong—  
 An army to avenge Fort Sumter's wrong—  
 An outraged flag, an insult and a blow.  
 All Northern hearts united, high and low,  
 And loudly rang those guns throughout the land.  
 The die was cast, the spectacle was grand,  
 While North and South, in dense and fierce  
     array,  
 Plunged into war, and squandered life away  
 Till Freedom struck the fetters from the slave,  
 And laid Secession in its gory grave,  
 The Union flag triumphant over all,  
 By which henceforth let patriots stand or fall.  
 Ah! well 'tis now the bitter strife is o'er,  
 And may thy sons—Columbia!—war no more,  
 And North and South alike forget the past,  
 For evermore in bonds of friendship fast;  
 For one are they, united sure to stand,  
 And gather in the harvests of the land,  
 While speeding to their destination grand,  
 O'erruled and guided by His fost'ring hand.

## VIII.

O! great and proud Republic, hail! to thee,  
 Where dwell the brave, the beautiful, the free.  
 Long I have wooed thee, long thy praises sung,  
 And fondly at thy feet have garlands flung;  
 All hail! to thee, O rich prolific clime,  
 Whose annals shine, heroic and sublime,



And lustre shed upon thy starry flag,  
Which in the dust no earthly foe can drag  
While Freedom's eagle o'er that standard soars  
And Nature still on thee abundance pours.  
Long may thy course of empire onward be,  
And long thy commerce traverse ev'ry sea.  
Long may that freedom thou canst boast to-day  
Attend thee on thy grand triumphal way,  
And righteous deeds alone from age to age  
Their impress leave on thy historic page.

Though generations few have winged their way  
Since thy great natal Independence Day,  
Behold how great a change has Freedom wrought,  
For which thy sons their battles bravely fought  
At Concord and at Lexington of old—  
(The story through the ages will be told,  
And unborn generations proudly thrill)—  
And on the bloody field of Bunker Hill,  
Where twice the yeomen hurled their foemen back,  
And Warren fell on Britain's third attack,  
A patriot true whose loss was great indeed.  
But others rose the righteous way to lead,  
For naught could quench the thirst for freedom then.  
From home and plough came hosts of sturdy men  
Who battled in the patriotic cause,  
While women urged them forward with applause.  
At Bunker Hill their country's fate was sealed,  
And startled England at the tidings reeled;  
For though success had crowned her arms at last,—  
When those who led them faced the scene aghast—  
The vict'ry with disaster dire was rife.  
All Europe heard the echoes of the strife  
That heralded the great republic's life.  
Yet British valor ne'er had brighter shone  
Than when it met the equal of its own.

The conflict spread from Massachusetts' Bay  
 Till thirteen stars were glitt'ring in the fray,  
 And North and South were fighting side by side,  
 Each in the cause imbued with common pride,  
 United in the brotherhood of Right,  
 United for the overthrow of Might,  
 United for the liberty they craved.  
 How thrilling were the perils that they braved !  
 And still as then their strength in Union lies,  
 And still as then they're bound by kindred ties.  
 Let these unite across the gulf of gore  
 In pledging peace and friendship evermore.

## IX.

By slow degrees the glorious war progressed :  
 The righteous cause from first to last was blessed  
 As though 'twere guided by the hand Divine.  
 At Saratoga, Yorktown, Brandywine,  
 At Bennington, and Monmouth, heroes stood,  
 And on their country's altar shed their blood,  
 For liberty contented there to die.  
 Such surely still survive in realms on high.  
 Success might cheer, disaster ne'er deterred,  
 But on to grander efforts valor spurred.  
 Not in the snows of dreary Valley Forge,  
 Where cruel woes o'ercame them like a scourge ;  
 Not in the Jerseys through the long campaign,  
 When Death was busy harvesting the slain,  
 Was murmur heard, or aught but courage seen,  
 Nor in the Carolinas—led by Greene,—  
 Retreating slowly, fighting as they went,—  
 Were soldiers known to utter one lament.  
 At Trenton and at Princeton iron hearts  
 Against reverses played heroic parts.



At Charleston, and at Guilford, 'twas the same,  
Each battle only adding to their fame,  
And Camden saw victorious defeat,  
For hard it was such patriots to beat,  
'Tis sad such slaughter should have e'er been done,  
But independence by the war was won,  
And Freedom's reign through all the world begun ;  
And, though the flag was crimsoned so with blood,  
From evil came a heritage of good,  
And kinsmen then who, warring, kinsmen slew  
Are now forever pledged in friendship true.  
The two great sections of our sturdy race  
In heart, with telegraphic arms, embrace ;  
And curs'd be he who'd strive to weaken ties  
Of love and speech, of faith and enterprise,  
Which through all time the world will aggrandize,  
For in the bond of peace their progress lies  
For ever blessed be the fatherland.  
America to England gives her hand.

X.

Yes, well indeed for England was defeat,  
A blessing in concealment her retreat,  
For had she been triumphant in the fight  
Wrong would have swayed the sceptre over Right,  
And Tyranny through Britain's wide domain  
Would then have held an undisputed reign,  
And human rights been trampled in the dust,  
And Justice made the tyrant of the just,  
While Retrogression on King George's throne  
Progression would have checked or overthrown—  
An evil work an age had scarce effaced,  
And enterprise would long have run to waste.  
Yes, George the Third unconscious good bestowed,  
For to his rule its birth a nation owed.

He kindled Revolution, and behold  
The splendid fruits of Freedom's fight of old !

'Twas well indeed for thee, and all the world  
In glory thus thy banner was unfurled,  
And England's loss has since been England's gain.  
Long live old England and New England, twain !  
Both to the slave his stolen freedom gave,  
And deep for hated Bondage dug the grave.  
One language, and one ocean both unite,  
One tie of blood, one sentiment of Right,  
And, kinsmen still, they ne'er again will fight,  
While arts of peace will testify their might.  
Long wave their friendly banners side by side.  
To noble deeds let noble purpose guide,  
And each in these display ennobling pride.

## XI.

From distant realms—Columbia !—millions fly  
To court thee—ever prone to naught deny—  
And well this current hitherward may flow,  
And young and old with hope and ardor glow  
When Fortune opens hospitable doors,  
And woos and welcomes to thy happy shores,  
Where all in one the diverse races blend,  
And learn thy spangled banner to defend.  
Where'er I turn Improvement meets the eye,  
And “onward !” ever is the people's cry  
For Progress speeds with wings that never tire,  
And Science spreads its net of rail and wire,  
And spans the ocean with its speaking lines,  
Uniting nations in its grand designs,  
While in the vastness of the range of steam  
How much appears as wondrous as a dream !

On Westward, on flows Immigration's tide  
And sows the seed of future wealth awide.  
There cities in the solitudes arise,  
And pioneers throb with enterprise.  
There Colorado and Montana lie  
Revealing riches to the searching eye,  
While, far beyond, the grand Pacific slope,  
With shining gold, forever kindles hope.  
Free competition speeds Invention's stride,  
And Art and Science flourish side by side,  
While labor all who labor dignifies,  
And Justice reigns with introverted eyes;  
And though the mighty Press is free as air  
Mark License curbed by Freedom ev'rywhere.  
Great national resources yield their wealth,  
And in the splendid climate there is health.

The teeming mine, whose gold and silver fruit  
The eager miner's searching eyes salute ;  
The spotless cotton bursting from the pod ;  
The yellow maize upon its golden rod ;  
Tobacco's spreading green and siren leaf ;  
The wheat-ears gathered in a ripened sheaf ;  
The rice-fields waving in the Southern sun ;  
The canebrake—sugar-laden—dense and dun ;  
The fleece that from the sheep is newly shorn ;  
The blushing fruits that rival Plenty's horn—  
All these proclaim thy opulence, O land !  
Adorned and blessed by Nature's lavish hand,  
While sweet religion o'er it sheds its balm,  
And lulls the baser passions to a calm.

## XII.

From thy cold northern seaboard, bold and bare,  
To where Pacific woos a balmier air—

From Narragansett Bay to Puget Sound—  
 The temples of the Lord of Hosts abound,  
 And hymns of praise from Christian hearts arise  
 In homage to the God that rules the skies,  
 Who 'with the welcome Sabbath's holy rest  
 Has all the sons of earth divinely blest.  
 'Tis then the land is hushed to brief repose,  
 While solemn bells ring out o'er winter's snows,  
 And, too, when fields are gay with summer bloom,  
 And when the woods their autumn tints assume.  
 All hail! the Sabbath in a Christian land,  
 With Faith and Toleration hand in hand,  
 And may the creeds, which equal blessings share,  
 Each other naught but loving-kindness bear,  
 And do on earth the great Creator's will,  
 Returning good in charity for ill,  
 And teaching man humanity to man,—  
 While adding glory to life's narrow span,  
 For Christian graces dearer are than gold,  
 And more than beauty lovely to behold.

## XIII.

Proud and united galaxy of States—  
 America!—on thee but glory waits,  
 Thy grandeur growing with the flight of time  
 And all the harvests of thy favored clime.  
 Thy Constitution girds thee with a shield  
 That guards thee like an army in the field,  
 Defying all vicissitudes and change,  
 While yielding Progress unrestricted range,  
 Extending equal rights with jealous care,  
 And liberty bestowing ev'rywhere.  
 Who'd bulwark so protecting sweep away?  
 Well may thy children prize their regal sway  
 And hail each year their Independence Day!

Their birthright and their liberty are one,  
Nor e'er they'll lose it till all else is gone :  
For all beside it seems as dross to gold—  
The life that served Columbia's form to mould.  
How priceless, and how precious in their eyes  
That splendid and imperishable prize !  
Yes, they were born to guard it as their own,  
And in their hearts their liberty enthrone.  
'Twere vain indeed for traitors to combine  
To desecrate that truly hallowed shrine.

Long float thy Navy's banners o'er the sea—  
The stars and stripes that symbolize the free—  
And shield thy far exploring enterprise.  
May diplomatic and fraternal ties  
To distant nations hold thee always near,  
Yet, all untrammelled, let thy course be clear.  
No foe in all the world hast thou to fear ;  
Alone and grand, impregnable and vast,  
Thy future see foreshadowed in the past :  
And yet how recent still appears the day  
When all the land a waste of verdure lay,  
And lavished all its virgin strength in vain  
From the Atlantic to Pacific's main,  
Through solemn silent centuries of rest—  
Through countless ages by the Red Man blest,  
Where axe and ploughshare were like Art unknown,  
And earth itself to him seemed all his own.

#### XIV.

Behold the Red Man where he ruled of yore  
Has lost his empire, and is king no more !  
The mighty tribes that once held regal sway  
Have from their native lands nigh passed away,

And soon before Invasion's fatal blight  
 Their star will set—alas!—in endless night.  
 The Sioux and the Algonquins, where are these?  
 Where, too, are now the Hurons and Pawnees,  
 The Chickasaws, Oneidas, and Shawnees,  
 The Winnebagos, and the Muscogeas,  
 The Saukies, the Camanches, and Uchees,  
 The Kansas, Seminoles, and Weetumkees,  
 The Mohegans, Nihantics, and Natchees,  
 The Pequots, Miamis, and Yamasees,  
 The Tuscaroras and the Waterees,  
 The Narragansetts, and Menomonees,  
 The Choctaws, Delawares, and Cherokees,  
 The Eries, Yamacraws, and Mosokees,  
 The Mohawks, and the Chickahominies,  
 The Kickapoos, and tall Walhominies,  
 The Androscoggins, and the Omahas,  
 The Alibams, and Mitchigamuas,  
 The Tangeboas, and the Pammahas,  
 The Apalachias, and the Ostonoos,  
 The Sacs and Foxes and the Onodoos,  
 The Pottawattomies and Ioways,  
 The Creeks, Catawbass, and Ojibbeways,  
 The Senecas, Peorias, and Crows—  
 Who sank beneath the burden of their woes?  
 How few remain of all those valiant hosts  
 That peopled once the prairies and the coasts.  
 The white man has usurped their wide domain,  
 And on their native soil no more they reign.  
 They vanish as they came, nor leave a sign;  
 But how they came, and whence, can Man di-  
 vine?  
 Perchance they crossed the sea from Asian shores  
 In bolsas, or canoes, propelled by oars,  
 In ages lost to pre-historic lore—  
 The ancient days whose memory is no more—



Or found o'er Behring's narrow Strait their way  
From Tartar wilds, or Mangi, or Cathay ;  
For there the mighty continents are seen  
With less than forty miles of flood between,  
And intervening isles to grace the scene.  
In these the first discov'ers we behold—  
A people with a story yet untold.

XV.

Columbia! o'er thy bosom let me range,  
And contemplate the beautiful, the strange,  
For in a feast of vision I delight,  
And fain would be ubiquitous in sight.  
To Appalachia's mountains let me soar—  
From Hudson to the Rio Grande's shore—  
And yon Blue Ridge with poet's eye explore,  
And trace the chain of Ozark west and south  
Red River-wards from broad Missouri's mouth ;  
Then course, in thought, through wild Wisconsin  
hills—  
Whose noble sweep my soul with pleasure fills—  
And Mississippi's valley, vast to view,  
And the Atlantic Terrace wander through ;  
For I rejoice in roving far and wide,  
And gaze on thee—America !—with pride.

XVI.

Hail ! Massachusetts, to thy friendly sod  
The Pilgrims came, and bowed the knee to God.  
Hail ! to that Plymouth Rock, where first they trod,  
When from the sea they landed on thy coast—  
A brave, heroic, persecuted host.  
Hail ! Mother of New England, rich in lore,  
Whose name at Bunker Hill was writ in gore.  
Hail ! the Green Mountains, that I've wandered o'er,



And hail! the region of the Golden Gate.  
 Hail! to the fast advancing Empire State,  
 Whose future like her past is grand and great,  
 For to her all the world its tribute yields,  
 And she a sceptre in her commerce wields.  
 Hail! Carolina's rice and cotton fields,  
 And Minnesota's waving wealth of grain,  
 And, too, the pines and maple groves of Maine,  
 And all the ore in Pennsylvania's breast,  
 And in Nevada, richly silver-blest.  
 Hail! to the Plains, far-spreading like a sea,  
 To which I oft on wings of fancy flee,  
 And Arizona's and Montana's mines  
 Where virgin gold in rich abundance shines.  
 Hail! to the mighty prairies of the West  
 O'er which I've bounded with a hunter's zest,  
 And which ere long with cities will resound  
 Though resting still in solitude profound.  
 And hail! O Old Dominion, to thee,  
 Where Pocahontas wandered, wild and free,  
 Long ere the Red Man lost his ancient sway,  
 And to the pale invader fell a prey.  
 She blossom-like in growing beauty bloomed,  
 And saved a life her warlike sire had doomed.  
 When Powhatan prepared to strike the blow  
 Designed to lay his trembling captive low  
 She flung herself between exclaiming—"Slay  
 Your daughter, but your captive ne'er, I pray!"  
 To which the chieftain promptly made reply—  
 "He merits life for whom she fain would die!"

Hail! to New Hampshire's hoary mountain heights,  
 In which my contemplative soul delights;  
 For I have climbed their lone and lofty peaks,  
 Where oft the storm in roaring thunder speaks,

And from their craggy granite brows surveyed  
 The scene below, disposed in light and shade,  
 And raised my longing eyes from earth to sky,  
 And pictured realms of endless bliss on high,  
 Where live the good when from the world they fly.  
 Hail! to the Adirondacks, bold and blue,  
 Sequestered wild and beautiful to view,  
 And to the Alleghanies, long and low,  
 Which I have seen when mantled o'er with snow,  
 And in the summer sunset's mellow glow.  
 Hail! to Lake George whose crystal floods reflect  
 The mountains round by Flora's hand bedecked,  
 While isles of verdure stud its smiling face,  
 Whose shadows in the sunlight I can trace.  
 Here all recalls the mem'ry of the strife  
 That ushered thee—Columbia!—into life.

## XVII.

Hail! to the Hudson, picturesque and grand—  
 A masterpiece from Nature's dainty hand—  
 Eclipsing all the glories of the Rhine,  
 In splendor flowing, beautiful, divine.  
 How lovely are its features to the sight—  
 Like some imagined River of Delight!  
 For here has Nature lavished on the land  
 Those mingled charms which glowing praise com-  
 mand.

From where the Catskills overlook its tide—  
 Bright as a mirror, rolling deep and wide—  
 To where the lofty Palisades arise,  
 With beauty, beauty, ever changing, vies.  
 Hill, mountain, valley, woodland, town and mead,  
 Each other panorama-like succeed,  
 And all is as a vision bright and fair  
 That meets the wand'rer as he gazes there.

When Steam's pulsations Fulton's ship impelled  
 Its gliding form thy flowing waters held,  
 And though it seems a thing of yesterday  
 Behold its fruits upon the wat'ry way.  
 Not even Watt foresaw the Engine's reign  
 O'er all the earth, and all the mighty main,  
 Nor Morse how much he'd girdle both with wire  
 Nerved with a spark of the electric fire.

## XVIII.

Hail! to the Schuylkill and the Delaware,  
 Whose waters white-winged steeds of Commerce  
     bear,  
 Where Penn of old his solemn treaty made,  
 And firm foundations for the future laid,  
 And Washington his troops to glory led,  
 And lustre on his name and country shed.  
 Hail! to Monongahela's rushing stream,  
 Whose waves like silver in the moonlight gleam,  
 And to the Shenandoah of the vale,  
 O'er which there wanders here and there a sail;  
 And hail! the Arkansas, and Kennebec,  
 Whose waters, far apart, the prospect deck.  
 Hail! to the broad Savannah, calm and bright,  
 Which basks in beauty in the summer light,  
 While balmy airs caress it as it flows,  
 And ev'ry ripple on its bosom glows.  
 Hail! to the Wabash, Indiana's pride,  
 Where countless keels upon their errands glide;  
 And Alabama's serpentine Mobile,  
 Which seems a thousand pictures to reveal.  
 Hail! the Potomac, and Mount Vernon's shrine,  
 Where ivies o'er the tomb of greatness twine.  
 There sleeps the hero with a deathless fame—  
 A loved, an honored, and immortal name—

For ever to his country's sons endeared,  
And by the world from pole to pole revered !  
Hail ! the Ohio's far-extending tide,  
That flows in splendor—picturesque and wide—  
Till, lost in Mississippi's proud embrace,  
It dies with foaming wavelets on its face.  
Hail ! to the Susquehanna's rippling flood,  
By which in pensive mood I've, gazing, stood  
While one by one were pictured to my mind  
The native legends in itself enshrined.  
Hail ! to the Sacramento, far away,  
On which I've seen the sunbeams brightly play,  
While busy steamers glided on its breast,  
And feathered oars its swelling form caressed.  
Hail ! to the Tennessee, meandering, deep,  
The dark Connecticut's imposing sweep,  
And the St. Lawrence, vast and fair to see,  
From distant mountains stretching to the sea.  
Hail ! to the Thousand Isles that stud its tide,  
Each isle arrayed and beaming like a bride—  
A sight whose beauty ever haunts the eye,  
From which I turn delighted with a sigh.  
Hail ! to the Rappahannock's silver stream,  
With music in its waters as they gleam,  
And to the Merrimac among the pines,  
Whose shadows fall in long and dusky lines ;  
For rivers give refreshment to the land,  
And feed the ocean with a bounteous hand,  
While from their virgin sources to the main  
Eternal as the heavens is their reign.

XIX.

Hail ! to the Valley of the Yellowstone,  
Whose wonders and whose beauties scarce are  
known,

Where boiling geysers spout their floods on high,  
 And mammoth trees rise grandly toward the sky.  
 Hail! to the Yo-se-mi-te's splendid Vale  
 By mountains framed o'er which the eagles sail,  
 Where Nature's pictured in her grandest moods,  
 And fairy scenes are hid in solitudes;  
 And welcome! all the glories of the land,  
 Which bear the impress of the Maker's hand,  
 For beauty is akin to things divine,  
 And earthly scenes with light celestial shine.  
 Hail! to Wyoming's green historic Vale,  
 Though I with pain peruse its tragic tale.  
 But when upon its loveliness I gaze  
 I scarce recall the sights of other days,  
 So fair and peaceful, and so still it lies,  
 Where once resounded agonizing cries.  
 Hail! to a vale less rugged to the eye  
 Through which I wandered in the years gone by,  
 That won me by its beauty and repose  
 And still in mem'ry on my vision glows—  
 The Housatonic with its frame of hills,  
 From which there gurgle fresh and sparkling rills,  
 And where the limpid river winds its way  
 While babbling here and there its roundelay.  
 Ah! there 'tis sweet with Nature to commune  
 Inhaling fragrance in the month of June.

## XX.

Home of angelic women and brave men—  
 Fair land that I adore—yet once again  
 I strive in vain to paint thee with the pen.  
 Ten thousand beauties greet me on thy shores,  
 And unto lofty heights my spirit soars  
 Beyond the track of Steam's metallic steed—  
 Which, fed by fire, careers with flying speed—



And where the wire electric ne'er has been,  
And undisturbed the condor eyes the scene.  
Across the sea-like prairies, verdure-clad  
I fly in thought, reflective and half-sad,  
To yonder bold Sierras, dark and wild,  
Whose peaks, behold ! in rugged grandeur piled  
Against the background of the vault of blue,  
While all around is picturesque to view.  
Once more thy splendid cities I survey,  
Where Progress holds an undisputed sway,  
And hear the hum of industry and trade ;  
And see before me new foundations laid.  
Once more I watch the reaper, plough, and  
spade,  
And waving fields of grass and golden grain,  
And orchards that diversify the plain,  
And gardens that are rich in leaf and bloom,  
Exhaling on the air their soft perfume.  
Once more I see the weaver's busy loom,  
And wheel on wheel in rapid motion fly,  
And scan machines that punch a needle's eye ;  
And watch the metal in the furnace glow,  
And hear the hammer's quick resounding blow,  
For Manufacture leads a sleepless life,  
And enterprise throughout the land is rife.  
Once more thy bright-eyed daughters, ruby-lipped,  
With graceful forms, in charming guise equipped,  
Are mine to view—dark, fair, and lily-pale.  
Alas ! that Time their beauty e'er should veil.  
Once more I greet thee—North, West, South and  
East—  
And on thy charms mine eyes would ever feast.  
All hail ! to thy magnificence, O clime !  
Where I have gazed in rapture oftentime ;  
Where on Mount Shasta at the break of day,  
When air and clouds alike were cold and gray—

Ere from their night-long shelter birds had flown—  
 I've stood and gazed in silence and alone,  
 And watched the rising sun put out the stars  
 And streak the eastern sky with golden bars,  
 Then on the face of Nature brightly play,  
 And shed the lustre of the dawning day;  
 Where, too, I've watched at eve the setting sun  
 When man his daily task had almost done,  
 And 'mid its splendors, dazzling and divine—  
 Which through my mem'ry's vistas brightly shine—  
 Seen color vie with color, ray with ray,  
 Through space extending, near and far away,  
 While all was grand, resplendent and sublime,  
 But in its beauty fleeting e'en as time;—  
 Where I have wandered far, and wide, and long,  
 And sung thy praise in patriotic song:—  
 Clime where the Pilgrim Fathers found their  
     home,  
 By persecution forced the sea to roam;  
 Where Washington, time-honored, lived and died,  
 Yet lives immortalized, his Country's pride;  
 Where Jefferson, and Clay, and Calhoun breathed  
 And were with laurels by the people wreathed;  
 Where Lincoln fell by an assassin's hand  
 And filled with mourning a devoted land;  
 Where Freedom out of bondage plucked the slave,  
 And God to her defenders triumph gave.

## XXI.

No nation has a heritage like thine;  
 No poet has a grander theme than mine,  
 And though I cannot fitly sing thy praise  
 I yet can humbly strew thy path with bays.  
 United States! united ever be,  
 Invincible in strength on land and sea!



And ever, with united hearts and hands,  
Press on, the envy of all other lands.  
O'er thee, Columbia, Freedom sheds its light,  
And thou art great in majesty and might.  
Yet to Columbus is thy grandeur due.  
Through him the Old World colonized the New.  
He sought and found a World unknown before,  
And back to Spain the wondrous tidings bore :  
And this was but four hundred years ago.  
How vast a boon to him the nations owe !  
Let both the hemispheres extol his name,  
And loudly trumpet his immortal fame.

The World's Columbian Exposition, hail !  
It tells mankind the great historic tale,  
And all the nations of the earth are there  
Our celebration at the Fair to share.  
There 1492 we greet,  
And, in the spirit him—Columbus—meet,  
While 1892 cries Hail !  
All hail again to him—Columbus—hail !

---

## PART II.

### PRELUDE.—THE ANCIENTS ON THE SEA BEFORE COLUMBUS.

[PERIOD.—From the Dawn of Navigation to the Advent of  
Columbus.]

FOR countless ages from Creation's morn  
The science Navigation lay unborn,  
And all unploughed by man the sea reposed—  
A mighty volume to his vision closed,

Save where its restless waters marked the shore—  
And spoke, in tempests, in an angry roar—  
A waste extending far as eye could view,  
Eternal as the heavens, and as blue.  
'Twas Egypt first adventured on its breast,  
And carried Eastern treasures to the West,  
Though brief upon the ocean was her reign,  
For soon she treated commerce with disdain,  
And closed her ports to all who sailed the main.  
Then on Phœnician sails the sunlight fell,  
While Oriental commerce prospered well,  
And Tyre, and Sidon, rose to splendid fame,  
For to their ports the freighted vessels came.  
They sought the boundless empire of the sea—  
The masters of its enterprise to be—  
And to success, and daring, bowed the knee.  
Their vessels through the Red Sea's waters went,  
And coursed along the Eastern Continent.  
From Arab shores to Hindostan they ranged,  
And products with the Africans exchanged.  
Without a rival on the deep were they,  
And held o'er commerce undisputed sway  
Till lo! the Jews—with David as their king—  
Began their way o'er ocean wide to wing,  
Attracted by the riches won by trade.  
Then Solomon in all his pomp arrayed—  
With Hiram, King of Tyre, to lend him aid—  
Sent fleets to Tarshish, and to Ophir's shore\*  
To gather treasures, rare, and golden ore,  
And so adorned all Israel of old  
With that rude splendor which was born of gold:  
But by disaster, and their laws, confined,  
The commerce of the Jews, in time, declined,

---

\* Supposed to be ports of India, and Africa.

And Carthage took what Israel bequeathed,  
 And into trade new life and vigor breathed.  
 She reached the shores of Britain, Gaul and Spain,  
 In bold adventures o'er the northern main,  
 And the Canary Islands, westward, found,  
 And soon became in Africa renowned.  
 When Tyre to Alexander fell a prey,  
 And Egypt, in submission, owned his sway,  
 Greece took possession of the wat'ry way,  
 And conquest crowned her efforts with success,  
 While great Jehovah seemed her arms to bless.  
 From Thessaly the Argonauts advanced  
 Till on the Euxine Sea their vessel danced—  
 The greatest wonder of those early days,  
 Which for its authors gained a nation's praise,  
 For mighty they as demi-gods became,  
 And won their ship a constellation's fame.  
 We still, in thought, can see the Argo glide,  
 With Jason at the helm, her course to guide,  
 The Golden Fleece before his glowing eyes—  
 A thing he seeks with ardent enterprise.  
 And yet how little Greece of ocean knew  
 This vaunted deed exhibits to our view.  
 Then Rome, her rival, spread competing sails,  
 And braved the tropic heats, and wintry gales,  
 And through her strength, and prowess, by de-  
 grees  
 Became the reigning mistress of the seas.  
 Greece, Carthage, Egypt to her sceptre bowed,  
 And for her foes she'd nothing but a shroud.  
 The seabound states of all the world she ruled,  
 And in her arts the universe she schooled;  
 But when to ruins fell her vast domain,  
 Italians on the waves, eclipsed her reign,  
 And bold crusaders voyaged o'er the deep,  
 The spoils of conquest, far and wide, to reap.

Ere this the Norsemen—so the Sagas\* say—  
 Knew where the rugged shores of Vinland lay—  
 Southwest across the ocean—far away.  
 'Tis said that nigh nine hundred years ago—  
 The story's truth, or falsehood, who can show?—  
 A hardy Viking o'er the sea was blown,†  
 Who found a coast to Europe all unknown.  
 Then steering east, returned to Greenland's shore,  
 And told his tale of wonder o'er, and o'er.  
 'Twas heard by Leif—one Eric Rauda's son‡—  
 Who saw, from this, that glory might be won,

\* The Scandinavian chronicles. The account here referred to is given by Snorro Sturluson in his *Saga of King Olavs*.

† One Biorn, or (Bjarne Herrjulfson) a Norwegian, and owner and captain of a ship, on a voyage from Iceland to Greenland in or about the year 986.

‡ Leif and Biorn, with a crew of thirty-five men, are supposed to have landed in Vinland in the year 1000. One theory is that this was the coast of New England, and that the voyagers camped at or near what is now Fall River, in Massachusetts, where seven years later one Thorson Karlseyne, and his crew, left behind the inscription on the "Dighton Writing Rock." In 1002 an expedition is said to have reached Vinland under the command of Thorwald, the son of Eric, who being killed by an Indian arrow, was buried at Garnet Point in that vicinity. Hence the supposition that the skeleton in armor dug up there nearly half a century ago, and which has been embalmed in verse by Longfellow, was that of this enterprising Scandinavian, the armor having been pronounced by Berzelius, the chemist, identical with that of the Norwegians, in the tenth century. The "Old Mill" at Newport is likewise pointed out as a relic of these expeditions from Greenland, which are said to have continued up to the year 1347, beyond which no record of them exists. The black plague then broke out in Norway, and the cessation of maritime enterprise is attributed to this, while a desire to monopolize their knowledge of Vinland is considered to have been the probable cause of the Norwegians preserving silence to the world with regard to their discoveries, the result of which was that, before the time of Columbus, where they were

And urged that both should seek the land anew.  
 They sailed, and lo ! it rose before their view.\*  
 There—where the vine in wild abundance grew—  
 They—by a river—camped the winter through.†  
 And bade the coast, when summer came, adieu,  
 And back to Greenland furs, and tidings, brought.  
 Ere long by others Vinland's shore was sought,  
 Who Northern wares for Western furs resigned,  
 And traded thus for ages out of mind :  
 But Vinland after that was lost to sight. ‡  
 It seemed to vanish in historic night ;

---

not entirely unknown to that people, they were looked upon as fabulous, while the rest of mankind were in utter ignorance on the subject.

The advocates of this theory quote the writings in Latin of Adam of Bremen, who visited the Danish King Svend Estdidson, who, in referring to the matter, makes allusion to a land discovered far away in the Atlantic called "Vineland," because of grape-bearing vines being indigenous to its soil. Admitting, however, that such voyages were made to America, they were unimportant in their influence, and Columbus showed by the course in which he sailed on his first voyage that, if he had ever heard of them, he was in no way guided by them, his object being to discover a western passage to India.

\* Eric Rauda, (Eric the Redhead,) was the first Icelandic settler in Greenland, and is said to have discovered it in the year 984.

† From the fact that on the shortest day the sun was eight hours above the horizon it has been inferred by good authorities that the land referred to was in about the 49th degree of north latitude on the coast of North America, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or on the island of Newfoundland, where it is contended many of the Indians, in the interior, show signs of Scandinavian descent.

‡ After the return of Leif and Biorn to Greenland, the relatives of Leif are said to have made several voyages to Vinland, where they traded with the natives for furs. In 1121 a bishop named Eric sailed from Greenland to Vinland, to convert the inhabitants to Christianity, and after that nothing is recorded of this mysterious country.



And only dim tradition told the tale  
How once to Vinland ships were known to sail.

The Christian nations full of holy zeal,  
And, eager to promote their common weal,  
Their armies sent to crush—with iron heel—  
The infidels who ruled the Holy Land,  
And wrest it from the anti-Christian hand;  
But wild, and fruitless, was the enterprise,  
Though swift the Land of Song to aggrandize,  
And Venice rose to opulence, and fame.  
Great in crusading annals is her name.  
'Twas from her shores that Marco Polo sailed,  
To be by Eastern potentates regaled,  
And courted at the court of Kubla Khan,  
And feasted on the charms of Hindostan,  
But to return, and tell the dazzling tale,  
Which made all eager in his track to sail:  
But he was no crusader, save for gain.  
For this he crossed the Oriental main,  
And traversed countries marvellous to view—  
To Europe, and his vision, strange, and new.  
Then, by example led, and strong of will,  
There sailed from Britain daring Mandeville,  
Who China, and the Indies traversed far,  
From Eastern Asia to old Malabar.  
The great renown of mythic Prester John\*—  
The Eastern Christian king—allured him on,  
But though he sought him long, he found him ne'er,  
And so the search abandoned in despair.

---

\* The name of a so-called mighty Christian monarch whose dominions were placed by writers of the mediæval period in the remote parts of Asia and sometimes in Africa, but regarding whom such contradictory accounts were given by the early travellers that the existence both of him, and his empire, came to be doubted.

He, too, the world a wondrous story told,  
For all that glittered to his eye was gold.

The magnet and the needle, erst concealed,  
Were, now, by Science to the world revealed,  
From which the compass — grand invention —  
grew—

A guiding star, to all who trust it true :\*  
But, still, 'twas long before the sailor turned  
From ancient ways in which his craft was learned.  
Still on the stars and headlands he relied  
To lead him safely o'er the foaming tide ;  
For slowly to improvement custom yields,  
And man is timid in untraversed fields.  
But soon an era, new, began to dawn,  
And braver spirits to the sea were drawn.  
The Portuguese launched boldly on its breast,  
And winds, their sails, in Africa caressed  
Through sultry regions to the Stormy Cape—†  
Where roved the lion, elephant, and ape—  
And, southward, to Madeira's sunny isle—‡  
Where summer seemed eternally to smile—  
Then to the Cape de Verds, and the Azores,  
O'er which, in majesty, the vulture soars.  
By Portugal Phœnicia was surpassed :—  
Her deeds eclipsed the glory of the past ;  
And Carthage from her ashes seemed to rise,  
And wing the steeds of later enterprise,

---

\* The compass was invented about 1302 by Flavio Gioia, a native of the Kingdom of Naples.

† Bartholomew Diaz was the first to sail within sight of it. This was in 1486, when he named it Cabo Tormentoso, or the Stormy Cape, which was afterwards called the Cape of Good Hope.

‡ Madeira was discovered in 1419, and the Cape de Verd islands and the Azores in 1449.



When, suddenly, the startling tidings came—  
To all the nations trumpeted by Fame—  
That in the West a New World had been found ;  
And evermore Columbus was renowned.  
So hail to 1492  
In this our 1892.

## NOTE TO THE ANCIENTS ON THE SEA.

The travels of Marco Polo did much to influence the voyage and speculations of Columbus, and whoever wishes to read of these will do well to consult the English translation of Marco Polo's book by William Marsden, in the preparation of which the latter availed himself, chiefly, of an Italian version in the Venetian edition of Ramusio—published in 1609—the French translation by Bergeron, and an old but untrustworthy Spanish translation. The work was originally written in Latin, or the Venetian dialect of the Italians.

Marco Polo, or Paolo—a native of Venice, born in the middle of the thirteenth century—was preceded in his travels to the far East by his father Nicholas Polo, and his father's brother Maffeo Polo, who embarked together about the year 1255 on a commercial voyage to the Orient. Passing through the Mediterranean and the Bosphorus, they arrived at Constantinople, then just wrested by the combined arms of France and Venice, from the Greeks, where having disposed of their Italian merchandise for jewelry, they set out to trade with the Western Tartars, who had overrun many parts of Asia and Europe, and were building cities near the shores of the Volga. Sailing through the Euxine to the Crimea they reached the camp of a Tartar prince—

a descendant of Ghengis Khan—who hospitably entertained them during the year that they remained trading with him. He then became involved in a war with the Eastern Tartars, and was defeated; and the Paolos escaped round the head of the Caspian Sea to Bokhara, where they remained three years. Here they met an ambassador of the Grand Khan, who prevailed on them to accompany him to the court of the latter in Cathay, (China) and after several months' march they gained the presence of the renowned Kubla Khan, in the city of Cambalu—since discovered to have been Pekin,—who treated them well, and after gleaning from them much knowledge of Western civilization, requested them to return as his ambassadors to the Pope, asking the Pontiff to send a hundred priests to teach Christianity to the learned men of his empire, his object having probably been to adopt Christianity in order to secure the Pope as an ally against their common enemies, the Soldan of Egypt and the Saracens. He gave the brothers' letters to the Pope in the Tartar language, and a gold tablet as a passport through his dominions. They reached Acre in April, 1269, and afterwards proceeded by way of Negropont to Venice. Nicholas Polo found that his wife had died a short time subsequent to his departure, after giving birth to a son, who was named Marco.

On the return of the brothers to the Grand Khan, with letters from Gregory X. and much beside, Nicholas took his son Marco with him. As on the previous occasion, the Venetians were well received by the Khan, who was much interested in the youth Marco. The latter soon acquired the four principal languages, or dialects, of the empire, and was employed by the Khan in missions of importance,

often involving journeys to Mangi (Southern China,) Cipango (Japan) and other distant points, during which he was industrious in gathering information concerning the country ; and from notes written for the sovereign, he afterwards compiled the narrative of his travels which was received with the same incredulity with which it is still generally regarded, although to a great extent unjustly, the various translations of his work, except the English one, having abounded in gross perversions of the original text.

After seventeen years spent with the Khan the Polos asked permission to return to their native country, which however they failed to obtain ; but ambassadors having arrived from a Mogul Tartar prince ruling in Persia, asking for a princess of the imperial family as a spouse, Marco Polo succeeded in winning the consent of the envoys and the Khan to their return by sea to the Persian gulf. A fleet of fourteen four-masted ships—some of which had crews of two hundred and fifty men each—was accordingly fitted out, and victualed for two years, the Venetians being allowed to accompany it in consequence of their superior knowledge of navigation. The Khan on their departure gave them valuable presents of jewels, silks and other products of the country, and authorized them to represent him as his ambassadors at the principal courts of Europe. After calling at Sumatra and Ceylon, they passed on to the southern shore of the Indian peninsula, and so entered the Gulf of Persia, and reached the port of Olmuz after a voyage of eighteen months. They tarried there for some time, and then travelled, for safety, as Tartars of the lowest class, overland to Trebizond, whence they journeyed to Constantinople, Negropont, and Venice, arriving at the latter

city in 1295, laden with riches. There—so long had been their absence—they were recognized by none, not even their surviving relatives, and they were more like Tartars than Italians in appearance. They, however, gave a grand banquet, and astonished Venice by their magnificent display of precious stones, and silk, and velvet; and the fame of their travels soon spread.

Marco Polo, some months after his return, commanded a galley of the Venetian fleet in an action against the Genoese fleet, and, having been captured by the enemy, was taken to Genoa in irons, and kept there a close prisoner for a long time. It was during this imprisonment that a friend prevailed upon him to write a narrative of his travels and adventures, and in his dungeon he produced the work that made his name famous. He eventually regained his liberty, returned to Venice, married, and died there when about seventy years of age.

A little later, namely in 1332, Sir John Mandeville, an Englishman and a scholar, left England with the intention of visiting the remotest countries of the East, particularly those described by Marco Polo; and embarking at Marseilles visited Turkey, Armenia, Egypt, Lybia, Syria, Persia, Chaldea, Ethiopia, Tartary, Amazonia, and the Indies. He returned to his native country after an absence of thirty-four years, where he found himself unknown and forgotten, and wrote an account of his travels which, like Marco Polo's work, was supposed to abound in gross exaggerations; but the descriptions of the two authors agreed, and the observations of later travellers confirmed the truth of much in both works that had been previously doubted. Mandeville died at Liege, France, in 1372, and his narrative had hardly less influence upon the mind of

Columbus than that of Marco Polo, especially that portion descriptive of Mangi (Southern China), Cathay (China proper, where the Grand Khan held his court), and Cipango (Japan).

---

### PART III.

#### THE ADVENT OF COLUMBUS.

BORN 'neath the sunny, blue, Italian sky—  
 Where swains, in serenades, for maidens sigh—  
 And bred to labor in a lowly home,  
 Behold Columbus ere he learned to roam! \*  
 From childhood he had ever loved the sea,  
 And longed upon its heaving breast to be,  
 And other countries than his own to see.  
 He heard of Marco Polo, and the East,  
 And yearned on tropic shores his eyes to feast,  
 For he was full of ardor, and romance,  
 And Hope, and Courage sparkled in his glance.

---

\* Christopher Columbus, the name being written Columbo in Italian, was born in Genoa about 1435, his father being Dominica Columbo, a wool-comber in that city. He was the oldest of four children, one of whom was a girl, and his two brothers were respectively named Bartholomew and Giacomo (written Diego in Spanish). Columbus began his seafaring life when about fourteen years old in the service of a distant relative named Columbo, who cruised in the Mediterranean, sometimes in the Genoese service, but generally in commercial or piratical ventures. Columbus Latinized his name in his letters, and subsequently when in Spain recurred to what he supposed to be the original Roman name of the family—*Colonus*—which he abbreviated to *Colon* in order to adapt it to the Castilian tongue. Hence in Spanish literature he is known as *Christoval Colon*.



The sea was then the theatre of strife,  
And whoso ranged it led a warlike life,  
For commerce had to rudely fight its way,  
And oft confront the pirate in the fray.  
The feuds of States gave license to his sway,  
And hostile cruisers on the Lombard coast  
Of deeds of blood and havoc long could boast.  
Columbus in this rugged school was trained,  
And, for his daring, praise, and honor gained.  
So much, and 'tis but little, now is known,  
For o'er his youth a veil of doubt is thrown.  
At times against the Infidels he sailed ;  
At times he joined in contests, armed, and mailed,  
When States went forth to battle on the deep,  
And there, in blood, of plunder harvests reap,  
While oft, in peace, he voyaged but for trade,  
And knowledge gleaned, his future course to aid.

## II.

The rising star of nations on the sea  
Columbus, soon, in Portugal could see,  
And to its shores at length he found his way,  
All eager there a bolder part to play.  
Prince Henry's fame had travelled far and wide,  
And in his deeds his country felt a pride.  
His master-mind to navigation turned—  
A mind in ancient lore profoundly learned—  
And he the future through the past discerned  
As through the darkness Science shed its light,  
Revealing wonders to his mental sight,  
And bringing what was lost again to view,  
For much had perished that the ancients knew.  
For him Columbus admiration felt,  
And wept when at his grave, too soon, he  
knelt,

For he'd bestowed on Portugal renown,  
And added lustre to his father's crown :  
But with his death that fame began to wane,  
And slowly ebb'd through all Alphonso's reign  
Till John the Second mounted to the throne,  
And made the study of the sea his own,  
Whose realm again upon the ocean shone.  
By Africa to Asia he would sail,  
And all the glory of Prince Henry pale,  
Then search the distant Oriental seas,  
And woo the warm and aromatic breeze,  
Till he the realms of Prester John had found,  
And all the world his ships had voyaged round.  
To him Columbus made appeal for aid—  
As to his native land he erst had prayed—  
And all his views before him humbly laid.  
To these the king an ear attentive gave,  
And honored him as learned, as well as brave.  
The scheme was to his wisest men referred,  
Who from Columbus, too, his story heard,  
But then suggested, basely, to the king  
A crafty, and a despicable thing—  
To send a ship to seek the Western shore,  
And rob Columbus of the boon in store.  
The king assented, and the vessel sailed—  
Her mission from the public vision veiled—  
But stormy winds along her course prevailed,  
And back she came a floating wreck to port,  
No more the angry Western seas to court.  
The secret of her voyage then was known,  
Which made Columbus, in his spirit, groan,  
And in his indignation he withdrew  
To seek elsewhere a monarch less untrue.  
In poverty, by creditors pursued,  
He fled, o'er wrongs, and blighted hopes, to  
brood.



III.

Ere this he fell to Cupid's wiles a prey :—  
A Lisbon maiden stole his heart away,  
And he rejoiced to claim her as his bride,  
And in her beauty felt a lover's pride.  
These were the halcyon days of his career,  
Nor was his after-glory half so dear.  
But ah, alas ! too sweet to last were they  
For cold in death ere long his idol lay,  
And he was left in solitude, and woe,  
Whose bitterness the widowed only know.

IV.

While gazing, as from Pisgah, toward the west—  
With searching orbs that knew but little rest—  
Columbus saw, in thought, the promised land—  
Which he believed to be the Asian strand—  
And deemed his earthly mission great, and grand,  
And near him felt Jehovah's guiding hand.  
To heathen realms he would the Cross convey,  
And from their idols pagans lead away,  
And teach them to the Lord of Hosts to pray.  
Convinced that he was born to mighty deeds  
He fretted little o'er his present needs,  
But on the future cast prophetic eyes,  
And proudly glowed with lofty enterprise:  
Nor sank beneath neglect or ridicule,  
Nor heeded those who branded him a fool,  
For self-reliance made him strong, and bold,  
His heart unchilled though all the world was cold.

V.

Columbus to Genoa turned again,  
But evil days his country suffered then,

And, with disasters, enterprise declined,  
 And she was left by others far behind,  
 Though had she grasped her son's extended hand  
 He'd soon have led her to the promised land,  
 And raised her sinking fortunes at a bound,  
 And made her more than e'er before renowned ;—  
 So blighting is adversity to all  
 On whose career its shadows chance to fall.

## VI.

With expectations keen he turned to Spain—  
 In Ferdinand and Isabella's reign—  
 And there for aid among its nobles, sought,  
 But from his supplications gathered naught,  
 Though to the Queen a letter he obtained,  
 By which a royal hearing he had gained.  
 Spain then was in her glory, and success  
 Seemed all her arms, and arts, alike to bless.  
 Granada's hosts were yielding to her sword,  
 While to their mountains fled the Moorish horde.  
 Yet on the sea her flag was nigh unknown,  
 Where Portugal, in prowess, stood alone.  
 Her Court was like a military camp,  
 And all around was heard the army's tramp,  
 While war engrossed the chivalry of Spain.  
 Long waited there Columbus, but in vain :—  
 And while he lingered Cupid's flying dart  
 Again was lodged within his yearning heart,  
 And in a blooming Senorita's smiles  
 He dreamt of glory, and the Western isles,  
 Yet seemed to be of circumstance the sport.\*  
 At length to Salamanca moved the Court,

---

\* While lingering in Cordova, says Irving, he became attached to Beatrix Euriquez, a lady of noble family, though in reduced circumstances. Their connection was not sanctioned

Where he, his scheme, expounded to the king,  
 And soared from Science, high on Fancy's wing.  
 The monarch called a council of the wise  
 To ponder well the splendid enterprise.  
 But these upon him gazed with jealous eyes,  
 And heard with incredulity his views,  
 Then voted his petition to refuse.  
 Long anxious years had passed the while away,  
 And weary he had grown of cold delay,  
 And of his toilsome journeys to the king,  
 Whose camp was like a bird with restless wing,  
 So oft it moved to meet anew the foe  
 And hurl in swift succession blow on blow.  
 He felt—ah, keenly—disappointment's sting—  
 And anxious thoughts were prone his heart to  
 wring—  
 Though from the court, to soothe, a message came.  
 Then he resolved in France to make a name.  
 'Twas as he made his journey to the shore  
 To leave behind him Spain for evermore,  
 He in a learned prior found a friend, \*  
 Who offered freely welcome aid to lend,  
 And summoned men of science to his side, †  
 To whom Columbus spoke with conscious pride,  
 And for his bold design approval won.  
 On to success his march had now begun,

---

by marriage, but he cherished sentiments of respect and tenderness for her to his dying day. She was the mother of his second son Fernando, born in the following year, (1487) whom he always treated on terms of perfect equality with his legitimate son Diego, and who after his death became his historian.

\* Among these was Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a wealthy navigator, of Palos.

† Juan Perez de Marchena, of the convent of La Rabida, who had once been confessor to Queen Isabella.

For they to Isabella made appeal,  
 And prayed her for the glory of Castile  
 To aid Columbus in his project, grand,  
 Ere he departed for another land;  
 And with a smile of promise she replied :—  
 “To serve the cause of Science gives me pride,  
 And I would gladly see him at my side.  
 So hither let him journey, nor delay.  
 Who knows but he may find some new Cathay?”  
 And back to court Columbus then returned  
 To hear the words for which his spirit yearned,  
 And meet a kindly greeting from the crown,  
 Which then was bathed in splendor and renown.  
 Granada had surrendered unto Spain,  
 And Moorish kings for ever ceased to reign.  
 He saw the last of these—Boabdil—yield  
 To king and queen upon the battle field,  
 While the Alhambra rose before their eyes,  
 Whose keys he gave the victors with a sigh  
 Amid the sounds of jubilee and song,  
 And loud rejoicing of a loyal throng.  
 Eight hundred years of warfare now were o’er,  
 And Moor and Christian ne’er would battle more.  
 Triumphant o’er the Crescent was the Cross,  
 And Moors alone bewailed the Moorish loss.  
 No grander scene e’er marked that stirring age,  
 Which fills so glowing an historic page—  
 Romantic age of picturesque delights  
 When chivalry with courage armed its knights.

At length the Court to hear Columbus turned,  
 But with surprise his expectations learned.  
 Demands so vast and princely were refused  
 As terms to which the nation was unused,  
 And so again Columbus went away  
 Resolved no more on Spanish soil to stay,

And sad with disappointment and shagreen.  
 'Twas then his friend, St. Angel, sought the queen,\*  
 And prayed her yet Columbus to recall  
 Ere he embarked to glory reap for Gaul,  
 And urged the grandeur of his enterprise,  
 And that its fruits her realm would aggrandize,  
 Till in her speaking eyes he read consent.  
 In haste a gallant horseman then was sent  
 To overtake Columbus on his way,  
 And bid him seek the queen without delay.†  
 Her greeting when she met him was benign,  
 And cheered his drooping spirits more than wine.  
 "I undertake this enterprise alone,"  
 Exclaimed Queen Isabella from her throne,  
 "And I will pledge the jewels that I own  
 The cost of this exploring fleet to pay,  
 And pray for its success from day to day."  
 But no! Columbus shrank from gifts like these,  
 Though much he longed to range untraversed seas,  
 And so the needed coin St. Angel gave,‡  
 The jewels of the noble queen to save.

---

\* Luis de St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Arragon.

† St. Angel advanced seventeen thousand florins out of the coffers of King Ferdinand, who in deference to Isabella's zeal consented to her undertaking the expedition, and the queen was thus saved from the necessity of pledging her jewels to defray its cost.

‡ The court was then at Santa Fe in the Vega or plain of Granada, and it was here that the capitulations with Columbus were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella on April 17, 1492, to the effect that if he made any discoveries he should hold the office of viceroy by land, and admiral by sea in and about the new territories and be entitled to a tenth part of the profits arising from the productions and commerce of the countries discovered, and these dignities and privileges were to be hereditary in his family. The discovery of a western passage to India was the great object of his expedition.

## QUEEN ISABELLA.

She was a woman matchless in her grace,  
And beautiful alike in form and face,  
With all about her lovely and refined,  
And with expression eloquent of mind,  
For she was grand of soul, and great of thought,  
And in the path of duty glory sought.  
Her features were madonna-like, and fair,  
And Nature crowned her well with auburn hair,  
And gave her eyes that in their sparkling blue  
Seemed to reflect the sky's divinest hue.  
Her teeth were pearls, her cheeks were like the rose,  
And animation blended with repose.  
Not tall, nor short, but happily between,  
And with a temper charming, and serene,  
With dignity, and witchery combined,  
And feelings that for all were ever kind—  
With gravity, and sweetness, mingled well—  
She wove around her something like a spell,  
And added lustre to the Spanish throne,  
Which ne'er as in her reign so grandly shone.  
But though she ruled the fortunes of Castile,  
She to the king of Aragon would kneel,  
And labor for his cause with loving zeal.  
The wife was ne'er forgotten in the queen,  
And on his love her heart would fondly lean.

## KING FERDINAND.

He was a man less handsome than his bride,  
But little, still, to him had been denied.  
Of middle stature, and athletic mould,  
Ambitious, and perfidious, and bold,  
With thirst for conquest, and with lust of gold;—



His features ruddy with a healthy glow ;—  
 His temper even and to anger slow ;—  
 His forehead broad, and rising clear, and high,  
 And with a cheery sparkle in his eye ;—  
 His hair a sunny chestnut in its shade,  
 While round his mouth a kind expression played ;—  
 As quick to learn as he was prone to teach,  
 While sharp of voice, and fluent in his speech ;—  
 In manner gracious, and in judgment grave,  
 And as a soldier cool, strategic, brave ;—  
 A crafty statesman skilled in worldly wiles,  
 And hiding his discomfiture in smiles ;—  
 A zealot in the Church to which he bowed,  
 And of himself, and his achievements proud ;—  
 In habits simple, with expanded views,  
 And knowing well how men and means to use ;—  
 An egotist with method in his ways,  
 Who courted, yea, and gained a nation's praise :—  
 Such was the king by Isabella loved,  
 Who, too, was by her consort well beloved,  
 And Ferdinand of Aragon was blest  
 To win a throne within so true a breast.

---

#### PART IV.

##### THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS, AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

EIGHTEEN long, weary years had passed away,  
 And Time had streaked his hair with lines of gray,  
 Since he—Columbus—first his task essayed,  
 And humbly help from kings and princes prayed,  
 While poverty, neglect, and ridicule  
 Had proved the world a hard, and bitter school.



But now he saw the breaking dawn at last,  
 And in his joy forgot the frowning past.  
 Yet while receiving thus the royal aid  
 He still a share of all the burden paid,  
 Though forced to beg the lucre as a loan,  
 For not a *peso* he could call his own.\*  
 By Nature he was blessed with comely looks,  
 And wealth of mind not unimproved by books.†  
 Tall, lithe, and stately, and of graceful mien—  
 His soul exalted far above the mean—  
 With visage long, and florid, and with eyes  
 That seemed to speak of dauntless enterprise—  
 With judgment keen, and prudence in his speech,  
 And by example always prone to teach,  
 Few more than he were fitted to adorn,  
 Or felt for motives base a deeper scorn.

Outside those narrow seas where land was seen  
 The sails of Commerce then had rarely been,  
 Though long ere this the compass came to guide  
 The lonely wand'ers o'er the trackless tide.

---

\* He made the stipulation to bear an eighth of the expenses of the expedition in consequence of the taunt that he demanded princely emoluments, while bearing no portion of the cost, and he is supposed to have fulfilled it through the assistance of the Pinzons of Palos, three of whom—brothers—accompanied him in his voyage, two as commanders of vessels, and the other as pilot of his flagship.

† Columbus was of good figure, rather tall and largely built, with a long visage and commanding aspect, an aquiline nose, somewhat high cheek-bones, gray eyes, and a clear and ruddy complexion. He was strong and active, and gifted with a lofty mind and sound judgment, witty and pleasant, agreeable in speech, moderately grave, mild and affable, discrete in conversation, and habitually won affection and respect. He was, moreover, invariably temperate in living and modest in dress, and not only skilled in navigation but could read Latin and compose verses.

Still sent the East her riches to the West—  
 The glowing East in gorgeous colors dressed—  
 Across those waters which in times of old  
 O'er Pharaoh, and his hosts—engulfing—rolled,  
 And o'er that other sea where Grecian isles  
 Bask—in their beauty—in Apollo's smiles :  
 And men who sailed the sea were yet afraid  
 To pass beyond the beaten tracks of trade.  
 But from these narrow bounds he now would break,  
 And lead the world to follow in his wake,  
 For western seas invited keels to plough,  
 And he foresaw new countries at the prow.  
 Thus, when the scheme Columbus had in view  
 From mouth to mouth through wond'ring Palos flew,  
 Men shrank from such a voyage as from death,  
 And women spoke his name with bated breath  
 In fear that those they loved might venture where  
 Their lot would be his tragic fate to share.  
 At first he strove in vain to find a crew,  
 For daring, like himself, there were but few ;  
 Yet one by one, at length, he round him drew  
 A reckless band—some false, and others true,\*  
 With many, too, impressed against their will,  
 Though they had little of the sailors' skill.  
 The Pinzons, who were famous on the sea—  
 And who success could even then foresee—  
 Toiled to promote the enterprise, with zeal,  
 And their own ardor made their comrades feel :  
 And thus, at last, the ships prepared to sail  
 The New World to the Old World to unveil,  
 While many cried—" Alas ! they'll ne'er return,  
 Nor of their dismal fate we e'er shall learn ;

---

\* Many of these were pressed into the service against their will by royal orders, and two of the caravels were seized upon for the expedition, the third one being furnished by the Pinzons.

For of a phantom land they go in quest  
 Across a sea with tempests on its breast,  
 And he—Colon—and all with him allied,  
 Will perish on the waters that they ride ! ”

## II.

On Palos brightly shone the August sun,  
 When boomed upon the air the parting gun,  
 Which unto many sounded like a knell,  
 Who, wrapt in gloom and sadness, sighed— “ Fare-  
 well.”

All who adventured, ere they left the shore  
 Confessed their sins, and vowed to sin no more,  
 And took the Holy Sacrament in awe,  
 Each seeming nearer, then, to God to draw.  
 In Him alone his trust Columbus placed,  
 And, hero-like, the future boldly faced.  
 Then slowly sailed the pioneers away ;  
 And wives and maidens knelt, to weep and pray,  
 And mothers mourned for sons thus torn apart,  
 And sisters felt for brothers sad at heart.

The ships were small, and scantily equipped,  
 With crews on board that ne’er before had shipped.  
 Two caravels as open as a boat,  
 And one with decks, comprised the fleet afloat—  
 The *Saint Maria*, *Pinta*, *Nina*—three—  
 The boldest barks that ever ranged the sea.  
 The first of these Columbus called his own ;  
 The *Pinta* was as Martin Pinzon’s known ;  
 His brother of the *Nina* held command,  
 And so they vanished slowly from the land.  
 One hundred souls, and twenty more, they bore,  
 The world behind, and all a void before.\*

---

\* The little fleet sailed from Palos, or rather from the adjacent bar of Saltes—a small island formed by the arms of

## III.

Queen Isabella prayed that gentle gales  
 Would fill the sanguine navigator's sails,  
 And waft him to those shores he yearned to find,  
 Believing that for this was he designed.  
 She for Columbus felt a friendship true,  
 Befriending him when friends, indeed, were few,  
 And watched the vessels gliding from the view—  
 To seek a Western World beyond the blue—  
 And waved the while, a womanly adieu.

## IV.

From roaring storms the ships a shelter found  
 At the Canary Islands, weather-bound,  
 But soon again before a rising breeze  
 They wooed the beauty of inconstant seas.  
 Day after day due westward on they sailed,  
 And naught but sea and sky the sight regaled.  
 High on the foaming billows they were tossed  
 As though upon an angry ocean lost,

---

the Odiel in front of the town of Huelva, in Spain. The little fleet sailed on August 3, 1492. It was manned by a crew of ninety men—although other persons, making in all one hundred and twenty, were on board—and it was victualled for one year, the expedition being under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of the united kingdoms of Arragon and Castile. The vessel in which Columbus sailed and which he commanded was called the *Santa Maria*, the second *Pinta*, and the third *Nina*, Martin Alonzo Pinzon commanding the *Pinta*, and Vincent Yanez Pinzon, his brother, the *Nina*, while Francisco Martin, a third brother, sailed with Columbus as pilot. The squadron called at the Canary Islands and on September 6 sailed from Gomera, one of the westernmost of the group, on the voyage of discovery. Columbus at this time was in his fifty-ninth year.

Where man had never dared to sail before.  
 To timid ears a dirge was in its roar,  
 And anxious eyes sought vainly for the shore,  
 While lips were heard to murmur—"Nevermore!"  
 The albatross was ever in their wake,  
 And on the air the cry of gulls would break,  
 But, saving these, no signs of life they saw.  
 The solitude impressed their minds with awe.  
 This solitude of waters, deep and grand,  
 Increased their longing for the sight of land,  
 And welcomed they each seabird as it flew  
 Above that dark and heaving waste of blue.  
 Before them was the vast untraversed sea;  
 Behind, the land they ne'er again might see,  
 And homes and hearts that fondly were re-  
     called  
 As day by day they felt the more appalled;  
 And strong men uttered lamentations loud,  
 And by despair the proud were lowly bowed,  
 While rugged natures shed repentant tears,  
 And yielded—at the prospect—to their fears.  
 Columbus tried their troubled souls to calm,  
 And shed around him Consolation's balm  
 By painting pictures of a fairy-land  
 Where gems and gold lay sparkling on the  
     strand,  
 And all was bright, and picturesquely grand.  
 Erelong that land of riches and delight,  
 Would gladden with its loveliness the sight;  
 So he appealed to all to trust in God,  
 Nor fear the stroke of His avenging rod,  
 For they would do His work across the seas,  
 And such a task would great Jehovah please.  
 He strove their apprehensions to allay  
 By making less the distance, day by day,  
 Than they from Spanish shores had borne away,



And with success he deftly plied the *ruse*  
 And kept his course a secret from his crews.\*  
 The broad Atlantic only met his view  
 As day by day he scanned the ocean blue.  
 On toward the Western Hemisphere he steered.  
 Sublime in faith and courage, naught he feared.

## V.

At matins, and at vespers, morn, and eve,  
 He asked that all a blessing might receive,  
 And humbly knelt—with all on board—to pray,  
 And all his sins before the Lord to lay;  
 And chanted hymns with deep religious zeal—  
 The Christian fervor he was prone to feel.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he cried—  
 “Oh! lead us safely o’er the waters, wide,  
 And to the promised land our vessels guide,  
 Where we may spread the glory of the Cross,  
 For all beside it, on the earth, is dross!”  
 His lion heart religious fervor fired.  
 To spread the Cross devoutly he aspired.  
 Romantic age of faith and chivalry,  
 Of bold crusaders and knight-errantry!

## VI.

The pilots with alarm were vaguely filled  
 When they—who deemed themselves in science  
     skilled—  
 Saw, for the first time, on a stormy day  
 The needle in the compass point away—

---

\* Columbus kept two reckonings or log-books, in one of which the actual facts were noted, while in the other the real distance sailed was understated. The latter was open to general inspection, while the former was kept secret.

And vary westward—from the Polar star.  
 This seemed, at once, their enterprise to mar,  
 And apprehended some a wat'ry grave.  
 'Twas well Columbus stood among them brave,  
 And reasons for this variation gave  
 To check the swelling tide of their dismay,  
 And lead them to continue on their way.  
 To him, as to his crew, 'twas strange, and new,  
 To see the needle thus appear untrue,  
 And still its cause remains from science veiled.\*  
 But full of faith and courage on he sailed.  
 Eight days at sea, and lo! upon their view  
 A tropic bird, and stately heron, flew,  
 And kindled hopes of land not far away.  
 Delusive sign, and brief the heron's stay!  
 Fresh and propitious breezes filled their sails,  
 And once they passed a pair of spouting whales,  
 While bright the skies, and bland the air had grown  
 As by degrees they neared the torrid zone;  
 And drifting weeds, some yellow, and some green,  
 In patches, here and there, at times, were seen,  
 While tunny fish about the vessels played.  
 Columbus for the land devoutly prayed;  
 And in the flocks of birds that came and went  
 He omens saw as if Creator-sent;  
 But still no land appeared before his view.  
 Again despondent grew his anxious crew,  
 Who feared the wind for ever westward blew,  
 And that to Europe none could e'er return  
 Howe'er they might for home and kindred yearn.  
 A transient calm but kindled fresh alarm,  
 And ev'ry change to them foreboded harm.

---

\* It was on the 13th of September, 1492, that, for the first time, Columbus noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon now familiar to us, but the cause of which is one of those mysteries of nature science has thus far failed to solve.



The very weeds that floated on the tide  
 Seemed to their eyes a sunken shore to hide,  
 And oft the lead by trembling hands was thrown,  
 And oft escaped from troubled breasts a groan.  
 They little cared how brightly Phœbus shone,  
 Or how delicious was the balmy air :  
 Their thoughts were sadly verging on despair.

At length was heard the thrilling cry of " Land ! "  
 And from the *Pinta* Pinzon waved his hand,  
 And pointed toward an object on his lee  
 Where the blue vault celestial kissed the sea.  
 Columbus gazed upon the welcome sight  
 With feelings of devotion, and delight,  
 And then upon his knees, rejoicing, fell,  
 While for the Mass was tolled the Vesper bell ;  
 And all the sailors joined in solemn prayer,  
 And thanked the Lord for land, and wind so fair.  
 They climbed the rigging, and with straining  
 eyes,

Amid the setting sun's resplendent dyes,  
 Gazed on what seemed to be the promised shore ;  
 But night descended, and 'twas seen no more.  
 The morning light no sign of land revealed,  
 And ill their disappointment all concealed.  
 The dark, delusive cloud had passed away,  
 And they were filled again with strange dismay—  
 All save Columbus ;—he was hopeful still,  
 And onward voyaged with determined will,  
 While with consoling words he strove to cheer,  
 And said—" I feel, my comrades, land is near ! "  
 The sea was calm, the weather warm, and clear,  
 And sailors swam the deep with little fear,  
 While dolphins oft disported by their side,  
 And flying-fish leapt gaily from the tide,  
 And lighting on the vessels, gasping, died.

Days passed away, and westward sailed the barks :  
 The waves by night showed phosphorescent sparks,  
 While sun-like in its splendor shone the moon,  
 And 'mid the darkness shed the light of noon.  
 From time to time the cry of "Land!" was  
 heard—

And there was ever magic in the word—  
 But just as oft it proved a barren sound,  
 For only clouds, instead of isles, were found.  
 Yet flights of birds appeared from day to day,  
 And told them that a shore before them lay.  
 They saw again a heron in the sky,  
 And by and by a pelican came nigh,  
 And then a duck was near them seen to fly.  
 They sighed for land, with expectations high,  
 But disappointment followed as before,  
 For all in vain they searched the ocean o'er.  
 Then turbulent the saddened seamen grew,  
 Exclaiming loudly that they'd much to rue ;  
 And hard Columbus found it to assuage  
 The anger that was swelling into rage.

## VII.

All hail Columbus and his fleet of yore—  
 The barks that sought and found our New World  
 shore—

*Santa Maria, Pinta, Nina*, three  
 As gallant ships as ever sailed the sea.  
 Behold them sailing toward the great unknown—  
 The grandest mission that the world has known.

Due west a month from fair Gomera's isle,  
 And Nature on their voyage seemed to smile,  
 But still no land the day, or night, revealed.  
 Calm lay the ocean, like a treeless field.

Then up in mutiny the sailors rose :  
 Near came the expedition to a close,  
 For overboard their leader they would throw,  
 Then steer the squadron east, and homeward go.  
 He knew the plot their terror had designed,  
 But went among them hopeful, brave, and kind,  
 Yet firm of purpose, with unbroken will.  
 In ruling men he showed a hero's skill.  
 When to defy, and when to yield he knew,  
 Though prone a course pacific to pursue.  
 Defiance now was pictured in his eye,  
 And he resolved to conquer or to die.  
 Still to allay the clamor he replied—  
 While signs of land around him multiplied—  
 To those who prayed him to return to Spain,  
 Nor further westward plough the landless main—  
 "In three days more, or less, we'll land discern—  
 That land for which we all so deeply yearn.  
 For this in patience I would have you wait,  
 Nor curse so soon your captain, and your fate.  
 But if this, my prediction, proves untrue,  
 And still no land should burst upon our view,  
 Then westward shall our ships no longer sail.  
 But courage, hearts, we were not born to fail !"

#### VIII.

The next day came and waned, yet still the eye—  
 Save birds, and land-grown weeds that floated by—  
 Saw naught save ocean and the crowning sky—  
 A waste of waters, mighty, deep, sublime,  
 Immense, and grand ; immutable as time.  
 But suddenly upon its glassy tide  
 A bough with crimson berries was espied,  
 So fresh, and green, and eloquent of land,  
 That near indeed now seemed the western strand ;

And then a staff, with carvings rude, and quaint,  
 And colored here and there as if with paint ;  
 While, soon, a reed and herbage followed these,  
 And woodland odors floated on the breeze.  
 Aside the gloom of mutiny was cast,  
 And all regretted now the angry past.  
 By sanguine expectations they were buoyed,  
 And played the antics of the overjoyed.  
 Each mast was climbed with willing hands, and feet,  
 And eyes were strained the nearing land to greet.  
 The breeze grew fresher with departing day,  
 And swiftly sailed the vessels on their way.  
 The sun descending ushered in the night,  
 And then the rising moon diffused her light,  
 And with her silver sheen arrayed the ships.  
 In fervent prayer Columbus moved his lips,  
 And on the deck stood gazing toward the west,  
 Too eager for the land to covet rest :  
 And, as he gazed, far off there met the sight  
 A torch—a light, which filled him with delight.  
 It swayed as though 'twere borne along the shore,  
 Or by some skiff, the waters carried o'er,  
 And then it vanished to appear no more.  
 But ere the dawn the *Pinta's* signal-gun  
 Told that Columbus had his triumph won,  
 While land was seen two leagues or more away.\*  
 All longed that night to see the break of day,  
 And sounds of mirth and revelry were heard,  
 For ev'ry breast with thrilling joy was stirred.

---

\* The light was first seen by Columbus at ten o'clock on the night of October 11, 1492, and at two o'clock on the following morning the signal-gun of land in sight was fired by the *Pinta*. It was first descried by Rodrigo Sanchez, but the reward was subsequently adjudged to the Admiral for having previously discovered the light.

IX.

The welcome morning broke divinely bright,  
And—lo!—a scene enchanting met the sight.  
An island like a paradise appeared,  
Toward which the ships by wond'ring crews were  
steered,  
And, by the shore, they anchored in a bay,  
Their masts and rigging with their banners gay,  
While warm, and sunny, was the fragrant air,  
And all around was picturesque, and fair.  
There, 'mid the beauties of a tropic view,  
Where Flora gemmed the scene with ev'ry hue,  
And palm-trees nodded, 'neath the blushing sky,  
In prayer Columbus raised his eyes on high,  
And seemed in thought beyond the world to fly,  
And uttered thanks, with reverential soul,  
To Him who'd led him to this splendid goal.\*  
The problem now was solved, the triumph won,  
And, through Columbus, God the work had done.

Yet ere he gazed upon the promised land,  
He felt, for days, that it was near at hand,  
And when he saw the blazing faggot gleam,  
It seemed but the fulfilment of his dream—  
The dream that he had cherished from his youth,  
And which he deemed a vision of the truth

---

\* This was a small island in about 25 degrees North latitude to which Columbus gave the name of San Salvador. There he landed on October 12, 1492, thirty-five days after leaving the Canary Islands. The natives called the island Guanahani, and it is supposed to have been one of the Bahamas in the West Indies now known as San Salvador or Cat Island. Historians, however, differ as to whether it was the island in question, Watling's Island or Turk's Island. But the United States has decided in favor of the claim of Watling's Island to this distinction.



By the Almighty opened to his view,  
 So that he thus His holy work might do.  
 He looked not in amazement on the isle,  
 But with a calm, and self-contented smile,  
 While all beside him were with wonder filled,  
 And by the pleasure of the prospect thrilled.  
 No spires and minarets he there beheld,  
 But visions of Cathay before him swelled.

## X.

At early morn the boats were armed and manned,  
 The rowers plied their oars, and from the band  
 Came stirring music as they neared the land,  
 Where groups of natives studded all the strand.  
 Columbus stepped 'mid martial pomp ashore,  
 While in his hand a naked sword he bore,  
 And o'er him waved the banner of Castile.  
 Then he, and all his men, prepared to kneel,  
 And kiss the ground, in joy and thankful prayer,  
 For safe deliv'rance through Almighty care.  
 "This isle I name San Salvador!" he cried,  
 "And may no woe its future e'er betide!"  
 And then a cross he planted in the soil,  
 And prayed Jehovah on his work would smile.  
 "And ye," said he, then turning to his crew,  
 "Be unto me, and to your country, true,  
 And each his duty, uncomplaining, do,  
 And my commands implicitly obey;  
 So shall ye reap the riches of Cathay,  
 Add to the splendor of your sov'reigns' reign,  
 And, as crusaders, crowns of glory gain!"  
 To this they all responded with a cheer,  
 And some among them shed Contrition's tear  
 For outrage, and for insolence of theirs,  
 And begged forgiveness in appealing prayers,



And in the future blind submission vowed,  
As, seeking favor, they before him bowed.  
"To all," said he, "a pardon I extend :  
And may each arm our common cause defend,  
And God his help in time of trouble lend."

## XI.

The natives gathered round with eager eyes,  
Kind, naked, simple, and in vague surprise ;  
And wondered whence the strangers came, and  
why ?

If from worlds submarine, or from the sky ?  
And if from sun, or moon, or star on high,  
Rode they on clouds, or winged they thence their  
way,

And if they purposed long on earth to stay ?  
They looked upon their armor's flashing steel,  
And on the waving standard of Castile,  
And on the scarlet dress Columbus wore,  
And on the sword that in his hand he bore,  
And marvelled at the splendors that they saw,  
Their minds imbued with rev'rence and with awe.  
Then they approached, and touched the strangers'  
hands—

The wondrous beings from the distant lands—  
While some their hair, and faces, felt, with nods  
Which showed how much they likened them to gods.  
The natives brought them sweet cassava bread,  
And all their simple fare before them spread—  
The yuca's yam-like, and sustaining root,  
And—fresh from Nature's garden—blushing fruit.  
Columbus gave them ornaments of glass,  
And colored caps, and jingling bells of brass,  
Whose like, so strange, they ne'er had seen before,  
And which with pride, and wild delight, they wore.

They deemed them gifts from realms beyond the  
 skies,  
 And toward the sun they turned adoring eyes.  
 Columbus gazed around in wonder, too,  
 For men like these were to his vision new.  
 So tawny, copper-hued, and beardless—they,  
 With painted bodies, looked fantastic, gay;  
 While straight, and coarse, their raven hair caressed  
 Their stalwart shoulders,—this with feathers dressed.  
 Not tall in stature, nor too small in mould,  
 And wearing in their nostrils rings of gold;  
 With foreheads high, and eyes as black as night,  
 And in their jetty beauty strangely bright.  
 Their arms were lances, barbed with flint, or bone,  
 Which oft for game in air, or sea, were thrown;  
 Their barks canoes, with paddle-oars supplied,  
 In which they ventured far the sea to ride,  
 While calabashes baled them as they sped,—  
 Nor felt of ocean more than land in dread,  
 For long upon the waters they could swim,  
 Displaying grace and beauty in each limb.  
 Their reed-built huts were circular and high,  
 And tapered as they rose, and, always nigh,  
 Their hammocks swung beneath protecting trees,  
 Where they reclined in indolence and ease,  
 While all were quick, and eloquent to teach  
 By hieroglyphic signs that served for speech.

'Twas thus in 1492  
 The Old World here espoused the virgin New.  
 Here 1492 gave praise,  
 While 1892 gives bays,  
 And glorifies that great and grand event.  
 All hail Columbus!—thou by Heaven sent.  
 The New World shakes immortal hands with thee  
 O great explorer of the western sea.

## XII.

Fruits in abundance blushed upon the trees,  
 Kissed by the sun, and fondled by the breeze.  
 Ananas \* with their tints of green and gold,  
 Of luscious juices, and aroma, told,  
 And figs, and dates, and mangoes thickly grew  
 Beneath that sky of deep, unclouded blue.  
 The pomegranate with its crimson dye,—  
 And plump bananas, tempting to the eye,—  
 Hung o'er the cactus which its dainties bore,  
 While, near, the granadilla proffered more;  
 The sweet and creamy cherimoya, too,  
 The gazer's longing admiration drew.  
 The plantain held its clusters to the view,  
 And from the lofty palm-tree's spreading crown  
 Brown cocoanuts, like mammoth eyes, looked down.  
 Flocks of flamingoes, of a scarlet hue  
 With cardinals as bright, appeared to view,  
 And golden breasted orioles—a few—  
 While humming-birds among the flowers flew,  
 And feathered songsters through the groves were  
     heard  
 Led by the music of the mocking-bird.

Gay, lovely Phrynes in the ocean's foam  
 Their forms disported as if there at home,  
 Their long and lustrous tresses, raven black,  
 O'er brown, well-rounded shoulders streaming back,  
 Their wild eyes sparkling, eloquent and bright,  
 And darker than the ebon shades of night,  
 While mirth and laughter from their lips escaped,  
 As dripping from the sea they came, undraped.

---

\* Pineapples.

XIII.

The Old World and the New, thus, first in time,  
 Stood face to face in this resplendent clime.  
 The ocean glistened, bright as molten gold,  
 And floods of sunlight bathed each headland  
 bold.

The sylvan glories of the hills and dales  
 Surpassed the fairy scenes in Eastern tales.  
 The wealth of leaf and plenitude of bloom  
 Made banishment to this a happy doom.  
 The graceful palm-trees spread their feath'ry fronds,  
 And flow'ring creepers held them in their bonds.  
 Gigantic leaves and mammoth trunks aspired  
 To reach the sun, by him with ardor fired.  
 All earth and sky, with colors bright and gay,  
 Divinely shone on that propitious day.  
 Columbus gazed in admiration long,  
 And for his wonder found no fitting tongue.  
 The very fish that sported in the tide  
 Were with the rainbow's colors brightly dyed,  
 And, flashing gem-like, darted to and fro,  
 Then slowly vanished in the depths below—  
 Those depths so clear, so beautifully blue  
 They seemed to wear the sapphire's brightest hue.

XIV.

Here man was in his blissful savage state,  
 Ere dawned upon his view his future fate,  
 With earth's abundant blessings at his feet,  
 And all around him Eden-like and sweet—  
 A stranger to all artificial needs,  
 And knowing naught of Persians or of Medes,  
 Or of the world's vast tide of evil deeds.

All Nature's treasures equally were shared  
With those who to his clime had thus repaired,  
And free to all was all the island's wealth.  
Temptation there was ne'er to take by stealth,  
For "mine and thine" were words to them unknown,  
Where all alike deemed all they saw their own.  
Beneath the easy patriarchal sway  
Of native chiefs they passed their lives away  
In indolent enjoyment of their lot,  
With none against their happy peace to plot.  
Poetical felicity was here.  
It seemed like some imaginary sphere—  
Some bright and glad Utopian display,  
And life itself an endless holiday.  
Exempted from the penalty of toil  
By rich uncultured harvests of the soil  
Existence brought perennial delight,  
And picturesque was all that met the sight.

XV.

Columbus, eager to pursue his way—  
Like Marco Polo at an earlier day—  
Until he found the splendors of Cathay,\*  
And made a convert of the Tartar Khan,  
And realized his dream of old Japan,  
To which he thought the waters soon would lead—  
Prayed kindly winds his caravels to speed,  
And tales of Eastern travels oft would read.  
By steering west erelong he hoped to find  
The glowing East, for Science ill defined  
In those dark ages how the earth was shaped,  
And Prejudice the truth with error draped.

---

\* Cathay was first mentioned by Marco Polo, China, it is supposed, being the country he referred to.

He thought that now in Asian wilds he sailed,  
 And mighty cities soon would rise unveiled:  
 Nor dawned as yet upon his mental view  
 The thought that near him, in those regions new,  
 AMERICA in tranquil slumber lay  
 Yet to eclipse the glories of Cathay.

San Salvador was slowly left behind  
 Before a gentle sail-caressing wind,  
 And, with the squadron went a dusky few—  
 As pilots in the quarters of the crew.  
 From these Columbus tried to learn their tongue,  
 And vowed that they should speak his own ere-  
     long.\*  
 And as they sailed bright islands rose to sight,  
 Which in the gazers kindled new delight.  
 By signs the natives told of isles of gold,  
 And all were ripe their wonders to behold,  
 And felt that boundless wealth at last was theirs,  
 And, in their gladness, uttered fervent prayers.

## XVI.

AMERICA before their vision beamed,  
 And ev'rywhere the land with riches teemed.  
 AMERICA met European eyes,  
 And kindled in them infinite surprise.  
 The grandest revelation of the sea  
 Was this the brave Columbus lived to see.  
 Discovery no greater e'er could be.

---

\* Columbus sailed from San Salvador, taking seven of the natives with him to act as interpreters, on the 15th of October, 1492, and discovered a number of other islands, three of the largest of which he named respectively: Conception, Fernandina, and Isabella.



A vast and blooming wilderness was this  
That filled his cup of life with hope and bliss.  
Hurrah! for 1492—  
Hurrah! in 1892.  
Four hundred years of glory lie between—  
The grandest progress that the world has seen.

The clear and balmy air refreshed, like wine,  
And, for a hundred miles, were seen to shine  
The mountain heights on Porto Rico's isle.  
The ocean's murmur on each smiling shore,  
But rarely swelled into a stormy roar,  
And shells and corals marked the tidal line—  
Bright jewels kissed, and scattered, by the brine.  
In quiet bays grave pelicans would dive  
The whole day long, and with each other strive  
For sprat-like fish that swam the liquid way.  
Like lightning they would fall upon their prey,  
And sail in silence, holding wing and breath—  
So still, they looked like messengers of Death.  
The sombre shadows by the rain-clouds cast,  
Would blacken the blue ocean as they passed—  
Their sombre forms in azure heavens massed—  
While the deep waters glittered on each side—  
A placid, vast, and grandly gilded tide—  
A lovely scene of vivid light and shade,  
Where sea and sky in beauty were arrayed.  
The welcome rain the gaudy flowers fed,  
And gorgeous rainbows painted overhead;  
Not one alone, but two, or three, or four  
Magnificently spanned the islands o'er—  
One from a valley climbing up the mount—  
As if its top 'twere eager to surmount—  
Then sweeping through the sky, and to the  
sea—  
To vanish soon into infinity :—

A shining angel—one foot on the land,  
 And one upon the deep, with mystic hand.  
 Where coral reefs abounded, brightly green  
 The waters lay, when naught of storm was seen,  
 But when the winds arose the billows leapt,  
 And flying foam o'er rocks and beaches swept.  
 The flitting, purple light of clouds was shed  
 Upon the waves, as high above they sped,  
 And all the hues of sunset ocean dyed  
 With evanescent splendor, far and wide;  
 Green, gold and purple, orange, red and blue,  
 In dazzling grandeur flashed upon the view;  
 Fantastic landscapes blazed along the sky,  
 To reproduce whose tints 'twere vain to try.  
 'Twas in a clime whose glories dazed the eye,  
 Where new-moons threw their threads of silver  
     light,  
 From the horizon to the mountain's height,  
 And each full-moon illuminated night,  
 And, like the sun, made ev'ry object bright  
 With soft effulgence, charming to the sight.  
 Then, doubled, by their shadows, were the trees,  
 While they exhaled their odors to the breeze,  
 And aromatic incense filled the air:—  
 All picturesque the scenes—resplendent, fair.

## XVII.

On, o'er the sunlit sea, Columbus sped,  
 And still new isles, before his gaze, were spread,  
 Awaking transports in his glowing breast,  
 Each seeming fairer, grander, than the rest,  
 Though all in drowsy splendor were arrayed,  
 While o'er them sweet and languid zephyrs played.  
 Primeval loveliness as rare as this,  
 Surpassed his fondest dreams of earthly bliss.

Great mountains—pink and purple, gray and blue,  
And torn and broken—burst upon his view,  
With gorges deep, and sombre in their hue,  
Contrasting with the brightness all around—  
Mysterious, dark, silent and profound.  
Fantastic peaks and pinnacles rose high,  
Like pencilled lines against the beaming sky,  
One, o'er the other, until lost in cloud—  
Till bending, Heaven hid them with her shroud ;  
While far below, from mountain-base to shore,  
Where ocean sighed its weary "Evermore!"  
The forest in its primal beauty spread,  
And over all the golden sun was shed.

When Cuba's lofty shores adorned the scene,\*  
With sylvan glories—heights of living green—  
Surpassing all Columbus yet had seen—  
And purple mountains rising far away,  
And flashing in the golden beams of day,  
It seemed as if, at length, he saw Cathay.  
'The grandeur of its features he beheld  
With admiration that his bosom swelled—  
Its fertile valleys, and its sweeping plains,  
Its noble rivers fed by tropic rains,  
Its headlands stretching far as eye could reach,  
Its forests rising from the shining beach,  
Its splendid verdure, and its ceaseless bloom,  
Its countless flowers' exquisite perfume,  
Its birds whose plumage made the woodland gay—  
All bathed with splendor in the beams of day.

#### XVIII.

The verdure of the groves allured the eye,  
And borrowed splendor from the flashing sky :

---

\* Cuba was discovered on the 27th of October, 1492.

The forests teemed with life, and insect throngs  
 Drunk with the tropic nectar hummed their songs,  
 And gem-like flashed in hosts upon the view—  
 Red, green, and yellow ; brown and brightly blue—  
 Rich in the ruby's and the sapphire's hue.  
 The air so balmy, pure, and calmly clear,  
 Made forms and sounds, though distant, near appear.  
 Flamingoes with their scarlet plumage stood  
 As if to guard an op'ning in the wood,  
 And humming-birds like rainbow atoms flew  
 For sweetness in each blossom kissed to sue ;  
 The glitt'ring parrots chattered in the trees,  
 And lustrous beauty wooed the idle breeze,  
 While flocks of cranes disported in the sun,  
 And Spanish hearts by maiden charms were won.  
 "Cipango, welcome !—Empire of Japan,"  
 Columbus cried—"And now for Kubla Khan,  
 And Indian shores, and all the mighty East.  
 I soon on these my longing eyes will feast !"  
 For riot his imagination ran  
 O'er Marco Polo's tales of Kubla Khan ;  
 And what romancer e'er invented more  
 Than he, who voyaged in the days of yore ?

Columbus sent ambassadors ashore  
 To learn of its imagined monarch more,  
 But there a naked chief alone was seen,  
 Nor oriental tidings they could glean.  
 Not this, they saw, could famed Cipango be,  
 But still they hoped erelong that land to see,  
 Still dreaming that on Asian shores they gazed  
 Where Marco Polo stood before amazed ;  
 And there they found in Cuba's soil the root—  
 To Spain unknown—the earth's *batata* fruit,  
 Which since has o'er the world—transplanted—  
 spread,

And furnished man with little less than bread.\*  
 There, too, they saw the weed *tabaka* smoked—  
 A savage vice, and one that mirth evoked.  
 Yet still man's solace in its poison lies,  
 And by it soothed he prematurely dies.  
 He poisons with its fumes the air around,  
 And to the slavish yoke behold him bound—  
 A moral Pagan to his idol chained.  
 Oh! what from thee, Tobacco, have we gained?  
 Yes there *batatas*, and *tabaka*, grew,  
 From which the natives food, and pleasure, drew.  
 A blessing, and a curse were in the two,  
 And both the Old World welcomed from the New.

## XIX.

While still Columbus o'er the ocean sailed,  
 The *Pinta's* loss ere long his crew bewailed,  
 And where she'd gone, and how, no sailor knew,  
 But Pinzon, some believed, had proved untrue,  
 And deemed to Spain direct he meant to steer,  
 And rob them of the laurels gathered here,  
 For jealous of his chief had Pinzon grown :—  
 He wished to claim the glory all his own :—  
 But others feared the *Pinta* was no more—  
 A loss they well might bitterly deplore.

Strange scenes of beauty met their wand'ring  
 eyes,  
 and each new prospect kindled fresh surprise.  
 Gigantic gardens, trimmed by Nature's hand,  
 Burst on the view, as bright as fairy-land.

---

\* The potato, by the Indians called *batata*. This was the first occasion of this vegetable and tobacco coming under the notice of Europeans.



The splendid vegetation, green and dense,  
 Rose from the shore to heights that seemed immense—  
 Climbed high the mountain's rough, and steep ascent,  
 While shedding far and wide the roses' scent.  
 Wild, solitary gorges, half-concealed  
 By wreaths of cloud, were to the sight revealed,  
 And wooded isles lay scattered o'er the deep,  
 Now lulled by calms into delicious sleep;  
 While in the distance, dusky peaks surveyed  
 The paradise below in bloom arrayed.  
 The yellow-pine its branches here displayed,  
 And aloes flourished in the sunny glade,  
 Once in a hundred years to shoot on high,  
 And bud, and blow, beneath a blushing sky.  
 There oleanders blossomed all the year,  
 And cherry-pink vineas flowered near,  
 While the lontano in the forest grew,  
 Its petals sparkling with the morning dew.  
 Upon the weedy shores fantastic shells  
 Were swept by ocean's deep, but gentle, swells,  
 And lazy turtles, dripping from the brine,  
 Crawled, in the sun, beyond the tidal line.

## XX.

Eternal harvests beautified, and blessed  
 These blissful islands of the glowing West;  
 Eternal summer spoke in ceaseless bloom,  
 Which seemed to banish wretchedness, and gloom;  
 And man his days in primal freedom passed,  
 By want, nor sorrow, woe, nor care harassed—  
 Too sweet a lot for ever there to last.  
 The wild man's dream unbroken yet remained,  
 For still Queen Nature in those regions reigned,



But forth had gone the absolute decree :—  
As he of yore had been, no more was he,  
And pride, ambition, cruel want, and toil,  
Would soon invade, and curse, his native soil.  
His paradise for ever would be lost—  
His summer life be nipped by Winter's frost—  
And all his race pass silently away  
As fade the stars before the dawning day.

XXI.

Each day new hopes beguiled the wand'ring band,  
Who saw a golden isle in ev'ry strand,  
But just as oft no golden isle it proved,  
And sober reason wild romance reproved :  
Yet beauty tempered disappointment's sting,  
And still they soared on Hope's delusive wing,  
And built their castles, as before, in Spain,  
Nor deemed their airy architecture vain.

XXII.

Lo ! later, Hayti's palms appeared to view,  
And, in the moonlight, lengthy shadows threw.\*  
Tall, spreading, stately, picturesque, and green,  
What more than these could grace the tropic scene ?  
" Hispaniola I will name the land ! "  
Exclaimed Columbus as he neared the strand,  
While far and wide the lustrous Queen of Night  
Revealed the island's beauties to the sight.  
" A fitting jewel for the crown of Spain  
I see in thee, for valley, hill and plain

---

\* This was the native name of the island, originally spelt Haiti, one part of which subsequently became known as Santo Domingo—so called after its principal city founded by Columbus—a name it retains, while the other section of the island is still called Hayti.

Are rich in splendid verdure, and the eye  
 Ne'er wearies of thy landscapes, or thy sky.  
 Eternal beauty sanctifies thy shore,  
 And fondly I will greet thee evermore.  
 In thee the ancient Ophir I behold,  
 Whose mines may yield, as in the days of old,  
 Their boundless hidden wealth of shining gold.  
 King Solomon from thee his riches drew,  
 And to this shore his white-winged vessels flew." \*

Then with extended hand, and poet's gaze,  
 He—pointing to a palm-tree—spoke its praise :—  
 " Mark yonder almost speaking cocoa-tree—  
 A graceful thing that seems to feel and see,  
 And wave and quiver in an ecstasy.  
 Enamored of the moon, as of the sun,  
 Her ling'ring kiss it never seeks to shun,  
 But basks with joy in her pellucid rays.  
 See how the sea-breeze with its branches plays,  
 Now raising high, now letting gently low,  
 As it may freshly, or with languor, blow.  
 With gladsomeness the palm-top sways, and toys  
 With the caressing wind, and naught alloys  
 The pleasure of the moments as they fly,  
 And naught is heard except the sea-birds' cry.  
 See how the sky the topmost branches court,  
 And all the branches with each other sport—  
 Harmoniously waving, to and fro,  
 As if in friendship they would closer grow.  
 With what impassioned motion there they swing,  
 And to the earth their trembling shadows fling,  
 While the sultana of the heavens beams,  
 And ev'ry star a lamp from heaven gleams.

---

\* In the visionary fervor of his imagination Columbus believed Hayti to be the ancient Ophir.

The tree of knowledge, by whose fruit we fell,  
When Satan o'er the woman wove his spell,  
May—who can tell?—have been a palm like this.  
If so, 'twas Beauty robbed us of our bliss."

XXIII.

The ungarbed islanders upon the shore  
A look of pleasure, and of wonder wore  
When first they saw the vessels sailing nigh,  
And pointed upward to their azure sky  
To show they deemed them wand'ers from the stars,  
While much they marvelled at their sails and spars.

In royal state, on shoulders dark, and strong—  
To greet the strangers in his mother-tongue—  
The great cazique was borne from his abode,  
And friendly were the feelings that he showed.  
Around Gwa-can-a-gari's\* head a ring of gold  
Proclaimed him shepherd of his swarthy fold,  
And gifts he gave, and loving-kindness vowed,  
And as a friend before Columbus bowed,  
Though rightly of his native grandeur proud—  
A king by Nature lavishly endowed.

Their simple life, and picturesque domain,  
Where Plenty held a long unbroken reign,—  
Their freedom from the baneful lust of gain,  
From toil and care, and, nearly too, from pain,  
Made these rude islanders seem ever blest,  
And work-worn sailors envied them their rest,  
And all their aboriginal delights,  
And all the splendor of their days and nights.

---

\* Spelt by Irving Guacanagari.

Such life in such a clime was like a dream,  
 And what on earth could more Utopian seem ?  
 The natives gave them gold for tinsel toys,  
 And found in these the source of countless joys,  
 Esteeming such as jewels, rich, and rare—  
 Things with barbaric pride they loved to wear.  
 The palm-trees waved beneath a blushing sky,  
 And lovely Hebes made too many sigh  
 To leave this paradise of sights and sounds  
 To plod again through life's dull, weary rounds ;  
 And many asked Columbus to remain,  
 Nor ever seek to bear them back to Spain,  
 For they had found enchantment in the land,  
 With Pleasure and Contentment hand in hand.\*  
 Here sea, and sky, and shore alike were fair,  
 And clear, and bright, and fragrant was the air—  
 Delicious and invigorating, mild,  
 While all was grandly picturesque and wild.  
 Existence was a sensuous delight  
 Where only glowing beauty met the sight,  
 And youth and health seemed borne upon the  
     breeze,  
 And life was passed in Plenty's blissful ease.  
 At eventide the shady groves were gay  
 With sounding drums and vocal roundelay,  
 And merry dances of the native throng,  
 And all was joyful revelry, and song.

---

\* Sailing from Cuba on December 5, 1492, Columbus discovered Hayti on the day following. On January 16, 1493, he sailed on his return voyage to Spain, having previously erected a fort, on the island of Hayti (or Hispaniola as he called it) which he garrisoned with forty-one of his original crew. This fort was built with the assistance of the natives, of the timbers of one of the vessels which was here stranded. On his second voyage Columbus found the fort demolished and ascertained that all the Spaniards left on the island had been killed in their encounters with the natives.

XXIV.

The native maidens cast admiring eyes  
On Argonauts so bold in enterprise,  
Who won by charms bewitchingly revealed—  
For Innocence—unconscious—naught concealed—  
Were captive led to bend before the shrine  
Of love, and beauty, beaming, and divine ;  
And tender glances shot from eye to eye  
Beneath the fervor of that sunny sky,  
While coats of mail were pierced by Cupid's dart,  
And looks alone interpreted the heart.

XXV.

Zapotés, russet-red and green in hue,  
Were moistened by the Morning's sparkling dew,  
And juicy gwanábanas—ah ! how sweet—  
Fell ripe and luscious at the wand'rer's feet,  
And plum-like mamoncillos faintly blushed  
On trees with crimson blossoms brightly flushed,  
For fruit and flower and op'ning bud were seen  
Together on their branches long and green.  
The mamey with its tempting coat of brown—  
And deeply scarlet heart—hung thickly down  
From lofty limbs where prating parrots played  
In all their splendid livery arrayed,  
And alligator-pears—a fruit superb—  
With here and there a scent-exhaling herb—  
Were mingled with ga-yābas full and ripe,  
And anyas with a golden-orange stripe,  
And purple-dark hicācos—dainty food—  
The riches of the splendid solitude—  
While flocks of gorgeous birds in tuneful lays  
Sang all the shining day their Maker's praise.

But one unsightly solemn-feathered thing  
 Beneath that flashing sky was on the wing—  
 The songless turkey-buzzard—and it flew  
 As if to hide itself from human view.  
 The lovely snow-white and the crimson crane  
 Of plumage such as theirs might well be vain,  
 And grandly soared these giants to the sky,  
 And dwindled into shapeless specks on high,  
 And seemed at length from sight to wholly fade,  
 For none beside such lofty flight essayed.  
 'Twas bliss in such a happy land to dwell.  
 Who now can all its charms and virtues tell?  
 For time hath wrought—alas!—a wondrous change,  
 And much that meets the gazer's eye is strange.  
 Less lovely has the island prospect grown.  
 The hapless Indian there is known no more;  
 His journey to the grave has long been o'er;  
 And ever cold and calculating Trade  
 A mart of blooming groves and glades has made.  
 So swiftly pass the things of earth away,  
 The old ones of the new the fated prey;  
 And gladsome scenes that charmed the sight of  
     yore  
 Have vanished—aye, are gone—for evermore.  
 'Twill thus be ever with us here below;  
 We come, we tarry briefly, and we go,  
 And end our mortal pilgrimage in woe.

## XXVI.

Here, sad to say, on this delightful isle—  
 Where man and Nature seemed alike to smile—  
 The bark was wrecked in which Columbus sailed,\*  
 And nigh to tears her stranding he bewailed,

---

\*The *Santa Maria*, after which Columbus performed the remainder of his voyage in the *Nina*.



While all the native throngs were sorrowful  
 As they beheld her devastated hull,  
 And worked with willing hands the wreck to save,  
 And freely of their simple bounty gave.  
 The bark was brought in fragments to the shore,  
 While all the crew a look of sadness wore.  
 "Of these, of winds and waves no more the sport,  
 We will," Columbus cried, "erect a fort,  
 And this shall be Nativity by name,  
 For was it not on Christmas Day we came?  
 Here safe in its protection some may stay,  
 While I to Spain, and back, pursue my way."  
 Erelong the fort was built, equipped, and manned,  
 And forty men enamored of the land  
 Cried—"Let us here, Don Christoval, remain,  
 To found a nation in the name of Spain;  
 For Man and Nature here are truly kind,  
 And all we need 'tis easy here to find.  
 Here we can reap the riches of the clime  
 Till you rejoin us in the future time,  
 And greet us with a smile upon your face,  
 And press us in a brotherly embrace."  
 Columbus said—"Here then I bid you stay,  
 And o'er the land assert your sov'reigns' sway:  
 But with a gentle hand perform your part.  
 Strive more and more to win the native heart,  
 For not by force but friendship you'll succeed.  
 Let prudence be your guide in word and deed.  
 Guard well your fort and arms, by night and  
 day,  
 Nor venture far, from where we stand, to stray.  
 Be guileless, chaste, and to your country true,  
 And daily at the Cross your prayers renew.  
 May God protect you. Comrades all, adieu!"  
 But when, at last, the parting-time had come,  
 With strange emotions some were rendered dumb,

And as the signal-gun was heard to boom  
 It wreathed them in a passing cloud of gloom,  
 Though parting cheers arose from ship, and shore.  
 All felt that they might meet on earth no more.  
 Then when had died away the last farewell—  
 Which made the breasts of stalwart heroes swell—  
 The *Nina's* sails receded from the land,  
 While wistful eyes grew moist upon the strand.  
 Sad thoughts of friends, of kindred, and of home—  
 From which their lot had been so far to roam—  
 Oppressed them as they gazed, and gazing sighed,  
 And, for a moment, hope within them died  
 As there amid the wilderness they stood  
 Environed by the deep, eternal flood;  
 But to their rescue courage quickly came,  
 And Hope rekindled its inspiring flame.  
 The *Nina's* sails had vanished from the sight,  
 But all around was beautiful, and bright.\*

There tall bamboos, and royal palms were seen,  
 With tufted heads, above the waves of green,  
 And splendid ferns diversified the scene,  
 While sounds of life through all the forest rose—  
 The cawing chatter of conversing crows,  
 The screams of parrots, rising clear and shrill,  
 The cardinal's delightful whirring trill,  
 The carpentero's ceaseless monotone,  
 The hum of flies that bright as jewels shone—  
 And with the wine of bloom had drowsy grown—  
 The chatter of the monkeys in the trees,  
 And, through the leaves, the whispers of the breeze.

Erelong the missing *Pinta* hove in sight,  
 And filled the *Nina's* sailors with delight.

---

\* Columbus sailed from La Navidad—Fort Nativity,  
 Hayti—on the 4th of January, 1493, on his return to Spain.

Then Pinzon, her commander, told his tale—  
 How he was forced before the wind to sail,  
 And ever since had sought the ships in vain,  
 And mourned his lonely lot upon the main,  
 For he despaired of ever meeting more  
 The friends he last had seen upon the shore.  
 Thus left alone to plough the trackless deep,  
 His lot was sad, and almost made him weep :  
 But, said Columbus, " This I disbelieve,"  
 And deemed his comrade labored to deceive ;  
 Yet he was glad to meet the wand'ring waif,  
 And find, though missing long, she still was safe.

## XXVII.

Along the coast Columbus ploughed his way  
 Till on his vision burst a splendid bay—  
 The Gulf of Arrows, known as Samanā—  
 Whose beauty vies with that of Panama—  
 An inland sea, three leagues in breadth, or more,  
 With stately palm-trees nodding on the shore,  
 And mountains in the distance rising high  
 Against the background of the beaming sky.  
 Here bold and warlike seemed the native host  
 That, where the ships had anchored, thronged the  
 coast.

The braves were painted red as if with blood,  
 And armed with clubs, and swords of polished wood,  
 And bows, and arrows made of pointed reeds,  
 And boasted of the valor of their deeds ;  
 But friendly to the strangers all appeared,  
 And to the ships a chief's canoe was steered.  
 The chieftain by Columbus was regaled,  
 And back then in the *Nina's* pinnace sailed,  
 And mingled with his people as before,  
 Nor aught of malice for the strangers bore.

But soon the sailors grasped for Indian arms,  
 When suddenly resounded wild alarms,  
 And arrows flew where peace before had reigned,  
 And Spanish hands with native blood were stained—  
 'The first that in the New World had been shed.  
 'The natives fled—discomfited—in dread,  
 But on the morrow brought the wampum belt—  
 'The pledge of peace—and gifts around them dealt,  
 And friendship after this alone prevailed  
 Till from the lovely scene the vessels sailed.  
 Columbus by his kindness won his way,  
 And sped triumphant from the splendid bay.

## XXVIII.

Isle after isle, still met his longing gaze,  
 While bright and balmy were the summer days,  
 And fragrant of the forest was the air.  
 Here all around him wondrous seemed, and fair !  
 The nights were gilded by the moon and stars,  
 Which shed their sheen on rigging, sails, and  
     spars,  
 And made his ship look like a fairy thing,  
 O'er shining waters, borne on silver wing ;  
 While gleaming insects came in fiery clouds,  
 And danced, like fays, among her sparkling shrouds.  
 Each island wooed him with its vivid charms,  
 And threw around him Fascination's arms ;  
 Each seemed, itself, a paradise of bliss—  
 A virgin beauty which he sighed to kiss.  
 There Flora built her Castles, mountain high,  
 And blushed, in bloom, beneath a cloudless sky,  
 While, with her gifts, the boughs Pomona hung,  
 And to the earth her ripened harvests flung.  
 In golden clusters the banana grew,  
 While o'er it the anana incense threw.

There 'mid a wilderness of stately palms,  
And vegetation rich in scented balms,  
The glossy-leaved magnolia was seen,—  
With creamy blossoms 'mid its wealth of green,—  
And the palmetto, rising in its pride,  
In grace and beauty, spread its leaves awide.  
The date-palm's plumes waved in the passing  
breeze,  
And mango, cottonwood, and almond trees  
O'erlooked acacias, feathery, and fair.  
The cedar and the cypress and the oak  
Were hung with moss that of the ages spoke.  
The fragrant citron its aroma shed,  
While with it vied in sweetness, roses, red ;  
The yellow chaporelle grew 'neath the pine,  
And purple grapes hung on the climbing vine.  
The lilies bloomed upon the calm lagoon—  
Bright, as a mirror in the sun at noon—  
O'er which the snow-white heron soared in pride ;  
And there the pelican was wont to glide,  
And plunge for prey deep in the silent tide ;  
The crimson-tinted crane, too, wandered near,  
And bathed its plumage in its waters, clear,  
While there, to drink, repaired the thirsty deer.  
Gay, laughing naiades, like mermaids, played  
Upon its bosom, when it lay in shade,  
And woke the slumb'ring echoes with their glee—  
Eve's dusky daughters, beautiful, and free.  
Ah ! little dreamed they of the coming blight—  
That day to them so soon would turn to night—  
When first the white invaders met their sight :  
But these for gold far more than beauty yearned,  
And grieved to think as yet they'd little earned,  
For they had dreamed of wealth by night and  
day—  
Of all the boundless riches of Cathay.



Thus far their gleanings of the precious ore  
So scanty seemed they only longed for more.

## XXIX.

Still o'er the sea the vessels onward sailed,  
And though Columbus sadly felt he'd failed  
To find the lands by Marco Polo viewed,  
Yet he his way to other scenes had hewed ;  
And still he hoped to soon return and spread  
The gospel through the realms of which he'd read,  
And reap the golden riches of Cathay,  
While bringing all beneath the Christian sway.  
"I leave these regions ere my task is done,  
And ere the guerdon great is fully won,"  
He told his comrades with regretful tone,  
"For there are lands still vaster to explore,  
All rich in gems, and bright with golden ore—  
By Marco Polo found in days of yore—  
And mighty cities, beautiful to view—  
All which are yet reserved for me—and you,  
But, ere we further seek, I deem it wise  
To show Castile how great has been our prize ;  
For two small vessels now alone have we  
To bear our tidings o'er the fretful sea ;  
And if Disaster these should overtake,  
The world would to the story ne'er awake,  
And all that we have seen would still remain—  
As would our fate—unknown to distant Spain."  
The sailors hailed the prospect with delight :  
While slowly land receded from their sight.  
And with them journeyed heroes of their race—  
Courageous, and athletic, full of grace—  
Ten stately sons of Hayti's giant isle,  
Where endless bloom makes endless summer  
smile.



'Twas sad to see them leave their native land  
 To brave the perils of a foreign strand—  
 Allured to furnish living proofs to Spain  
 Of what the fleet had found beyond the main.

## XXX.

At first before a gentle wind they flew,  
 But by degrees the weather stormy grew,  
 And then the *Pinta* vanished from the view.  
 At length a raging tempest o'er them broke,  
 And like a host of angry demons spoke,  
 All eager to engulf each caravel,  
 And bear it downward to their wat'ry hell.  
 Fear blanched alike the timid, and the brave,  
 Who in the ocean seemed to see their grave.  
 Then fluttered the rent canvas in the gale  
 Till broken masts were seen without a sail,  
 While mountain seas washed loudly all around,  
 And whistling winds in concert swelled the sound.  
 Columbus feared his end at last was nigh,  
 And supplicated mercy from on high :—  
 "Not from Thy wrath, my Maker, I would fly,  
 But in Thy service uncomplaining die ;  
 Yet I would pray Thee to Thy servant spare,  
 And with me longer, in Thy mercy bear ;  
 And, if Thou shouldst restore me to the shore,  
 Thy praises I will sing for evermore,  
 And deeds of penance I will then perform  
 In glory to the God who rules the storm."

Night followed day, and day again appeared,  
 But still the tempest on its way careered :  
 Below, a wildly agitated waste,  
 Upon whose breast the foaming billows raced ;  
 Above, a sky of stormy, leaden hue,

While wintry blasts in howling fury blew,  
 And through the air the spray in showers flew.  
 "O God!" Columbus cried, "Thy will be done!"  
 And saw before the wind his vessel run—  
 A crazy, helpless, rolling, tossing thing—  
 A stormy petrel with a broken wing.  
 "I fear," said he, "the *Pinta* sails no more,  
 And that my bark will never reach the shore,  
 So I will let the world my tidings know,  
 And overboard the written record throw,  
 And may its course be guided to the land  
 By the omniscient great Creator's hand."\*  
 He cast it then upon the raging sea,  
 And, with a prayer, devoutly bowed the knee.  
 But winds and seas grew calmer by degrees,  
 And other sails were spread to catch the breeze,  
 While jury-masts were rigged, and from each deck  
 The cheery sailors cleared away the wreck.  
 Thus Death was disappointed of his prey,  
 And eastward still the vessels ploughed their way,  
 Each crew unconscious of the other's fate.  
 Columbus cried—"On Providence I wait,  
 And may He lead me back again to Spain  
 To tell how great has been the Gospel's gain."  
 And as he sailed he saw the bold Azores,  
 Where ocean on the rocks for ever roars.

---

\* On the 14th of February, 1493, Columbus was overtaken by a hurricane, and apprehending shipwreck, united with the mariners in imploring the aid of God and the Virgin Mary. In order that his discoveries, in that event, might be made known, he wrote two accounts of them, one of which he wrapped in oilcloth and put in a watertight cask, which he threw overboard, and the other in a similar cask that he left on deck to float if the vessel sank. But she survived the storm and arrived at Lisbon on March 4th, 1493.

The transports of the crew no limit knew  
When land at last appeared before their view.  
Their joy was such as all had deeply felt  
When first before San Salvador they knelt,  
For all on board of land had long despaired,  
So roughly on the sea their bark had fared.  
They deemed it providential they were spared.

XXXI.

A welcome sight was bright St. Mary's isle,  
And anxious faces wore again a smile :  
But on the shore were hostile Portuguese  
Whose king had said—"The navigator seize  
If he—Columbus—comes within your reach."  
In vain they tried to lure him to the beach,  
Though of his crew there landed there a few  
To tell their sins, and for their pardon sue,  
And into bondage these the people threw.  
There rose the while a fierce sou'-western gale,  
Which forced Columbus from the port to sail,  
But soon returning he his men regained,  
Who told how they were manacled, and chained.  
Again he spread his sails, and storms defied,  
And saw his bird-like bark the billows ride.  
Again for land the anxious sailors sighed,  
And to their Maker for protection cried.  
And said—"Alas ! we ne'er shall reach the  
shore,"  
For louder winds and seas began to roar,  
And all on board cast lots, as oft before,  
For penitential deeds, and vowed the more,  
And trembled at the tempest's angry blast :  
But land was seen—one cloudy morn—at last,  
And more devoutly still they knelt and prayed.  
Columbus for the nearest harbor made,

And in the tranquil Tagus shelter found  
 Though he to Spain, and San Lucar, was bound.  
 He felt in dread of Portugal, but here  
 No choice remained ; no other port was near,  
 And Death seemed riding wildly on the deep  
 As if a harvest from the ships to reap.  
 His coming filled with wonder all the land,  
 And eager crowds assembled on the strand.  
 Columbus met with favor from the crown,  
 And first began to taste his great renown,  
 Though secretly the monarch deeply grieved  
 To find success so vast by Spain achieved,  
 And with a sigh King John exclaimed,—“ Alas !  
 How strange that this so soon should come to pass  
 When at my Court within the recent years  
 This very man petitioned me with tears,  
 And promised to discover countries new.  
 How much in losing him have I to rue ! ”  
 Then some about the throne in whispers low  
 Said—“ While you can, assassinate a foe,  
 And by a blow the Western Empire gain—  
 The wealth and glory he has won for Spain.”  
 But Providence decreed t’was not to be,  
 And soon again Columbus put to sea,  
 And steered for Palos, whence his fleet had sailed  
 While heroes wept and women sadly wailed,  
 And this was only half a year before.  
 Erelong with joy he eyed the Spanish shore,  
 And all his crew were buoyant with delight,  
 While ne’er of old had Palos seemed so bright,  
 And welcomed she aloud the ship in sight.\*  
 Then hope, and fear, fond beating hearts possessed,  
 And those who when they sailed the wand’ers blessed

---

\* Columbus, who had sailed on the 3d of August, 1492, returned to Palos on the 15th of March, 1493.

With gladness gave them greeting on the land.  
 Heart pressed to heart, and hand embraced in  
 hand,  
 Sweet kisses were exchanged upon the shore,  
 And lovers met to vow they'd part no more,  
 While countless tongues fast spread through won-  
 d'ring Spain  
 The wondrous story of the kingdom's gain.

When ocean first had thundered in the gale  
 Lost in the gloom became the *Pinta's* sail,  
 And after that no more it met the view.  
 Columbus feared for Pinzon and his crew :  
 But on the night the *Nina* entered port  
 The *Pinta*—long of wind, and wave, the sport—  
 Cast anchor where her sister vessel lay,  
 And Pinzon \* there beheld her with dismay,  
 For he had deemed her lost, or far away,  
 And hoped in Spain the tidings first to tell.  
 To dreams of glory bade he now farewell,  
 And saw he'd naught by all his daring gained,  
 Which deeply his aspiring spirit pained,  
 For to the squadron all he had he gave,  
 And he was skilled, adventurous, and brave ;  
 But low ambition lured him to disgrace.  
 He aimed to foully win, and lost the race,  
 And by desertion forfeited renown,  
 And stood dishonored by the Spanish crown.

---

\* Pinzon before reaching Palos had been driven into the Bay of Biscay by stress of weather and entered the port of Bayonne, whence he sent tidings of his discoveries to Ferdinand and Isabella, and requested permission to visit the Court. The reply which reached Pinzon some weeks afterwards at Palos was of a reproachful tenor, and the request was denied.



## XXXII.

Columbus landed 'mid rejoicing throngs  
 Who greeted him with salvos and with songs,  
 And formed a grand procession in his praise,  
 And strewed his path with blossoms and with  
 bays.

He journeyed thus till Seville came in view  
 And welcomed him with open arms anew ;  
 And then from Barcelona tidings came  
 That King and Queen paid honor to his name,  
 And gloried with the nation in his fame,  
 And urged him to their court to come with speed,  
 And reap the glory of his mighty deed.  
 So gladly he continued on his way  
 Till Barcelona's walls before him lay,  
 While eager crowds where'er he passed were seen,  
 And animation marked the moving scene.  
 All Barcelona bubbled with delight  
 When these beheld the cavalcade in sight,  
 And thousands went to meet it as it came,  
 And rent the air with prodigal acclaim,  
 While young hidalgos from the court appeared,  
 And—with the swelling throng—the hero cheered.  
 First marched the natives of the golden West  
 With paint, and feathers, and their jewels dressed—  
 The savages who sailed across the main,  
 To look with wonder on the sights of Spain.\*  
 The Red Men wore a melancholy air,  
 And, copper-tinged, with long and raven hair,  
 They seemed to yearn again for woodlands wild,  
 And failed to be by novel scenes beguiled.

---

\* One of the Indians died on the voyage, and three were left sick at Palos. Six therefore of the original ten were in the procession.



All marvelled at the sight of men like these,  
And cried—"How strange, these beings o'er the  
seas!"

Then birds with plumage dazzling to the eye  
Were borne—with cockatoos, and parrots—by,  
And rings, and native coronets of gold,  
Which multitudes were eager to behold.

The windows, roofs, and balconies were gay  
With banners that with idle winds would play,  
And filled with gazers on the scene below.

The hero's eyes with pleasure seemed to glow  
As, mounted on a steed, he passed along,  
And heard his praises gushing forth in song,  
While dark-eyed *senoritas* waved their hands  
To welcome his return from distant lands,  
And with him rode the chivalry of Spain.

Castile, and Aragon were in his train.

His stately, and his venerable look  
Seemed all the baser passions to rebuke,  
And harmonized with all that he had done.

A New World from the ocean he had won,  
And Spain in this a providence could see.

What but an instrument of God was he?

The monarchs for their piety were blessed  
Through him, by this achievement in the West.

### XXXIII.

Columbus now was numbered with the great,  
And King, and Queen, and officers of state,—  
Surrounded by the pageantry of Spain—  
By all the pomp that signalized the reign—  
Received him as a hero of renown,  
And gave him royal honors for his crown.  
The hand of time had touched his hair with gray,  
But smiles were prone upon his face to play,

And these revealed a youthfulness of heart  
 Which fitted him to act a stirring part.  
 He showed at once both dignity, and ease,  
 While in his manners he was wont to please.  
 Commanding in his aspect and his will,  
 A kind and gentle spirit he was still.

He now described the regions he had found,  
 And filled the Court with wonderment profound ;  
 Displayed the gold that he had gathered there,—  
 Where skies were bright and ever bland the air—  
 And plants, and birds, and strange barbaric things,  
 And flaming insects with enamelled wings.  
 “ And here,” said he, “ are children of the soil,  
 Who live in plenty yet are free from toil,  
 For Nature freely all they need supplies,  
 And only what is baneful she denies.”  
 The plumed, and painted Red Men, decked with  
     gold,  
 Were picturesque, and wondrous to behold,  
 And gazed like stoics on the scene around,  
 And on the monarchs there enthroned, and crowned.  
 “ Nor yet,” Columbus spoke, “ my work is o’er,”  
 While he a look of honest triumph wore ;  
 “ Though much by Heavenly guidance I have done,  
 Far more is still—believe me—to be won,  
 For realms of boundless riches there remain  
 To claim allegiance to the crown of Spain,  
 And swell the glory of this glowing age,—  
 And fill with lustre the historic page ;  
 While nations that are wrapped in pagan gloom  
 The gospel’s light divinely will illumine.”  
 Then Ferdinand, and Isabella knelt,  
 And breathed in prayer the gratitude they felt,  
 And clasped their hands, and lifted them on high,  
 And seemed to feel the Holy Spirit nigh,

While all their noble vassals round them prayed,  
And at the throne of Grace their praises laid.  
Then rose the swelling anthem from the choir—  
With trumpet notes, and strains of lute, and lyre—  
And in the sacred harmony of sound  
All deep, and solemn, inspiration found.

XXXIV.

With sudden splendor Europe now was dazed,  
And nations, with acclaim, Columbus praised,  
While even envy found itself disarmed,  
So much the world the great achievement charmed.  
It seemed a revelation from the skies  
More than the fruit of human enterprise,  
And all mankind rejoiced aloud with Spain  
To celebrate the universal gain.  
Columbus was the idol of the land,  
And where was hero with a fame so grand ?  
The King, and Queen, and those of high estate  
The honors gave him due but to the great,  
And on his pleasure seemed to gladly wait,  
While naught for which he pleaded was denied,  
And all his rights and claims were ratified.  
He drank the honeyed draught of their applause,  
And felt rewarded in a noble cause.  
Each day the Court was heard his name to praise ;  
Each day was he caressed in diverse ways,  
And for a time he felt that life was bliss,  
And he had sighed, and labored long for this.

'Twas now that bold hidalgos, grave and gay,  
Claimed they had ever helped him on his way,  
And knew success his enterprise would crown,  
And cover him with glory, and renown—

The honors that were priceless to the brave,  
 Though well he knew their aid they never gave,  
 Nor words of cheer, but scoffed at all his views,  
 And wondered how he found his ships and crews.  
 But though such universal joy was shown  
 The truth, sublime, as yet to none was known,  
 That in the West a continent reposed  
 Whose vast existence ne'er had been disclosed;  
 For all believed that Asian shores alone  
 Beneath the skies in western waters shone,  
 And Cuba to Columbus seemed the land  
 That led to far Cathay's inviting strand—  
 The western end of mighty Hindostan  
 Where, in his grandeur, ruled the Tartar Khan;  
 And of the East the isles a part were deemed,  
 For on them all the sun with fervor beamed:  
 So they were called the Indies of the West,  
 And all Columbus, for his prowess, blessed,  
 While as the regions ne'er were known before  
 The name of New World, then as now, they  
 bore—  
 By happy chance prophetically true,  
 For all discovered there, indeed, was new.

## XXXV.

Rome held o'er savage lands acknowledged sway,  
 And for her sanction nations had to pray,  
 So envoys journeyed to the Pope from Spain,  
 His blessing and approval to obtain,  
 As Portugal had done in days before  
 When she began the ocean to explore.  
 The Pontiff gave them all the monarchs craved,  
 And praised Columbus for the perils braved.  
 "Henceforward Spain and Portugal will be  
 The sharers of the lands beyond the sea,

And may they spread the gospel far and wide.  
Between them I the savage world divide,  
And in all countries be the Cross their guide.”  
So saying Alexander signed the deed  
By which, to Spain, he half the world decreed.  
Columbus felt his future great indeed  
When he surveyed, in thought, his vast domain,  
O’er which in regal grandeur he would reign;  
And thus the hero Ferdinand addressed,  
His mind devoutly with his theme impressed:—  
“My mission is, your majesty, from God,  
Who yet will smite with His avenging rod  
The armies of the Infidel we hate,  
And I may be an instrument of fate!  
I feel myself commanded from above  
To wrest the holy sepulchre we love  
From those who o’er it hold unholy sway—  
And ne’er to Him, but to Mahomet pray—  
And place it in the shadow of thy throne.  
This be the task that I will call my own.  
Ere years, in number eight have passed away—  
When I have gathered riches in Cathay—  
Four thousand horse, and fifty thousand foot  
I in the field to rescue it will put,  
And—mark me—later I will yet again  
Supply an equal force of horse and men,  
And lead them on triumphant o’er the foe  
Till in the dust his arms are trampled low!  
Then all the Christian world with one acclaim  
Will glorify thy country and thy name!”  
This visionary project sounded strange,  
But his ambition had a boundless range,  
And those were days when fancies men beguiled,  
And nought to gain their credence seemed too wild.

## XXXVI.

The Church baptized the Red Men of the West,  
 And then with pomp and splendor they were blessed,  
 The monarchs as their sponsors kneeling nigh,  
 With grateful hearts, and eyes that looked on high.  
 "The first fruits of these pagan lands we give  
 To Thee, O Lord! that they may ever live,"  
 Were words that from their lips devoutly, fell,  
 "And may they of Thy name, and glory tell,  
 And spread the gospel though their native lands,  
 And worship Thee, and honor Thy commands.  
 To Thee we dedicate this savage race  
 To seek redemption through Thy saving grace,  
 For its conversion is the end in view  
 In seeking, far away, these regions new,  
 And to the Cross may all these bow the knee,  
 And find salvation evermore in Thee."  
 Thus Ferdinand and Isabella prayed  
 In all the grandeur of their Court arrayed.  
 Thus Ferdinand and Isabella's reign was crowned  
 With splendor by the New World newly found,  
 Which now—four hundred years gone by—  
 In all its wealth and glory, far and nigh,  
 Does honor to Columbus, true and brave,  
 Who to the Old World this our New World gave.

## XXXVII.

Not then Columbus could foresee that he  
 Would voyage twice again across the sea,  
 And from the New World then return in chains.  
 Behold, the infamy of this was Spain's!  
 'The conq'ring hero of the Western World  
 From rank and fortune she unjustly hurled.



Envy and hate, and falsehood born of fraud,  
Stripped him, alas ! of all he won abroad,  
And left him poor, unreverenced, to die.  
Well o'er his cruel fate the world may sigh.  
But all the brighter shines his star of fame,  
And on Castile alone there rests the shame.  
All hail to 1492.  
The Old World joins in greeting with the New ;  
And 1892 gives praise,  
And crowns Columbus once again with bays.

---

## PART V.

### THE SECOND VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.—THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN AMERICA.

ALL tongues had for their theme the golden West,  
And, with rejoicing, all Columbus blessed,  
While fortune's favors on him thickly pressed.  
The Spanish monarchs urged his quick return  
Of regions so enchanting more to learn,  
And offered him a fleet, equipped, and manned,  
With him, as Admiral, in full command—  
The largest fleet that e'er had sailed from Spain  
In Ferdinand and Isabella's reign ;  
While Isabella swelled his tide of weal,  
And made him at her Court her friendship feel.  
A noble queen was she of old Castile.  
"Protect the Red Men with a father's care,  
And their conversion be thy constant prayer,  
And Heaven guide thee in the rightful way  
Where'er it be thy lot on earth to stray ;  
And, if thy course should lead thee to Cathay,  
May God thy noble enterprise repay !"

These were her parting words ere he returned  
 To search for lands his mental eye discerned,  
 Out in that boundless ocean of the West.  
 "My law," said he "O Queen, is thy behest!"  
 To Barcelona then he bade adieu,  
 And Seville rose ere long before his view,  
 Where he, with zeal, to raise his fleet began,  
 Exclaiming—"Now we sail for Hindostan!"  
 All ships in Spanish harbors, and their crews—  
 By royal orders—he was free to use,  
 And, too, to gather where he chose, supplies  
 For this—his second New World enterprise;  
 For, then, despotic was the monarchs' sway,  
 And all were forced their mandates to obey,  
 Accepting in return whate'er they gave.  
 Spain's commerce to the crown was but a slave.

## II.

With strange excitement all the land was filled,  
 And airy castles men began to build  
 As through Castile the stirring tidings ran,  
 That, soon, the fleet would sail for Hindostan.  
 The New World seemed a region of delight—  
 A realm of bliss where all was fair and bright;  
 And rich, and poor, alike with youth and age—  
 The noble, and the peasant, and the sage—  
 Were eager on the paradise to gaze,  
 So grandly had Columbus sung its praise.  
 The avaricious dreamed of golden sands,  
 And groves of spice, and pearl-enamelled strands,  
 And mountains rich in precious gems and gold,  
 And all the wealth of Solomon of old,  
 Which they had but to gather to be blessed.  
 The bold and daring, burning with unrest,

Now that, at last, the Moorish wars, were o'er,  
Longed for adventure on some distant shore ;  
And brave hidalgos—those of high degree—  
Their fortunes cast upon the fickle sea—  
Men with a thirst for hardy enterprise,  
Who in the New World saw a splendid prize,  
Which well might tempt less peril-loving eyes.  
They pictured to themselves a vast crusade—  
The Cross against the Infidel arrayed—  
Surpassing that to free the Holy Land—  
A mission to their minds sublime, and grand—  
To conquer all the islands brought to light,  
And then their way to Asian cities fight,  
Subdue the mighty Tartar, Kubla Khan,  
And raise the Cross throughout all Hindostan.  
'Twas thus Imagination riot ran.

### III.

At length at dawn one bright September day  
The fleet prepared to sail from Cadiz bay,  
And all the city flamed with banners gay.  
Adieus, embraces, kisses, on the shore,  
And friends had parted, some to meet no more.  
The cavalier, bound on enterprise,  
And with a look romantic in his eyes ;  
The navigator, seeking ocean fame ;  
The priest, with church extension for his aim ;  
The trader, with a craving love of gain—  
All hopeful, left behind the shores of Spain :  
And they were blessed, and cheered by countless  
tongues,  
And followed o'er the waters by their songs.  
Then slowly on their way the barks careered—  
While thousands on the piers Columbus cheered—

Three ships with decks, and fourteen caravels—  
 While all the churches rang their joyful bells :  
 And with the fleet went fifteen hundred souls  
 Prepared to steer through Danger's rocks, and  
     shoals

In search of golden shores beyond the seas,  
 Where wealth, and glory, could be won with ease.\*  
 Two Indian braves were homeward-bound with these  
 To tell their kinsmen how they crossed the seas,  
 But all their comrades trod Castilian soil  
 Till Death, unsparing, claimed them for his spoil.

## IV.

Gomera's isle was touched for wood, and wine,  
 And sheep, and goats, and horses, calves, and swine,  
 And seeds of orchard trees that flourished there,  
 Of which the Western solitudes were bare.  
 The orange and the lemon were of these—†  
 The golden fruits of the Hesperides,  
 And then once more the ships pursued their way,  
 While eyes were bright with visions of Cathay.  
 The voyage prospered, and when land was seen  
 It broke upon them like a fairy scene.  
 They saw before them, as they sailed the sea,  
 The fragrant palm-decked isles of Caribbee.

\* Columbus sailed from Cadiz on his second voyage, on the 25th of September, 1493, Ferdinand and Isabella having previously ratified, in the most solemn manner, his former stipulation respecting his offices and emoluments. His fleet called at Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, on the 5th of October, and sailed again on the 7th.

† These fruits were first brought to the New World from the Canary Islands—supposed to be the Hesperides, or Fortunate Islands of the ancients. A small, bitter orange is, however, supposed to have been indigenous to the West Indies.

Dominica, the glory of the group,  
 First came to view, and blooming Guadaloupe,  
 Then Montserrat, and gay Antigua, too,  
 All set like jewels in a sea of blue,  
 And then, northwest, full fifty islands more \*  
 Before Columbus gazed on Hayti's shore,  
 Where he his willing comrades left behind  
 To watch, and pray, and train the savage mind.  
 He landed where he left them on the plain,  
 But none were there who spoke the tongue of Spain,  
 And where the fort had stood 'twas sought in vain.  
 No more the Red Men near the Spaniards drew,  
 But looked with loathing eyes upon the crew  
 Whose presence there foreboded further wrong,  
 And hushed were sounds of revelry, and song,  
 While gloom, and apprehension, reigned around,  
 Nor could Gwa-can-a-gar-i there be found.†  
 Suspicion centred on the great cazique  
 On whom a few their vengeance vowed to wreak :  
 "But first," Columbus said, "we'll hear him speak.  
 Go search the land ; discover where he hies,  
 And I will act as I may deem it wise."  
 The chieftain lame, and hammock-bound, was  
     found,  
 His wigwam near, and palm-trees all around,  
 With wives, to serve and soothe him, always nigh,  
 And fragrant zephyrs ever floating by.

---

\* Including Boriquen now called Porto Rico.

† A friendly native informed Columbus that after his departure the men whom he left behind in the fort at Navidad disregarded their commanding officer and committed various outrages upon the Indians, which finally led one of the chiefs of the island to surround and fire the fort. A bloody battle ensued in which some of the Spaniards were killed, while the rest perished in attempting to escape by crossing an arm of the sea.



Columbus met the wounded monarch there—  
 Whose features wore an anxious troubled air—  
 And said—"I come my comrades lost to claim."  
 "Oh! hold me not," the chief replied, "to  
 blame.

Destruction seemed the white invaders' aim—  
 And theirs were restless spirits naught could  
 tame.

They brought upon my people countless woes,  
 And where they'd been their friends they made  
 them foes.

Then, not content with ranging my domain,  
 On other tribes they brought distress, and pain,  
 And roused their wrath till they in battle rose,  
 And in the isle no more was known repose.  
 Ca-on-a-bo\* attacked them with his hosts,  
 And drove them to my desolated coasts,  
 And there besieged them in their fortress long,  
 While he attacked me with his mighty throng  
 For granting Spaniards shelter in the land.  
 Against his braves I boldly made a stand,  
 But ere the struggle that we waged was o'er  
 The herbage where we fought was red with gore,  
 And when his forces homeward went their way  
 The fort a smould'ring heap of ashes lay,  
 And not a Spaniard in the isle remained,  
 To tell of deeds which thus its annals stained.  
 Believe me, still, the white man's only friend,  
 And you—Columbus—trust me—I'll defend."  
 The chieftain's guilt Columbus then denied,  
 Though o'er the tragic tale he sadly sighed.  
 "Alas," said he, "my words were all in vain.  
 They heeded not, and now behold them slain!"

---

\* The chief of Maguana.



V.

Columbus said—"From here we'll take our way,  
For evil signs forbid a longer stay.  
A fairer spot we'll seek along the shore  
Which ne'er as yet has known the taint of gore,"  
And sailing on ere long he found a bay,  
Which in the sun like molten silver lay,  
And seemed to woo him to its calm embrace,  
While hills arose, and streams meandering ran  
As if designed to bless the lot of man.  
"A heaven-appointed place," he cried, "is this,  
And life in such a region must be bliss.  
Here—comrades—let us land, and build a town,  
And glorify the Cross and Spanish crown,"  
And there they landed, all with ardor filled,  
Exclaiming "We'll a mighty city build."  
The granadilla where they wandered grew,  
And humming-birds through blooming thickets flew,  
For nectar prone where'er they went to sue.  
The date and mango spread their branches wide,  
And cocoa-palms stood proudly at their side.  
The cactus, and the bread-tree, yielded fruit,  
And yuca here and there revealed its root,  
While roses shed their odor all around,  
And tropic verdure carpeted the ground.  
But swiftly all was changed. The builder's hand  
Transformed the features of the happy land,  
And Isabella\* in the garden rose  
With massive walls to screen from native foes.

---

\* The town was so called in honor of the Queen of Castile. Its foundation was laid in 1493, and it was the first one built in the New World, and lay to the eastward of Fort Nativity.

"Who knows but this may rich Cipango be,  
 And mighty cities—inland—we may see?"  
 Exclaimed Columbus—"It is wondrous fair,  
 And I would gladly lay its treasures bare.  
 Go, then, Ojeda,\* and its wealth explore,  
 And seek where'er you go for golden ore,  
 And hasten back, with tidings to the shore,  
 Where I will wait expecting your return!  
 And eager more of land so sweet to learn,  
 And, by the fleet in port, to send to Spain  
 Whate'er we may of gold, or knowledge, gain!"  
 Ojeda, with a few to warfare bred,  
 From Isabella on his mission sped,  
 Delighting in the dangers of the way,  
 And armed and mounted—ripe for friend, or fray.†  
 Ojeda was the hero that he looked,  
 Whose dauntless courage timid hearts rebuked,  
 Who loved adventure for excitement's sake,  
 And cast his all upon a single stake.  
 Day after day he met with naked throngs,  
 Who welcomed him with dances, and with songs,  
 And hospitably gave him of their cheer,  
 Expressing wonder, with but little fear,  
 Though man and horse a monster, strange, appeared,  
 And superhuman seemed each soldier's beard.  
 With tropic beauty all the land was bright:—  
 It seemed an endless region of delight;  
 And gold was seen to glitter in the streams—  
 Which shone like silver in Apollo's beams—  
 And in Cib-a-o's mountains, where the pines  
 Grew up untrammelled by caressing vines,  
 And breathed their aromatic odors on the air,  
 While, high above, the mountain peaks were bare.

---

\* Alonzo de Ojeda.

† This was early in January, 1494.

The natives told him here were mines of gold,  
Which made him prone to dream of wealth untold;  
Though he for pomp, and cities looked in vain.—  
Here Nature held an undisputed reign.

Success had crowned his hardy, bold emprise,  
And back he rode with triumph in his eyes  
To tell the golden promise of the isle.  
Then fortune seemed on all alike to smile,  
And, with the fleet, the tidings went to Spain  
That vast indeed had been the kingdom's gain :  
And Caribs, from their native islands torn,  
Away as captive infidels were borne,  
Their exile from their native shores to mourn.  
To civilize, and Christianize their race—  
And win them by conversion o'er to grace—  
Was now the end Columbus had in view.  
He deemed it rightful to enslave them, too,  
And barter them like cattle for supplies  
To nourish this his New World enterprise.  
But Spain refused the Caribs to enslave,  
Though she to bondage Moors, and negroes, gave.

## VI.

In Isabella discontents arose,  
And few there were not his—Columbus'—foes,  
Both poor, and lowly, and hidalgos, proud,  
Were heard to utter murmurs deep, and loud.  
There many labored but to find a shroud,  
For fever in the wealth of verdure lurked,  
And those unused to toil were overworked,  
And yielded to privation and despair,  
With curses on the day they landed there.  
They stigmatized their leader as a knave,  
Who thus had lured them to an early grave,

And oft oppressed them by his cruel sway.  
 They longed to break from his control away;  
 And while, o'ercome by sickness, there he lay  
 They planned to seize the ships, and sail for Spain,  
 There of their stern commander to complain:  
 But he, in time, the mutiny suppressed,\*  
 And quick was he the leaders to arrest,  
 And ten-fold then was wrath, and rage, inflamed,  
 While bitterly he found himself defamed:  
 But turmoil quelled, and health again restored,  
 He donned his mail, and girded on his sword,  
 And to his brother Diego gave command—  
 To rule, till his return, the Spanish band—†  
 And to Cib-a-o's mountains led the way—  
 Equipped, and mounted—warlike in array—  
 For there he felt were boundless mines of gold,  
 And these he longed, with ardor, to behold.  
 In wealth he saw the standard of success,  
 And prayed the Lord his life with this would bless,  
 By which he hoped Jerusalem to gain,  
 And wrest the holy tomb from hands profane.  
 Four hundred troops—the horsemen in advance—  
 With sword, and crossbow, arquebuse and lance,  
 And helmets shining in the morning light,  
 And plated bucklers, and cuirasses bright—  
 While drums, and trumpets martial music made,  
 And languid zephyrs with the banners played—  
 The island traversed to the mountain range,  
 Mid scenes of beauty, picturesque and strange,  
 Till, through a gap, there burst upon the view—  
 Beneath that sky so deeply, brightly blue—

---

\* The mutineers were headed by Bernal Diaz de Pisa.

† Don Diego was left in command at Isabella during the absence of Columbus, who set out on the 12th of March, 1494.

The mighty vale of which Ojeda told,  
And made them yearn its splendors to behold.  
'Twas theirs the charm of rapture then to know.  
Far stretching league on league it lay below  
Bathed in the beaming sun's resplendent glow,  
Its royal palms, majestic to the eye,  
Like tufted columns, grandly soaring high,  
Their stately crowns, of deep and vivid green,  
In beauty basking in the golden sheen,  
While bloom and verdure far, and wide, were seen.  
Here, rose the forest; there, was spread the plain,  
With fields of yellow maize—the native grain;  
And wigwams nestled in the shade of trees,  
Where hammocks swung, and Red Men lived at  
ease—

All grandly by the purple mountains framed.  
“Let this the Vega Real \* now be named!”  
Exclaimed Columbus with admiring eyes:—  
“Here Nature naught of loveliness denies,  
But paints the prospect with her richest dyes.  
Who knows but this may once have Eden been?  
And who before hath seen so fair a scene?”  
Descending through the deep and rugged pass,—  
O'ergrown with weeds, and tall and tangled grass,—  
The army on the open plain defiled—  
With all around magnificent, and wild,  
At ev'ry turn revealing varied charms—  
Amid the clangor of their burnished arms,  
With flying flags, and music clear, and loud,  
And prancing steeds of warlike trappings proud.  
The pageant supernatural appeared  
To those who from their native forests peered,

---

\* The Royal Plain, which is still one of the grandest sights in Santo Domingo and the Antilles. It is eighty leagues in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth.



And some in terror from the vision fled,  
 And consternation through their hamlets spread;  
 But by degrees their confidence returned  
 When only peaceful strangers they discerned,  
 Who gave them trinkets in exchange for gold,  
 Enriching them, it seemed, a hundred-fold.  
 Then they of their abundance bade them eat,  
 And scattered fruits, and yuca, at their feet,  
 And welcomed them the mighty valley through—  
 Each day disclosing scenes of splendor new,  
 And kindling raptures with the changing view.  
 Where'er they wandered grapes in clusters grew—  
 Some brightly green, and some of purple hue—  
 On clinging vines that climbed the highest trees,  
 And dallied coyly with the passing breeze,  
 While grandly with Pomona Flora vied,  
 And fruit, and blossom, flourished side by side.  
 Oft on a single branch were seen the two,  
 So swift was Nature here to life renew.  
 The native maidens sweet areytos sung—  
 While to their ballads danced both old and young—  
 And played on timbrels made of ocean shells,  
 Whose ringing sound resembled tinkling bells.  
 Before their idols priests performed their rites,  
 And bright, and gladsome were their days, and  
     nights.  
 The yuca, maize, and the batata grew,  
 In harvests ripe the year, unbroken, through;  
 The limpid streams were opulent with fish  
 To gratify each native angler's wish,  
 And flocks of birds, that freely ranged the air,  
 Supplied whoe'er desired with dainty fare,  
 While utas and guanans furnished more,  
 And countless trees a constant banquet bore.  
 Here simple and untutored lives were spent  
 In ease, and freedom, and in sweet content,



And mere existence was a round of bliss.  
Columbus sighed—"How exquisite is this!"

VII.

At length he reached the rugged mountain heights,  
And revelled in Imagination's flights,  
Believing that exhaustless mines of gold  
Would soon their treasures lavishly unfold,  
For in the streams the precious metal gleamed,  
And pregnant with it all the region seemed.  
The natives brought him nuggets they had found,  
Significantly pointing all around,  
And with success he felt his hopes were crowned.  
"Here," said Columbus, "we will build a fort,  
And Fortune, day by day, with labor, court,  
And gather riches from the teeming earth,  
For here of treasure there can ne'er be dearth."  
The fort was built of wood the pines supplied,  
And by its side a river rolled its tide,\*  
While just below a green savanna lay,  
Its wavy breast with blooming beauty gay.  
"St. Thomas be the lonely structure's name.  
And hail the day we to these mountains came!  
Here sixty men to guard it shall remain—  
And great will be their glory and their gain—  
And Margarite shall o'er them hold command.  
'Twill be like life in an enchanted land,  
For all the tidings from the country round  
Proclaim the shining riches that abound.  
De Luxan, from his journey just returned,†  
Where'er he wandered, gold, and gems discerned,

---

\* The Yanique.

† Pedro Margarite.

‡ Columbus had sent Juan De Luxan on an exploring tour through the mountains with a troop of horse.

And all for which the heart of man can yearn.  
 Yet who can tell but we of more may learn?  
 For we, the soldiers of the Cross, are blessed,  
 And by the saints and angels, too, caressed!  
 Use well the gifts that lie within your reach,  
 And to the savage go the gospel preach!"  
 Then to the fort Columbus bade adieu,  
 Back to the port his journey to pursue.

### VIII.

Save sickness, and prevailing discontent,  
 All well, the while, at Isabella went.  
 The trees, and seeds of Europe, planted there  
 Were quick to flourish in that tropic air;  
 The sap within the sugar-cane was sweet,  
 And ears had gathered on the growing wheat;  
 With globes of fruit the orange boughs were hung,  
 While lemons, near them, were on branches strung,  
 And melons, in their ripeness, kissed the ground.  
 Columbus looked with joy on all around.  
 But, from the fortress, soon there tidings came.  
 The fort's destruction was the savage aim.  
 Ca-on-a-bo\* his hosts, from far and near,  
 Was seen assembling, armed with club and spear,  
 And he—of Hayti's mountain-lands the chief—  
 Vowed there the stay of strangers should be brief.  
 With cruel wrongs his people they oppressed,  
 And from them strove whate'er they had to wrest.  
 Well might they the invading horde detest.  
 Columbus heeded little this alarm,  
 Nor feared the natives would the fortress harm,  
 But ordered reinforcements to its aid,  
 And for unbroken peace, and friendship prayed.

---

\* Pronounce Kayhonnybow.

Then to divert his forces from their woes—  
O'er which they brooded sadly in repose—  
He ordered all the rising town could spare,  
And who had strength enough their arms to bear,  
For marching through the island to prepare,  
Its wonders, and its riches, to explore.  
"This journey will your waning health restore,"  
Columbus told them ere they went away,  
"And all your sorrows and distress allay.  
Your ranks Ojeda to the fort will lead.  
And his behests as soldiers you will heed.  
There he will Pedro Margarite succeed,  
And o'er you all will hold supreme command,  
And guide you further o'er the charming land :  
And may you more than all you hope for glean,  
And dwell with rapture on the changing scene.  
With kindness try to soothe the native heart,  
And nobly, but yet firmly, act your part!"  
Four hundred strong, they left the town behind,  
Expecting health, and riches yet to find—  
Believing Fortune to their cause was kind,  
And all they suffered Heaven had designed.  
Columbus, then, resolved to sail away  
To search the sea for Mangi and Cathay,  
And all those treasures of the mighty East  
On which his fancy ever loved to feast.  
He formed a junta o'er the isle to reign,  
Pledged to his cause to ever true remain,  
And placed his brother Diego at its head.  
Then with three caravels away he sped,  
By ardor and imagination led.\*

---

\* He left Isabella on the 24th of April, 1494.

## IX.

Away for Cuba's bright, inviting isle—  
Where Phœbus ever sheds his golden smile—  
Columbus steered his vessels o'er the deep  
Expecting precious harvests there to reap,  
And that Cipango, Mangi and Cathay  
Would soon reveal their splendors to the day—  
Great ancient cities, and majestic kings,  
And angel forms that only wanted wings.  
Imagination led him captive long,  
And hope delusive sang a siren's song.  
He cruised for days along its verdant shore,  
With ardent longing further to explore.  
Before his vision waved the royal palms,  
And on the air were wafted fragrant balms,  
While birds, and gems, and fruit the natives brought,  
And—in return—for beads, and baubles, sought.  
Then toward the south they made a sign of  
land,  
Where mountains overlooked the sea-girt strand,  
And shining gold was mingled with the sand.  
Columbus felt enraptured o'er the tale,  
And cried—"For this, my comrades, we will sail!"  
Due south into the open sea he steered  
Till, leagues away, high mountain-tops appeared,  
And as the coast, by slow degrees, he neared  
He felt his spirit by the prospect cheered.  
Jamaica's azure mountains met his gaze,  
Their summits dusky in the tropic haze,  
And wreathed with curling clouds of morning mist,  
While now and then by vivid sunlight kissed.  
Majestic forests far below were seen,  
And fertile valleys, beautiful and green,  
While here and there a village marked the scene.

But hostile Red Men gathered on the shore,  
 Who in their hands their pointed lances bore,  
 And on their bodies paint and feathers wore.\*  
 A fleet of war-canoes, with angry braves—  
 Their weapons brandished—danced across the waves,  
 But presents calmed their fury ere it burst,  
 And homeward-bound they peacefully dispersed,  
 While on the vessels sailed to find a bay  
 Where they might tarry on their wat'ry way.  
 'Twas found, but angry braves again appeared,  
 And toward their white invaders boldly steered,  
 Then threw their missiles with defiant cries,  
 And watched their flight with fierce, indignant eyes,  
 The red plumes bristling in their tufted hair,  
 And—save some palm leaves—all their bodies bare.  
 Columbus said, "Forbearance here is wrong.  
 Our duty is to show that we are strong,  
 And all the savage legions can defy.  
 Man all the boats, and let the arrows fly;  
 Set loose the bloodhounds on the nearest shore, †  
 And we shall meet their brandished arms no more."  
 The gory warfare terror spread, awide,  
 And those who erst defied for mercy cried.

There scenes of glowing beauty met the eye,  
 Where'er it wandered 'neath that blushing sky.  
 The cocoa-palm, the tamarind and date,  
 With pomegranates in their fruity state,  
 Ananas, too, of rich and luscious hue,  
 With mammees, and bananas, thickly grew,  
 While bloom, and verdure beautified the view.

---

\* Jamaica was discovered by Columbus on May 5, 1494.

† This is the first instance on record of the use of dogs, against the natives of the New World, but they were subsequently employed by the Spaniards in their Indian wars with the most heartless cruelty.



Bamboos, with feathered fronds, gave friendly shade,

And, too, the Ceiba—monarch of the glade—

Its branches spread, of fresh unfading green—

A stately figure in the sylvan scene—

While fields of maize waved in the balmy breeze,

Which played like music through the leafy trees.

In merry pranks the monkeys leapt, and swung

From branch to branch, while birds of beauty sung—

The scarlet cardinal, and mocking-bird—

Whose liquid notes above the rest were heard—

And gaudy oriole, and tropeo,

Reflecting in their tints the tropic's glow.

"Here," said Columbus, "I will build a home,

When I have o'er the waters ceased to roam;"

And friendship grew, where fury had prevailed.

'Then far along the coast the vessels sailed,

So near the land, canoes their wants supplied,

And swan-like glided swiftly at their side,

All filled with natives bringing birds, and fruits,

And fish, and maize, and dainty herbs, and roots,

And some a turtle, or a piece of gold,

Inspiring dreams of hidden wealth untold—

The treasure the explorers came to glean,

Though little they of what they craved had seen.

But in the isle Columbus found delight,

For all was lovely there, that met the sight.

Just ere he sailed away, a native swain

Petitioned to be carried o'er to Spain,

Though all his kinsmen warned him ne'er to fly

To regions where he soon would pine and die:

But he had yearnings other lands to see,

And o'er the world a rover he would be.



He reached the Spanish shore, but ne'er returned  
To tell Jamaica of the lore he learned.

X.

Again for Cuban shores Columbus sailed—  
A prospect all his crews with gladness hailed—  
Expecting wonders new to there behold,  
And harvest souls while reaping wealth in gold,  
Still dreaming 'twas the mainland of the East,  
Where soon his eyes on cities grand would feast.  
Yet though he cruised for weeks along its shore  
He grew no wiser than he was before,  
While—strangely—all his comrades shared his view,  
And till his death he deemed the fancy true,  
Though had he but continued on his way  
Ere long he'd found an isle, and not Cathay :  
But worn, and leaky ships, and scant supplies,  
Checked—ere he gained its fruit—his enterprise,  
And warned him back to Hayti's shore to steer,  
Although he felt the Orient was near.  
He turned, but cried—"I'll yet my course retrace,  
And win the prize, by God's approving grace."  
Then sailed he through an islet-studded sea—  
A wilderness of gardens fair to see,  
Which kindled in the gazers ecstasy—  
Isles small, and large, and bouquet-like, and bright,  
And all alike refreshing to the sight.\*  
Far as the eye could reach they gemmed the tide  
With all the rainbow's hues divinely dyed.

XI.

There on the hills the sweet pimenta grew,

---

\* Columbus named this archipelago the "Queen's Gardens."

With berries laden, purple in their hue—  
 A tree of beauty, born to grace the view;  
 And there its pods the cocoa-tree displayed,  
 O'ershadowed by mahoganies, arrayed  
 In all their plenitude of vivid green,  
 With mighty branches, bathed in sunny sheen.  
 The cereus—night-blooming—climbed its way  
 Up withered stumps, with other creepers gay,  
 And threw its fleshy leaves to catch the breeze,  
 Then leapt from lifeless trunks to living trees;  
 The yellow elder, and hibiscus, red,  
 Their blooming masses to the sunlight spread;  
 Plumerias, and popinacs, rose high,  
 And with their splendid colors caught the eye;  
 Gigantic pines, with needles bristling o'er,  
 Above the spreading palms were wont to soar,  
 While fragrant logwood flourished in the shade,  
 And moss festoons were by the zephyrs swayed;  
 Bright parasites o'er precipices flung  
 Their trembling forms, and feathered warblers  
     sung,  
 While humming-birds to passion-flowers flew,  
 For lurking nectar there to—sipping—sue,  
 And gaudy insects wandered to and fro,  
 Like flashing gems amid the noon-tide glow.  
 Hung round with balls the calabash appeared,  
 And from the cedar drooped its mossy beard;  
 Magnolias, dark-green, and glossy-leaved—  
 Beneath whose boughs the crafty spider weaved—  
 Held gold and silver blossoms to the sun,  
 And the palmetto fanned itself to rest,  
 When by the languid dying wind caressed,  
 While mangroves, with their lily-cups were dressed.  
 Upon the shores the lazy turtles lay,  
 Then to the shining ocean hied away,  
 Which grandly glistened in the beams of day;

And, far and wide the beauties of the clime  
Spoke only of an endless summer-time.

XII.

No more serene appeared the sea, and sky,  
For—capped with foam—the waves were rolling high,  
And adverse winds with savage fury blew,  
And day by day the storm still louder grew  
Till—in distress—the ships for shelter flew,  
And in Jamaica found a tranquil bay,  
Where, on the beach, the sluggish turtles lay.  
Columbus then besought the Virgin's aid,  
And at her feet his supplications laid,  
And with new pleasure gazed on all around  
Rejoicing o'er the port his fleet had found,  
Where savage hands his daily wants supplied,  
And naught to man by Nature seemed denied.  
Yet even there a chieftain yearned for Spain—  
To voyage o'er the vast, mysterious main—  
But he was warned to ne'er forsake his home  
Across the world for fancied joys to roam,  
For then he'd long for simple pleasures past,  
And wild delights too sweet, alas! to last.

XIII.

Erelong the angry storm had ceased to blow,  
And through the palms the breeze was whisp'ring  
low,  
And playing softly with the cedar boughs.  
Toward Hayti's shore the vessels turned their  
prows,  
But ere 'twas reached Columbus pulseless lay,  
Unconscious, prostrate, nigh to Death a prey.

Yet though so low the flame of life had burned  
 A gleam of health, and reason, soon returned,  
 And o'er his face he saw his brother bend—\*  
 Bartholomew, who'd ever been his friend—  
 A welcome sight which kindled hope anew.  
 The town of Isabella met his view,  
 Where anarchy, and turbulence, prevailed,  
 And foes his own authority assailed.  
 His brother's aid he sadly needed here  
 The Ship of State through stormy seas to steer.  
 He ordered well, but now disorder reigned,  
 And all he saw his spirit only pained.  
 Where kindness would have won the native heart  
 He found his troops had played a cruel part,  
 And ravaged where they neither sowed nor reaped,  
 And deep in blood the isle of beauty steeped.  
 His army's lawless chief had left for Spain—  
 Don Margarite, the false, depraved, and vain—  
 Columbus there to slander, and defame—  
 'To vilify the hero's honored name,  
 And with him went corrupt Apostle Boyle,  
 Not prone to cast on troubled waters oil.  
 "A foe," said they, "Columbus is to Spain,  
 Who only labors for his private gain,—  
 A despot, too, who aims at sov'reign sway.  
 Should we a tyrant of his clime obey,  
 And Spain's hidalgos bow beneath his yoke?"  
 And all the discontented like them spoke.  
 They felt in wholesome discipline restraint,  
 And deemed their daily toil a social taint,  
 While jealous of their leader's Roman race,  
 And of his outward comeliness, and grace.

---

\* Bartholomew Columbus, the companion of his youth, from whom he had been separated for several years, and who had recently arrived from Spain with supplies for the new colony.

They labored hard dissensions deep to breed,  
And angry passions day by day to feed.

XIV.

Five great caziques held o'er the island sway,  
Whose braves were glad their mandates to obey.  
These—saving one—a secret league had formed,  
And vowed the town, and fortress, should be stormed,  
And all invaders forced the land to flee,  
No more again upon its shores to be.  
Gwa-can-a-gar-i\* shrinking from the fray—  
Made answer that his tribe at peace would stay,  
And to the strangers friendly still remain,  
For he was first to greet them from the main  
When, wrecked, they looked for succor to the shore;  
And he affection for Columbus bore.  
Ca-on-a-bo of Mag-u-a-na ruled  
The native councils,—he in war was schooled,  
Nor from his comrades needed urging on,  
And when he saw the army's chief had gone,  
He deemed the time had come for mortal strife—  
The time to strike for liberty, and life :  
And so the work of vengeance then began,  
Whose bloody course through countless horrors  
    ran :  
But Indian triumphs in the war were few,  
While Spanish prowess dusky thousands slew.  
Ca-on-a-bo the mountain fortress fought,†  
But though he struggled hard accomplished naught ;  
Yet only fifty Spaniards battled there  
Against his thousands with their bodies bare.

---

\* Guacanagari.

† Fort St. Thomas, commanded by Alonzo de Ojeda, who successfully defended it during a siege lasting thirty days.

For thirty days the siege was well sustained,  
 And native blood the while the region stained.  
 Ojeda of the Spaniards held command,  
 And—grand in courage—ruled with iron hand  
 Till stung by loss, and wearied with delay,  
 The royal savage moved his braves away.

Gwa-can-a-gar-i made his brethren foes,  
 Who on his tribe—in wrath—inflicted woes ;  
 And when he learned Columbus had returned  
 He of this secret league to tell him yearned,  
 And hastened to the ship that bore him back  
 To warn him of the islanders' attack,  
 And in his cause his friendship pledge anew :—  
 A promise in the sequel proving true.

## XV.

The natives far and wide were up in arms,  
 And all the land was filled with war's alarms.  
 The chief of Mag-u-a-na led the van,  
 And swarthy hosts the country overran,  
 Ca-on-a-bo exclaiming—"All shall die,  
 Or in their ships from this our island fly."  
 Ojeda hearing this with fervor cried—  
 "Ere now that valiant chieftain I've defied,  
 And I'll agree to capture him alive—  
 Nor with him ere I make him captive strive—  
 And bring him to Columbus—helpless—here.  
 With him in bondage, naught have we to fear.  
 By stratagem the chief I'll circumvent."  
 Columbus said—"To this I yield consent,"  
 And mounted well—with comrades ten—he rode  
 Till he had reached Ca-on-a-bo's abode.  
 There with his army gathered round him stood  
 The haughty monarch of his native wood.



He knew Ojeda as a daring foe,  
And savage magnanimity would show.  
He welcomed him with hospitable hands,  
And asked his mission to those distant lands.  
Ojeda answered he his friendship sought,  
And tidings glad from great Columbus brought,  
Who proffered peace if he'd a treaty sign,  
And pledge himself pacific in design.  
"Come then with me," Ojeda cried, "my brave,"  
To whom his hand, to win him o'er, he gave,  
"To Isabella let us both repair,  
And you," said he—to lure the chieftain there—  
"Shall as a gift receive the belfry bell—  
The chapel bell of which you've heard the knell—  
Whose tireless tongue of wondrous things can tell."  
The speaking bell his fancy captive led,  
For oft he'd wondered what the tongue had said,  
And, eager to possess so rich a prize,  
The chief toward Isabella turned his eyes.  
His warriors with him—an imposing host—  
Their steps directed toward the eastern coast.  
Ojeda said—"The warriors leave behind  
Till this—the treaty, pledge of peace—is signed."  
But this request the haughty chief refused,  
On which Ojeda—disconcerted,—mused.  
No capture could, with braves around, be made,  
And townward he to lead them felt afraid.  
A trap he, then, to isolate him, laid.  
He showed him gyves of bright Toledo steel  
Worn—as he told—by monarchs of Castile.  
"I'll decorate your limbs," said he, "with these  
If such your taste for ornament would please,  
And let you like a monarch—ride my steed,  
And taste the pleasure of his flying speed."  
The chieftain mounted, and Ojeda, too,  
A single horse sufficing for the two,

The fetters both uniting as they rode,  
 But no distrust, as yet, the chieftain showed,  
 And unsuspecting braves looked idly on,  
 Yet while they gazed they started : he was gone.  
 The horse that erst had o'er the plain careered  
 Plunged toward the woodland shades, and disappeared.

The chieftain from his army thus was torn,  
 And seaward swiftly through the groves was borne,  
 A prize securely to Ojeda tied.  
 To Isabella 'twas a toilsome ride.  
 But there, at last, his steed the captor reined,  
 And cried aloud—" Behold ! the prize I've gain'd !"  
 There long the chief was loaded down with chains,  
 Nor e'er again he ranged his native plains,  
 But brooded sadly, yet with sullen pride,  
 And still in spirit, all his foes defied.  
 His brother led to battle-fields his braves,  
 But these were soon consigned to bloody graves,  
 And by Ojeda's hand he met his doom.  
 Alas ! Still deeper grew poor Hayti's gloom.

## XVI.

From Spain a fleet, with Torres in command,\*  
 Reached—with supplies—the San Domingo strand,  
 And brought a band of toilers for the land—  
 Men skilled in husbandry, and peaceful arts,  
 And with no love of battle in their hearts.  
 Well might Columbus welcome give to these,  
 Who but to labor crossed uncertain seas.  
 The fleet conveyed dispatches from the crown,  
 Which owned him worthy of his great renown,

---

\* Antonio de Torres, with a fleet of four vessels, arrived at Isabella in the latter part of 1494.

And told him Portugal, and Spain at last  
Had settled all the troubles of the past,  
For not as yet its work had Slander done,  
Though Enmity to blacken had begun.  
Columbus, when the ships returned to Spain  
Was eager to display the kingdom's gain,  
And show how rich in products was the West.  
So much he sent with which the isles were blessed,  
And all the gold, and gems, that he had gleaned,  
For to the sanguine side he ever leaned,  
And like his hopes his promises were grand.  
His eyes saw treasure glitter in the sand.  
Would that contented he had rested here,  
And held the freedom of the Indians dear,  
But he this tribute larger still to swell—  
And sad it is thus much of him to tell—  
Sent full five hundred of the conquered braves  
To fret their lives on Spanish soil as slaves—  
An act which showed the man to justice blind,  
But bondage then by few was deemed unkind,  
And Christian hearts all heathen rights ignored.  
Might ruled triumphant with uplifted sword.  
Thus led the bad example of his age  
To blot so foul upon a glowing page.  
In faith a bigot, zealous for his creed,  
He deemed that Christians ne'er the flames would  
    feed,  
But that the savage, unbaptized, would go  
To deep perdition in the shades below,  
And infidels to him were lawful spoil,  
For Christians doomed forevermore to toil.

Queen Isabella stretched her hand to save,  
And freedom to the pining captives gave,  
Who, then, once more, were borne across the sea  
To perish in their native land, but free.

## XVII.

The tribes prepared to fight the common foe,  
And strike the cruel, hated monster low.  
Stung by the capture of Ca-on-a-bo  
They vowed to strike for liberty a blow :—  
All save Gwa-can-a-gar-i—he was still  
Submissive to the stern invaders' will.  
Columbus all his forces summoned then—  
Two hundred well-equipped, and martial men—  
Whose burnished weapons in the sunlight glanced.  
With these, and flags, and music, he advanced—  
While twenty chargers, with their riders, pranced,  
And twenty bloodhounds were, alas ! revealed—  
To meet a hundred thousand in the field.  
The friendly natives marched on either side,  
And with them their cazique, their course to guide,  
But o'er the part he played he sadly sighed.  
On sped they till in morning's golden light  
The mighty Vega burst upon their sight—  
A scene that none could view without delight,  
Though there the hosts had gathered for the  
fight—  
A wooded prairie stretching far away,  
By Flora decked in beautiful array,  
With purple mountains looming o'er it high,  
And bright with lustre from the beaming sky.  
Prodigious palms, mahoganies, and pines—  
Clasped here and there by gay, festooning vines—  
And winding rivers, sparkling, fresh, and clear,  
Diversified the prospect far and near,  
And countless flowers shed their sweet perfume,  
And carpeted the valley with their bloom,  
While villages, and hamlets, half-concealed,  
By deep green woodland gorges were revealed.

It seemed a very paradise of ease,  
Where all things served primeval man to please.  
The agi, yuca, and batata grew,  
With bursting cotton, clustered in the view,  
The last as spotless as the virgin snows,  
From which were woven hammocks for repose.  
“Ah, what a change,” said he, “I now behold—  
A change that seems to make my blood run cold!  
This region, once so peaceful, and so glad,  
Speaks only of the terrible, and sad.  
’Tis true its beauty charms us as of yore  
When all its sons for us but friendship bore,  
And welcomed us with hospitable smiles  
To this, the fairest of these sunny isles,  
But kindness into wrathful hate has turned :  
Our former friends are foes, and we are spurned,  
For all of which our passions are to blame—  
Vile passions that—remember!—are our shame ;  
And I am forced to strike a victor’s blow,  
And plunge the land still deeper in its woe.  
Alas ! for this, for I in peace would reign,  
Nor dye with native blood this blooming plain.  
But self-defence demands it of us, now,  
To make the heathen to our banners bow ! ”  
With yells of execration rang the plain,  
As on the Vega came the troops of Spain,  
The friendly Red Men marching in their rear.  
“The traitors,” cried the multitude, “are here ! ”  
Gwa-can-a-gar-i seemed to shed a tear,  
For he had earned the curses of his kind,  
And bitter thoughts were rankling in his mind.

The native legions, who in waiting lay,  
With ringing cries began the fatal fray,  
But numbers ne’er could Spanish hearts dismay.  
Ojeda with Columbus led the way.



The horsemen charged with fury; arrows flew;  
 The bullets whizzed; and gleaming lances slew;  
 And drums were beat, and trumpets loudly brayed,  
 And hundreds in their native dust were laid,  
 While yells terrific long, and wildly, rang.  
 Just then the bloodhounds on their victims sprang,  
 And with their fangs their naked bodies tore.  
 Such cruel carnage ne'er was seen before.  
 The noble savage weltered in his gore.  
 The cavalry pursued the flying mass,  
 Who cried for mercy, but in vain, alas!  
 With human blood the lovely Vega reeked,  
 And vengeance on the infidel was wreaked.  
 And this was Christian warfare, woe on woe;  
 Good-will, and peace, on earth were trampled low;  
 Revengeful fury, and satanic strife  
 Beneath the banner of the Cross were rife.  
 Religion served to cloak the blackest stain:  
 Fanaticism gloated o'er the slain.

## XVIII.

Gwa-can-a-gar-i left the tragic scene  
 With feelings both of anguish and chagrin.  
 Those execrations still were in his ears,  
 And for his future he had naught but fears.  
 He felt himself a traitor to his race,  
 With—on the earth—no safe abiding-place.  
 Though he, nor his, had in the battle fought,  
 Nor havoc on the tribes contending wrought,  
 He knew their hatred and contempt he'd earned,  
 And to his home, in sorrow, he returned,  
 Where for a while he lingered, sore oppressed,  
 For life to him had lost its former zest.  
 His people shared in all the island's woes,  
 And in their Spanish allies found but foes;



Their tribute was exacted with the sword,  
And all their ancient friendship was ignored.  
Those they had welcomed to their native isle  
Had thus become oppressors, fierce, and vile ;—  
Those they had succored in their dire distress,  
And whom they deemed had come their isle to  
    bless,  
Were now their tyrants, and their fatal curse,  
While day by day still grew the prospect worse.  
Hard toil, and want, and cruelty, and care,  
Were more than natures such as theirs could bear,  
And so they passed like autumn leaves away—  
Of man's ingratitude to man the prey—  
Before the blast of that invading host,  
Who held the Cross of Jesus for their boast.  
Their doomed cazique afflicted, and despised—  
And shorn of all that he before had prized—  
Sought refuge in the mountains, there to die  
Alone, and lost to the oppressor's eye :  
And there he breathed—in wretchedness—his last,  
His mind in torture o'er the bitter past.

XIX.

The battle in the Vega had been won,  
But not the work of slaughter yet was done.  
Columbus of the island made a tour  
The fruits of this, his triumph, to secure,  
And bring it all beneath his iron sway.  
Save here and there, where they provoked a fray,  
The people fled—where'er he went—away,  
But where they fought the troops were quick to  
    slay.  
The hostile chiefs in sad submission bowed,  
Save one who cried — "I'd rather wear a  
    shroud !" —

Be-hech-i-o the lord of Zar-a-gwa,  
 Whose wild domain by Cape Tiburon lay,  
 And—west—from Isabella far away.  
 He, to his home, retreated from the foe,  
 And where he went but few, like him, could go.  
 The Vega's sov'reign Gwar-i-nex, the mild,  
 Exclaimed—"The white men have the isle defiled;  
 But in their hands I find myself a child!  
 Why then prolong the struggle? 'tis in vain,  
 All Hayti soon will be the sport of Spain."  
 Man-ic-o-tex \* —the captive's brother—sighed:  
 "All now is o'er: I would that I had died!  
 The Red Man is divested of his pride,  
 And crushed forever where he once defied!"

Alas! no more, when Peace had taken flight,  
 The natives in their island found delight,  
 And darkness fell where all before was light.  
 Their star was setting in eternal night.  
 The Red Men fell before the stronger White,  
 And Might triumphant superseded Right.  
 They struggled for their lives, but strove in vain:  
 The stern invaders strewed the land with slain,  
 And Hayti, reeling at the victor's feet,  
 Was forced the banner she abhorred to greet,  
 And pay the hated tribute to the foe †  
 Who'd desolation spread o'er all below.

---

\* The brother of Caonabo.

† The army of Columbus at this time included no more than two hundred Spaniards, twenty horses and as many dogs, while the native army embraced a hundred thousand men; but the latter were entirely routed and reduced to submission early in the year 1495, all the natives in the province of Cibao promising to pay as a tribute to Spain a hawkbill full of gold dust every three months, and every other inhabitant of the island twenty-five pounds of cotton.

The paradise of liberty, and ease,  
Where all that met the eye was formed to please,  
Had now become a devastated scene,  
And Hayti's children wished they ne'er had been,  
And felt the bitter anguish of despair,  
For Spanish vice, ambition, lust of gain  
Brought to their race destroying toil, and pain,  
And haggard Want where Plenty erst had reigned.  
Contentment died, with Liberty, in woe,  
And Tyranny had struck the Indian low.

XX.

Columbus, now, from all exacted toil—  
To daily search for gold, or till the soil—  
And fortress after fortress built he there—  
And manned them with the forces he could spare—  
Till all the natives yielded in despair.  
Thus sure the yoke of servitude was made,  
And deep the plans of lasting thralldom laid.  
Accustomed but to indolence, and bliss,  
They saw a life of misery in this—  
Their roving independence at an end.  
What now to life a single charm could lend?  
All o'er were, now, the day-dreams in the shade,  
The calm siestas by the stream, or glade,  
Or 'neath the spreading palm-tree in the grove,  
In hammocks from their snowy cotton wove ;—  
All o'er the glad areytos they had sung  
Before their hearts by anguish thus were wrung,  
For plaintive airs, and these but seldom heard,  
Alone to life by pensive lips were stirred ;—  
All o'er the merry dances to the drum,  
For Freedom's death made Mirth for ever dumb.  
Exhausted by the labors of the day,  
They weary down to slumber, nightly, lay,

But with the dawn their efforts to renew—  
 In servitude their travail to pursue.  
 Thus forced to bend beneath the victors' yoke  
 They oft their woes, in lamentations, spoke,  
 And worn by labor pined their lives away,  
 Their white invaders' sore tormented prey.  
 Death with its sickle swiftly cut them down,  
 And Mercy on the island cast a frown.

At length they planned by Famine to destroy,  
 Or, failing this, to punish, and annoy.  
 They all resolved no more to till the soil,  
 And that which lay around them to despoil,  
 Then—leaving all behind them but a waste—  
 Once more the sweets of former freedom taste  
 By fleeing to the mountains for awhile  
 Till these invaders left the blighted isle.  
 The plan was executed as designed,  
 And with a common impulse all combined.  
 Their fields, and groves, became a scene of waste,  
 From which with one accord they fled in haste :  
 But all in vain they sought for peace, and rest—  
 To ills escape which so their race oppressed—  
 For they were to their wild retreats pursued,  
 And there became a fleeing multitude.  
 To dreary and to sterile heights they hied  
 Intent on refuge, eager there to hide ;  
 But there, in flight, they passed from place to  
     place,  
 Like stags, or foxes, with the hounds in chase—  
 The women with their children in their arms—  
 All troubled with perpetual alarms,  
 And with fatigue, and hunger, faint, and worn.  
 Well o'er their fate Humanity might mourn,  
 But foes like theirs for them no mercy knew,  
 And pitilessly they their victims slew.

At ev'ry sudden sound that met the ear  
 The hunted host gave way to rising fear.  
 They knew not but the horsemen, then, were near.  
 They hid themselves in caverns, damp and dark,  
 And all day long would watch for foes, and hark;  
 Or lurk in gullies, where the torrents flowed,  
 Afraid to seek an easier abode:  
 To hunt, or fish, not daring forth to go—  
 But deeply plunged, where'er they turned, in woe—  
 Nor yet to venture out in search of roots,  
 Or Nature's banquet of refreshing fruits.  
 Thus, FAMINE, TERROR, ANGUISH, and FATIGUE,  
 Against them formed a devastating league,  
 And thousands perished, by Misfortune slain—  
 The victims of the cruelty of Spain.  
 Resistance to oppression died away,  
 And at the tyrants' feet the island lay.  
 The natives still surviving, in despair  
 Went back, resolved the bitter yoke to bear,  
 And of their fierce invaders lived in fear,  
 With little left their earthly lot to cheer.

## XXI.

Apostle Boyle, and Margarite in Spain  
 To justify themselves, and favor gain,  
 On brave Columbus strove to cast a stain,  
 And aided by Fonseca, long his foe,  
 They struck, like traitors, an aggressive blow;  
 And slander followed slander, till the Crown  
 Deemed he but ill deserved his great renown,  
 And on his course appeared to sternly frown.  
 His great success had multiplied his foes,  
 And Hate, and Envy, worked without repose  
 To wrest from *him* the bays so bravely won,  
 And leave him wrecked, and utterly undone—



His honors, and his riches filched away,  
 And he—a ruin—shorn of all his sway.  
 A royal envoy then was sent from Spain,  
 His mission tidings of the truth to gain—  
 One whom Columbus praised in days before,  
 Who for him, then, but love, and friendship, bore.  
 For this the sov'reigns Aguado chose,\*  
 But he became the chief of all his foes,  
 An ingrate with a base, ignoble aim—  
 An instrument to blast the hero's fame,  
 And throw discredit on his brothers' name,†  
 For when he landed he exclaimed—"Behold!  
 Authority where'er I go I hold!  
 From King, and Queen, I come to judge the land,  
 And take of its affairs supreme command,  
 And all ye know against Columbus speak!  
 The time has come when I must vengeance wreak  
 On all who've done dishonor to the throne.  
 To me let all complaints, and wrongs be known!"  
 Throughout the isle the story quickly ran  
 That he—Columbus—lay beneath the ban,  
 And would no more his sceptre o'er it wield:—  
 His fate had been by Aguado sealed.  
 His foes gave welcome to his overthrow,  
 And sought to drag his reputation low,  
 While all the pining children of the soil  
 Saw in the change—how vainly!—rest from toil.  
 Columbus, who was camping far away,  
 On hearing this, returned without delay,  
 And met his boasting rival on the way,

---

\* Don Juan Aguado arrived from Spain, at Isabella, in October, 1495, and Diego Columbus, who had gone to Spain with the fleet of Torres, returned with him.

† The two brothers of Columbus were now with him—Bartholomew, who had been appointed *Adelantado* of the island, and Diego, who held a subordinate military command.



Then of the slighted Admiral in quest,  
Exclaiming he his course would soon arrest.  
His insolence, and spite, Columbus saw,  
But his credentials were to him as law,  
For like his faith his loyalty was strong,  
And in its name he bent the knee to wrong,  
And showed his moderation in his mien.  
"I humbly bow," said he, "to King, and Queen,  
And whatsoe'er their envoy may decree  
Will be obeyed, with willingness, by me."  
By look nor word displeasure he would show,  
But uncomplaining drink the cup of woe.  
The petty despot held him in disdain,  
And pleasure found in giving needless pain;  
And when his task was done he sailed for Spain  
To paint Columbus there in colors dark.  
"I too," said he, "for Spain will now embark,  
And there refute my vile traducers—all  
Who've urged the crown to order my recall.  
False tales they've told with sinister design—  
My reputation thus to undermine—  
Of my ambition, cruelty, and greed,  
But truth is great, and this the Queen will heed,  
Though friendless, and an alien am I,  
For she is rightly guided from on high!"  
Before he sailed he left in full command  
Bartholomew—his brother—o'er the land,  
And bade him rule with prudence, and with zeal,  
His only aim to be the island's weal.\*

---

\* Columbus sailed from the town of Isabella, Hayti, on the 10th of March, 1496, after having built several forts on the island and placed the civil government on a sound basis. He invested his brother Bartholomew with supreme power over the affairs of the island in his absence, and took with him to Spain two hundred and twenty-five sick or discontented Spaniards and thirty Indians.

And with him went Ca-on-a-bo, the brave,  
 Who in the deep Atlantic found his grave.  
 He like a hero in his fetters died,  
 Unbroken to the last his native pride.  
 The noble savage, broken-hearted, fell—  
 Invasion's victim chained on earth to hell.  
 Ah ! ne'er he thought in happy days of yore—  
 Ere fierce invaders landed on his shore,  
 And bathed his country in his people's gore,  
 And robbed him of his greatness evermore—  
 That such a fate the future held in store—  
 So cruel, and so pitiless, and hard—  
 As that which—in his prime—his life had marred.

Three months of adverse winds and stormy seas—  
 With Famine gaining on them by degrees—  
 Columbus and his motley crew had braved  
 Ere, sighting land, one morn, they cried " We're  
     saved ! "  
 And soon at Cadiz moored their leaking bark,  
 On which all vowed they'd nevermore embark.\*

## XXII.

The loud applause which he had known before  
 Was in the streets of Cadiz heard no more,  
 And men were silent where they'd praised of yore.  
 The voice of praise was in detraction hushed,  
 And he—Columbus—felt his spirit crushed.  
 The sick, and discontented of the isle  
 Were seen ashore—a wretched train—to file,  
 And these their dismal tales of hardship told,

---

\* Columbus reached Cadiz on the 11th of June, 1496, after a stormy voyage of three months.

Which stifled ardor even in the bold,  
And dissipated all their dreams of gold.  
The mighty deed that once so grandly shone  
Had lost its charm, and old the story grown.  
But naught could wholly blight his great renown,  
And kindly was his greeting from the crown,  
For he with thirty natives of the West—  
With ornaments of gold, and feathers dressed—  
In Burgos, at the Court of Spain appeared,  
In monkish garb, and with a lengthy beard—  
The signs of sadness that his heart had seared,  
For he—if not disgrace—reproach had feared.\*  
For this, and more, his foes had planned, but failed,  
As he was well by Ferdinand regaled,  
Though all his seeming friendship was but feigned.  
From him Columbus naught to solace gained,  
But Isabella still his friend remained.  
Don Aguado's words unheeded fell,  
And Spain proclaimed that he had served her well.  
He spoke in glowing terms of all he'd seen  
Where ev'ry island was a fairy scene ;  
He told of Hayna's boundless golden mines,  
And of his vast, and fanciful designs ;  
For Hayna was the Ophir known of old,  
Which yet would yield the kingdom wealth untold ;  
The treasure-house of Hayti, there it lay  
As it had done in King Belshazzar's day—  
The stepping-stone to glory, and Cathay.  
"I need," said he, "a squadron to explore  
The wonders of the East, and Mangi's shore,"  
But though 'twas promised he had long to wait—  
Such seemed too oft to be his luckless fate—

---

\* He was at this time clad in humble garb like a Franciscan monk, and he had suffered his beard to grow like that of one of the brethren of that order, probably in fulfilment of a penitential vow.

While he of disappointments weary grew,—  
 For hard he found it 'mid neglect to sue—  
 Before the promised vessels met his view.  
 Then he exclaimed in gladness—"Spain, adieu!"  
 For base Fonseca, and his creatures vile—  
 Men full of hatred, envy, malice, guile—  
 Had vexed his life with countless petty ills,  
 And made him cry—" 'Tis this that galls, and kills!"  
 A sorry page Fonseca's story fills.  
 Cold-blooded, crafty, jealous of his fame,  
 To mar Columbus was his constant aim,  
 And turn the glory of his life to shame.\*

---

## PART VI.

### THE THIRD VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS AND DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA. — RETURNING IN FETTERS.

#### I.

WITH joy Columbus sailed again away  
 To seek a Western passage to Cathay,  
 And find new countries in the glowing West,  
 And satisfy the longings in his breast.†

---

\* Bishop Fonseca, from his position at the head of the Department of the Indies, was enabled to do him injury in numerous, and often secret ways, and his implacable hostility to Columbus followed him to the close of his career.

† After a delay of two years from the time of his return, Columbus sailed from San Lucar, Spain, on his third voyage, May 30, 1498, with six ships, and five hundred Spaniards, most of whom had been released from the prisons of the country for this purpose, it being now ordered that none but Castilians should go to the newly-discovered territories.

Six sail were in the squadron he possessed,  
And these he felt the Lord of Hosts had blessed,  
For he was ever faithful to the Cross,  
With which compared all else was earthly dross.  
South-westward toward the equinoctial line  
He steered his barks, for vast was his design.  
There like a mirror the Atlantic lay,  
While dolphins on its breast were seen to play,  
And lazily the vessels rose, and fell,  
With flapping sails, upon the gentle swell,  
While panting crews beneath the torrid sun  
Lost strength, and spirits—felt themselves undone.  
Day after day the air a furnace seemed,  
And fervid rays upon them brightly beamed.  
The burning decks displayed their yawning seams,  
And from the rigging tar ran down in streams.  
Hoops shrank from barrels they had long embraced,  
And food, and water swiftly went to waste,  
While overhead a clear, and cloudless sky  
Gave no refreshment to the languid eye.  
A perfect calm, and perfect silence reigned,  
While sunset's dyes the sleeping ocean stained,  
And all around a dazzling splendor threw,  
Each cloud reflecting some delightful hue.  
In grand array the vapors brightly shone  
Like beacon-fires that lighted all the zone,  
And turned the stagnant deep to molten gold,  
Then changed their tints—inspiring to behold—  
And flung their crimson shadows, far and wide,  
In beauty that the artist's brush defied.  
What vision could have brighter, grander been  
Than this refulgent and inspiring scene?  
All space was filled with colors rich and rare,  
While clear and sultry was the ev'ning air  
As Phœbus in a burst of glory set  
Where sky and sea, as lips in kisses, met.



These gorgeous, and fantastic cloudlets broke  
 In shapeless ruins, vanishing like smoke.  
 High, bold, and rugged promontories flashed,  
 And seeming waves against them, foaming, dashed,  
 While islands glittered in a sea of blue,  
 And lent a charming feature to the view.  
 Outstretching capes diversified a coast  
 Whose scenery magnificence could boast—  
 Gay, picturesque, and full of creeks and bays,  
 Flushed by the rosy twilight to a blaze.  
 Then silver lakes appeared, with wooded isles,  
 While still the sun shed, far and wide, his smiles.  
 Broad, sloping meadows, and umbrageous woods  
 Were bathed in mellow rainbow-tinted floods,  
 Each airy landscape vivid to the eye—  
 Like worlds of light beyond the beaming sky.  
 The landscapes slowly faded into night,  
 And stars shot one by one upon the sight—  
 Celestial lamps with ever-welcome light;  
 Then darkness gathered quickly o'er the scene,  
 And naught but mem'ry told of what had been.

## II.

At length due westward slowly sailed the fleet,  
 And by degrees less torrid grew the heat.  
 A gentle breeze the flapping canvas swelled,  
 While foam was in each vessel's wake beheld.  
 The ships from Spain for sixty days had sped  
 Ere land one joyous morn was seen ahead,  
 And then an isle above the waters rose  
 As if its varied beauties to disclose,  
 And on its shores were waving royal palms—  
 Beyond the surf that sung eternal psalms—  
 Tall, standing in relief against the sky,  
 While other trees in splendor rose as high,



One yielding fruit that gave the natives bread.  
 "Let this be Trinidad," Columbus said,  
 "A happy isle so picturesque, and bright,  
 Is to our wearied eyes a lovely sight."\*  
 The natives flocked in numbers to the shore,  
 And some, as presents, gaudy parrots bore—  
 Birds green and gold, with wings of vivid red,  
 Or with the tints of blue and scarlet, wed—  
 Tame, and submissive to their masters' will,  
 And taught to speak, and imitate with skill.  
 Columbus saw the houris decked with pearls—  
 Bewitching terra-cotta-looking girls—  
 And in exchange he gave them beads of glass,  
 And ornaments of tin, and bells of brass.  
 They asked him how from Turey—yea, the sky—  
 His vessels knew so well the way to fly,  
 And if their world was like the worlds on high.

As on the morrow, south-and-west he sailed  
 His eyes were by the continent regaled—  
 A prospect grand, magnificent, sublime.†  
 In the resplendent sunset of the clime  
 There lay the mighty mainland, vast and wild,  
 With hill on hill in wooded grandeur piled—  
 A sight he'd ne'er beheld in days of yore,  
 Though Cabot on its shores had gazed before,  
 And borne the tidings back to England's shore :  
 But of its wondrous future, then, who dreamed,  
 Or how 'twould be from savage life redeemed ?  
 There in that glowing eventide it beamed :  
 Yet to Columbus but an isle it seemed.

---

\* The island of Trinidad was discovered on the 31st of July, 1498.

† The Continent of America was discovered by Columbus on the 1st of August, 1498, at Terra Firma. It had, however, been discovered by John Cabot, on the 24th of June, 1497.

At length, howe'er, he said—"Methinks we see  
 The Asiatic mainland on our lee,  
 For yonder stream with current deep, and strong,  
 Proclaims its course from source to sea is long—  
 So long the country scarce an isle can be,  
 And Paradise itself it seems to me!"\*

### III.

Along the coast Columbus sailed his ships,  
 And fervent prayers were heard from Christian lips;  
 New isles unfolded their alluring slopes,  
 And Spanish hearts beat high with golden hopes.  
 Tobago, and Granada rose to view,  
 And died away again in ocean's blue.  
 Enchanted realms within their vision's range  
 Rose, as into existence, wild, and strange,  
 Their nature and extent unknown, and vast,  
 Surpassing all they'd dreamed of in the past.  
 Each day displayed new features, grand, sublime,  
 To them fresh-born, but, yet, as old as Time.  
 Scene after scene a thousand charms disclosed,  
 And in the shade of palm-trees man reposed,  
 From whom, by signs and broken speech, they  
     learned  
 The rocks were veined with gold, for which they  
     yearned,  
 The groves with spices teemed, while drops of dew,  
 In open shells, to pearls of beauty grew.  
 Long lines of coast stretched far as eye could reach,  
 With wide diversities of view, and beach,  
 With here and there a cape, a bluff, a bay.  
 Vast, verdant valleys, grandly swept away,

---

\* Columbus believed that he had here at Terra Firma actually discovered the site of the Garden of Eden.

Far inland to the happy lands beyond  
Where waved—who knew?—the arch enchanter's  
wand,  
Where Mangi and Cathay might blooming lie,  
With mighty cities mounting toward the sky.  
Columbus longed to see their splendors nigh,  
And, in imagination, oft would fly  
To where their towers flashed beneath the sun,  
And wealth and glory seemed already won.  
'Twas not more wondrous fancy thus should play  
Fantastic tricks, than that the light of day  
Should so reveal a world, so rich and fair,  
With summer skies and ever-balmy air.

IV.

The cedar, and the cypress, and the pine,  
The cottonwood, the ceiba, and the vine,  
Formed vast and lustrous groves, within whose  
shade,  
Or on the margin of some blooming glade,  
The island beauties in their hammocks swung,  
While overhead the feathered minstrels sung.  
The bread-fruit spread its leaves to catch the sun,  
Nor sought the tamarind its rays to shun,  
And in the forest's deep recesses grew  
Trees, varied as their fruits' and blossoms' hue.  
The ever-graceful palms rose here and there,  
On stately trunks, tall, picturesque and bare,  
And aromatic odors filled the air.  
The scenes were drowsy, but surpassing fair !

V.

For full two hundred leagues Columbus sped  
Till bold Cape Vela reared its rocky head ;

Then turning seaward he for Hayti steered,  
 And soon its high and wooded shores appeared.\*  
 A thousand times the sun had rose and set—  
 A thousand times had Night displayed her jet—  
 Since he had left it on his way to Spain,  
 And he was eager, tidings, now, to gain,  
 Though racked by fever, and a prey to pain—  
 Emaciated, haggard, nearly blind—  
 A wreck in body, but himself in mind.  
 Bartholomew—his brother—met him here—  
 With loving words of welcome, sweet to hear—  
 Who while he told of evil tried to cheer,  
 For to each other they were ever dear.  
 So gloomy was the tale he had to tell,  
 That sadly on his auditor it fell.  
 Francisco Roldan, second in command,  
 Had filled with strife, and anarchy, the land,†  
 Defied the rule of Don Bartholomew,  
 And ranged the island with his rebel crew,  
 While faithful to Columbus there were few.  
 Thus discord, born of insurrection, reigned,  
 And lawless faction government disdained.†

---

\* Columbus anchored off the new city of San Domingo, (Hayti), on the 30th of August, 1498. The capital had been removed to this point from Isabella by his brother during the discoverer's absence, and it long remained the most considerable European settlement in the New World.

† In the absence of Christopher Columbus, Roldan, whom he had appointed second in control of the affairs of the island, separated himself from Bartholomew Columbus, the acting governor, and created a faction. He renounced the two brothers, and sent scandalous charges against their character and designs to Spain, hoping thereby to prevent the return of Christopher Columbus. He and his followers had mutinied and seized the king's arms and provisions and endeavored to capture the fort at San Domingo. Christopher Columbus, however, succeeded in making terms of peace with him by which he and the other mutineers were reinstated in their for-

The rebel strength was like a serpent's coils  
When living prey is held within its toils,  
And in its chief Columbus saw a foe—  
A traitor who desired his overthrow,  
One he had lifted from a low estate,  
But whose ambition aimed at greater state—  
A reckless leader, fearless of his fate.

VI.

Columbus gazed with sadness on the scene  
As he remembered what the isle had been.  
Its ancient charm, and opulence had fled,  
And hosts who once had ranged it now were dead.  
Grim want, and anguish o'er the land had spread,  
And with the blood of natives it was red,  
For in revolt again the Vega rose,  
And Gwaronese was hunted by his foes  
Till captive in the mountains he was made,  
No more his country's hopeless cause to aid.  
No longer toiled the natives in the mines,  
And Famine showed its desolating signs.  
No more the hand of Culture nursed the land,  
And in each tribe was seen a wand'ring band.  
Once more, 'tis true, the Vega tranquil lay,  
But from its groves its sons had hied away,  
And in the mountains led a roving life,  
Or perished there by hunger, or by strife.  
The isle so full of Nature's sweets of yore,  
And which a wealth of bliss and beauty bore

---

mer offices. In consequence of this agreement, lands were allotted to the latter in different parts of the island, and the Indians in each locality were required to cultivate a prescribed portion of land for their new masters. This service was substituted for the tribute previously imposed, and it introduced among the Spaniards the general distribution of Indians in all their settlements, resulting in the most cruel oppression.



Was now the seat of wretchedness, and hate.  
 Columbus mourned its melancholy fate.  
 Man's angry passions joy had turned to woe.  
 Elysium was banished at a blow,  
 And Purgatory hailed its overthrow.  
 Reluctant the insurgents to attack  
 Columbus labored long to win them back,  
 For well his weakness in their strength he saw,  
 And force he found more powerful than law.  
 He pardon offered, and rewards to all,  
 And promised threats of vengeance to recall,  
 And begged of Roldan to—in peace—return,  
 Nor lenity—forgiveness—longer spurn.  
 But Roldan was exacting, and replied  
 In lofty terms of arrogance, and pride :  
 Nor would he yield submissively his sword  
 Till he as Mayor Alcaldé was restored,  
 With all of which he stood accused denied ;  
 “ And give me lands my soldiers can divide,”  
 He, too, demanded—“ They may here abide,  
 But some to Spain propose to take their way,  
 For whom a ship must sail without delay ! ”  
 Hard terms were these, and insolent indeed,  
 But all he asked to Roldan was decreed.  
 Peace had humiliation for its price,  
 And public Virtue compromised with Vice.  
 Columbus felt by angry thoughts oppressed,  
 And long they rankled in his troubled breast.  
 “ A thief,” said he, “ my purse from me may  
     wrest ;  
 So I may yield to Roldan all he claims,  
 But I abhor the traitor and his aims ! ”  
 Restored to station Roldan proved a foe,  
 Who, deeper still, Columbus plunged in woe.  
 Mean, arrogant, defiant, haughty, vain,  
 He strove to drive the hero with a rein,



To strip him of authority, and state,  
And toward him, through the island, kindle hate,  
For Spanish blood was jealous of his fame,  
And tongues were ever busy to defame.  
A Genoese an Admiral of Spain !  
The very thought gave Spain's hidalgos pain :  
But out of chaos order came at last,  
And he—Columbus—half forgot the past.  
Yet ceaseless havoc still the Spaniards wrought,  
Who native rights were prone to count as  
naught,  
And ev'ry Spaniard held his share of braves,  
Which cruel wrongs consigned to early graves.  
No tongue can tell, nor language e'er describe  
The bitter fate which scourged each native tribe.

## VII.

One dear, Ca-on-a-bo had left behind  
When he the world, with all its grief, resigned—  
One he had loved ere she became his bride,  
And in whose breast that love had never died.  
She o'er his fate in sadness—pining—sighed,  
And—seeking help—to graven idols cried.  
An-ac-a-o-na, fair, had loved him long,  
And sung his praises in pathetic song.  
A daughter, too, he left behind to rue  
The day the Spaniards first appeared to view—  
Hig-u-e-nam-o-ta, all Hayti's pride.  
A young hidalgo wooed her for his bride.  
One erst a rebel, and of Roldan's band,  
Who proffered to the willing maid, his hand,  
And blest she felt in loving one whose love  
Seemed sent by angels from the world above  
To make her glad forever on the earth.  
She seemed in him to find a second birth ;

For, to her unsophisticated eyes,  
 God-like was he, and precious was her prize.  
 His smiles within her bosom kindled joy,  
 And for a season bliss had no alloy.  
 He loved her, too, for love doth love beget,  
 And prayed misfortune ne'er their lives would fret,  
 And these, like placid streams, forever flow,  
 Unchequered by disaster, grief, or woe,  
 Through an eternal summer of delight:  
 But soon, alas! their joy was put to flight.  
 His rival Roldan marred Guevara's bliss,  
 Exclaiming—"I can ne'er consent to this!"  
 And from the luscious groves of sweet Cahay—  
 His stern commander bade him take his way.  
 So from Cahay he went, but ne'er could stay  
 Where she was not, and back in secret came  
 To feed with kisses love's deep, glowing flame.  
 She welcomed warmly his return, and told  
 How much she loved him—more than pearls and  
 gold—

The story ever new, yet none so old—  
 And nestled by his side, rejoiced to feel  
 Her lot again was one of boundless weal:  
 But ah! too sweet to last; ere long once more  
 The lover true the jealous Roldan tore  
 From paradise to prison, 'mid the cry  
 Of "Cursed be traitors,—they must surely die!"  
 He saw himself a branded culprit now,  
 Though to his doom 'twas hard indeed to bow.  
 His kinsman Moxico appealed to arms  
 To rescue one thus torn from maiden charms,  
 And through the region sounded war's alarms.  
 "Come on, my comrades!" Moxico exclaimed,  
 "From Roldan shall the Vega be reclaimed,  
 For once our friend behold him now our foe;  
 And we will strike his chief—Columbus—low,

For is he not the tyrant of the land?  
We'll wrest the sword from his despotic hand,  
And to his lady-love Guevara lead,  
For he is brave, and she is fair indeed.  
For Spain, Columbus bade him leave the isle,  
Ere on his suit he saw the maiden smile,  
And to our cause believe me he is true :  
No stauncher rebel e'er his weapon drew !”

VIII.

Columbus broke upon the troubled scene—  
The splendid Vega, bright with gold and green—  
And captured those who there the rebels led,  
Who from his anger would have gladly fled ;  
For he at last resolved to be severe,  
Nor threats, nor vauntings, of his foes to fear :  
And Moxico, arrested in his flight—  
His fatal fault was eagerness to fight—  
Was, with conspiring comrades, quickly slain,  
His cries for mercy from Columbus vain,  
Who until now had ever mercy shown,  
But, weary of ingratitude, had grown.  
The love-lorn maiden feared her lover's fate  
Would be like his, so sad to contemplate,  
And prayed Columbus, for her sake, to spare  
One whose disgrace, and doom, she'd gladly share.  
Far off in San Domingo fort he lay  
In fetters dreaming of her all the day,  
And sadly for her lover now she sighed,  
To rescue whom she'd fain herself have died.  
Her days of deep dejection slowly passed—  
Long months of anguish ; each one seemed her  
last—  
And she was told he'd met a traitor's fate  
High on a gibbet at the fortress gate.

Her young heart bled with overwhelming grief—  
 The native princess mourned her Spanish chief—  
 And in despair she wandered to and fro  
 Through lonely woods repeating words of woe.  
 At length one morn before her he appeared,  
 And at a glance her drooping spirit cheered.  
 He fondly pressed her to his manly breast,  
 And with his loving arms her form caressed.  
 She stood before him with astonished eyes,  
 A strange embodiment of wild surprise:  
 And then her joy welled forth in gladsome tears—  
 How false her tidings, and how vain her fears !—  
 As from the dead she welcomed him to life.  
 He came to claim her as his plighted wife.  
 Consent she yielded, with a willing heart,  
 And both then vowed they never more would part.  
 There in the Christian church, baptized, she knelt,  
 Forgetting sorrow in the joy she felt—  
 The native princess and the cavalier,  
 Each loved, and loving, to the other dear.  
 But all in vain ! Recaptured, he was torn  
 From honeyed bliss, and to the fortress borne,  
 And there he languished, treason-tainted, long,  
 A victim, as he deemed it, of a wrong,  
 Expecting on the gibbet soon to die—  
 A fate from which he vainly strove to fly—  
 Till Bobadilla set the captives free,  
 And he was filled with loving ecstasy.  
 He flew to his enchantress in Cahay,  
 And night again was turned to lustrous day.

## IX.

The friends of Roldan labored hard in Spain  
 To cast upon the Admiral a stain,

And all the discontented from the isle—  
The envious, the lawless, and the vile—  
Joined in the swelling chorus of complaint  
Until his reputation felt the taint.  
'They saw in him the tyrant of the West,  
Who cruelly the colony oppressed—  
A foreigner aspiring to a throne—  
Who wished to see the New World all his own.  
Of him ere this the King had jealous grown,  
And now he deemed that danger was at hand,  
And vowed he'd send an envoy to the land,  
A strict accounting promptly to demand.  
But it was long before the deed was done :  
A year the while its steady course had run,  
For Ferdinand was lovingly restrained  
By Isabella, whom the prospect pained.  
"Who else," she asked, "has such achievements  
wrought,  
And with such mighty consequences fraught?  
He may have erred, for none are perfect here,  
But of the Lord I know he lives in fear.  
'Tis true he would the islanders enslave—  
And this I deem an iniquity grave—  
A fate from which I'll labor all to save,  
But few can wrong in their enslavement see.  
Not more than others, thus, to blame is he.  
The New World's cost, thus far, exceeds the  
gain,  
But mark the glory it has won for Spain,  
And see what promised riches we behold  
In Hayna's mines, that teem with virgin gold!  
Still, if his trust Columbus has abused,  
And justice to his servitors refused,  
Producing thus a hatred of his sway,  
'Tis right the Crown for him should point the  
way ;



But then in kindness, rather than reproof,  
 For he has labored well in our behoof.  
 The tales of his ambition, and his greed,  
 Are unsupported by a single deed.  
 'Tis well to hear—not always well to heed!"  
 So fierce, and loud at length the clamor grew,  
 And what was false, in time, appeared so true,  
 That King, and Queen, upon their course agreed.  
 To Hayti a commission was decreed.  
 "Columbus," said the King, "has asked the  
     Crown  
 To send a man of learning, and renown,  
 And who is versed profoundly in the law,  
 To hold the lawless elements in awe,  
 And as a justice o'er the isle preside,  
 Disputed questions fairly to decide—  
 One who will judge of Roldan's wrongful acts,  
 Unprejudiced, and in the light of facts.  
 This I will do, and Bobadilla name—  
 A knight of Calatrava, known to fame—  
 To execute this all-important task;  
 Columbus could no abler jurist ask.  
 As ample as his needs his powers shall be,  
 His course of action, as he wills it, free,  
 But he must use discretion, move with care,  
 Be slow to punish, and be quick to spare,  
 Respectful to the Admiral, and kind,  
 Yet firm of purpose in the work designed,  
 And if his deeds should justify disgrace  
 Columbus he may summon from his place,  
 And with his kin, dispatch him back to Spain,  
 While he—to rule—may in his stead remain." \*

---

\* The implacable enemies of Columbus having renewed their complaints against him—including those of disloyalty,



X.

Commissioned thus, the envoy sailed away,  
And gazed, at length, where San Domingo lay.  
There, as he entered port, on either hand,  
A gibbet cast its shadow on the land,  
And on each gibbet was a Spaniard's form—  
A victim of the internecine storm.  
But now the storm had nearly died away :  
Columbus ruled with undisputed sway,  
And at his mercy all the rebels lay.  
Already thus a few had met their fate,  
While on the hangman more had yet to wait.  
Where Fort Conception in the Vega rose  
His arms were now the terror of his foes,

---

and meditated treachery, to Spain—Ferdinand and Isabella sent Don Francisco de Bobadilla, an officer of the royal household, as a judge to enquire into his conduct and with authority to send him back to Spain, and to remain himself as governor of Hayti, in the event of his finding the accusations true, and the interests of the sovereigns requiring it. Bobadilla on his arrival at San Domingo—which took place on the 23d of August, 1500—executed his task with unwarranted severity. He assumed—before enquiring into the charges against Columbus—the governorship of the settlement himself, amended laws, seized the property of Columbus, and sent him and his brothers home as prisoners, in chains early in October, 1500, all of which was contrary to his instructions. The captain of the vessel by which Columbus was sent, moved by respect for his years and public services, offered to remove his irons, but he refused to permit it, saying—“ Since the King has commanded that I should obey Bobadilla, he shall find me as obedient to this as I have been to all his other orders. If my labors deserve these chains as a reward, it is fit that I should wear them to Spain, and keep them by me, as memorials, to the end of my life.” He accordingly kept them till his death, and ordered them to be buried with his body.

And he in person o'er them held command,  
 Amid a scene still beautiful, and grand,  
 While Roldan, and Bartholomew, pursued  
 Through Zaragwa the rebel multitude—  
 The few uncaptured, who affrighted fled,  
 Filled by the fate of Moxico with dread,—  
 And Diego held in San Domingo sway—  
 A fort that to a city led the way.  
 Sedition in the army now was dead—  
 Crushed by the rigor of that army's head.  
 At last he seemed a triumph to have won,  
 For Faction had its course to ruin run,  
 And o'er the island peace began to reign.  
 A sudden change, and lo! t'was all in vain!

## XI.

Don Diego saw from San Domingo fort  
 Two barks whose sails were trimmed to enter port.  
 Forthwith, to learn the tidings, a canoe  
 Shot swiftly toward them o'er the waters blue.  
 "I come," said Bobadilla, "from the Crown  
 To learn why Fortune on the isle doth frown,  
 And wherefore Roldan, and his band, rebelled  
 When they should law and order have upheld.  
 How fares the island now? Is peace restored,  
 Or is it still distracted by the sword?  
 What mean those gibbets, and their Spanish  
     dead,  
 And what to scenes so tragic could have led?  
 I seek Columbus:—tell me where is he?  
 And bid the discontented come to me!"  
 The messenger from Diego then replied—  
 "By Moxico Columbus was defied,  
 And with Guevara, and a reckless band,  
 He sought to take possession of the land.

All—under Roldan—rebels were before,  
But they had vowed to mutiny no more.  
No bounds the anger of Columbus knew,  
And he was quick the traitors to pursue,  
And Moxico was gibbeted on high  
With many more condemned like him to die.  
Some with Guevara still in prison lie  
And they ere long their comrades' fate will  
share,  
And on the gibbet taint the tropic air.  
The rest have to the mountains fled away.  
The native tribes have also been subdued,  
But in their stead is left a solitude.  
Columbus bids defiance to his foes,  
And in the Vega, now, he courts repose ! ”  
A frown the face of Bobadilla wore,  
While Nature smiled in sunlight on the shore,  
And palm-trees waved responsive to the breeze :  
But from the isle had fled content, and ease.  
The native tribes were dwindling day by day,  
To their relentless conquerors a prey,  
And even these enjoyment marred with strife,  
And death was busy in the midst of life.

## XII.

The envoy landed when the morning came,  
His mission to the people to proclaim,  
And this was done as soon as Mass was o'er  
Before the church's cross-surmounted door.  
The multitude in eager wonder gazed,  
And more and more, while list'ning, felt amazed.  
“ He comes to trace the insurrection's cause,  
To seize the rebels, and enforce the laws,  
To strip delinquents of whate'er they own,  
And make the evils of the island known,

A task in which Columbus is to aid.  
 By all must Bobadilla be obeyed ! ”  
 Such was the royal letter that was read,  
 And far, and wide, the tidings quickly spread.  
 Then to Don Diego Bobadilla cried—  
 “ The fate of all the captives I’ll decide.  
 Surrender them where’er they are to me,  
 And reasons give why they should not be free ! ”  
 “ Not this,” Don Diego answered, “ I can do  
 While to my brother’s orders I am true,  
 But I to him will forward your request,  
 And he, perchance, will yield to your behest ! ”  
 With scorn, and anger flashing in his eye—  
 A look which seemed Columbus to defy—  
 The envoy said—“ Then you my right deny ?  
 But greater than your brother here am I ! ”  
 And when the morrow came, and Mass was o’er,  
 While all a look of expectation wore,  
 Another letter from the Crown was read  
 Which further still the growing wonder fed,  
 And made him chief-commander of the isles.  
 As bold as base were Bobadilla’s wiles,  
 For he was charged to leave it unproclaimed  
 Save in the dire events the Crown had named.  
 Again he cried—“ The captives I demand ! ”  
 “ My brother here,” said Diego, “ holds com-  
 mand,  
 And by his orders I must firmly stand,  
 Though I revere, in humbleness, the throne.  
 To him I am responsible, alone ! ”  
 This angered Bobadilla all the more,  
 And by Castile, and Aragon, he swore.  
 Then he another mandate from the Crown  
 Caused to be read before the gaping town.  
 It bade Columbus, and his kin, to yield  
 The ships, the forts, the armies in the field,

And all beside they held in trust for Spain.  
Once more the stern demand was made in vain,  
For still Don Diego spoke—"I firm remain!"  
In wrath said Bobadilla—"I appeal  
For aid to all who honor old Castile  
To take by force the captives that I claim  
In Ferdinand and Isabella's name!"  
"Surrender!"—at the fort—the envoy cried,  
But—"No surrender!" he in charge replied.  
Then "Storm the walls!" the fierce assailant  
yelled,  
Though no defenders they within them held.  
On rushed the mob, and open flew the gates.  
"Success upon the righteous ever waits!"  
Exclaimed the envoy to the motley crowd  
As bolts, and bars, too fragile, snapped aloud,  
While not a hand was in resistance raised.  
The captives cried—"Huzzah! and God be praised!"

Thus he began, by outrage, his career,  
Nor in his course, so reckless, paused he here.  
He next the dwelling of Columbus seized,  
And said—"With this a monarch might be pleased,  
So here will I, my servitors, reside  
Till on my future movements I decide:"  
And all within that house he made his own,  
Not arms, and jewels, gold, and plate alone,  
But secret papers, and whate'er he found—  
His insolence, and greed, without a bound.  
"All this," said he, "I confiscate to Spain,  
Yet so that none, with justice, can complain,  
I'll from it pay the debts Columbus owes.  
That these are great the island's record shows,  
For wages long have drifted in arrear."  
At this the crowd around him gave a cheer,  
So welcome were his words to ev'ry ear.



To gain the public favor was his aim,  
 And overwhelm the Admiral with shame.  
 "No more," said he, "Columbus here will reign,  
 For I, in chains, will send him back to Spain,  
 Nor he, nor yet his kin, will e'er regain  
 The lands on which their deeds have cast a stain."  
 He further favor sought by changing laws,  
 And gladly heard the rabble's loud applause.  
 "All ye," said he, "who wish to search for gold  
 A friend in me, and champion behold!  
 I sweep the burden of the tax away.  
 A third no more, nor third of that, ye pay ;  
 No more ye live beneath a tyrant's sway !"

## XIII.

Columbus with surprise the tidings heard,  
 And felt his breast with indignation stirred.  
 "This must," said he, "some rash invader be—  
 Some lawless desperado of the sea—  
 Who seeks by intermeddling to alarm,  
 And finds his profit in inflicting harm.  
 He's seized the fort, and therefore holds the town,  
 Proclaimed himself an envoy from the Crown,  
 Amended laws, as if to favor gain,  
 Declared, in chains, he'll send me back to Spain,  
 Possessed himself of what I dearly prize,  
 And boasted of his reckless enterprise !  
 That such a man can represent the throne—  
 That Spain her faithful servant so can stone—  
 Surpasses, to my humble mind, belief,  
 Else I should be a prey to sudden grief.  
 The consciousness of all that I have done,  
 Of all the glory I for Spain have won ;  
 The approbation of both King and Queen—  
 The signs of royal favor I have seen ;



The rights conferred on me by hand and seal  
As Admiral, and Viceroy of Castile—  
All these convince me he's a buccaneer,  
And not an envoy on a mission here—  
A knave on outrage, and on plunder bent,  
And not a courtier by the sovereigns sent !  
But hence to San Domingo I will go :—  
No fear have I of this misguided foe ! ”

He, soon, the blooming Vega left behind,  
Revolving plans of vengeance in his mind,  
But ere he'd journeyed far upon his way  
Fresh tidings came that filled him with dis-  
may.

A horseman—an alcaldé—rode in view,  
And told him, in a word, that all was true.  
The envoy's letters from the Crown he bore,  
And on his breast his badge of office wore.  
“ My master gave me these to bear to you,”  
Said the alcaldé ;—“ I return ; adieu ! ”  
Columbus read, and sorely felt perplexed,  
And with Castile, and Aragon was vexed.  
The tide of slander long its course had run,  
And thus at length its evil work had done.  
“ I feel uncertain what 'tis best to do—  
What line of conduct I should now pursue,  
But prudence bids me act a cautious part,  
And from the path of safety ne'er depart.  
Here I will tarry, and events await—  
Nor of my wrongs to Bobadilla prate,  
Nor yet his name for all he's done revile,  
But welcome him urbanely to the isle,  
Though I will caution in his course advise,  
And tell him I his changes deem unwise.  
Moreover these prerogatives are mine.  
All's void at law without my countersign.

My rights in perpetuity I hold,  
 With full control of all the mines of gold.  
 Ere long I'll meet him, and all things explain,  
 For I intend to shortly sail for Spain,  
 And I will leave him then in full command,  
 And in Castile my ancient rights demand!"

Thus spoke Columbus ere he wrote his foe,  
 Disposed to yield, nor strike a single blow,  
 Believing time would rectify the wrong,  
 Nor he would have to wait for justice long.

The envoy deigned his welcome no reply,  
 But sent instead, to watch him well, a spy,  
 And summoned him to San Domingo town  
 To render explanations to the Crown.  
 A royal letter with the summons came,  
 And this indeed Columbus felt was shame,  
 For all he had it rudely swept away,  
 And gave to Bobadilla boundless sway.  
 No longer hesitation marked his course.  
 He left behind whate'er betokened force,  
 And nigh alone to San Domingo rode.  
 "Don Diego's seized!" he heard upon the road:  
 "He lies in chains on board a caravel."  
 Too true it proved, and sadder yet to tell,  
 No sooner had Columbus reached the town  
 Than in the fortress he was pinioned down,  
 And left with fetters on his hands, and feet,  
 Unconscious of the fate he yet might meet.  
 Well Bobadilla knew his acts were base,  
 And merited his ruin, and disgrace,  
 And naught his evil record could efface  
 But—mark!—conviction of the man he'd wronged  
 For which he now with cruel ardor longed.  
 He therefore gave to slanders ready ear,  
 And in each case declared his guilt was clear,

And welcomed accusations, false, or true,  
Resolved that he Columbus would undo.  
Yet still he feared to meet Bartholomew,  
For soldier-like, and resolute was he—  
As dauntless as a corsair on the sea—  
And, with a roving army at command,  
He knew not what, in wrath, he might demand,  
So he required Columbus in his cell  
To write his brother, whom he loved so well,  
To leave his army, and in peace return,  
When further tidings of the cause he'd learn.  
The helpless captive with his wish complied,  
And begged his brother to control his pride,  
And bear indignity and wrong awhile,  
For Fortune yet in Spain again would smile :  
Redress would follow when the truth was known,  
And honors would be paid them from the throne.  
Bartholomew the Admiral obeyed,  
Nor on the way to join him he delayed.  
Alone he came, and in pacific guise,  
Yet like his brothers he—to his surprise—  
Was cast in prison, manacled, and chained.  
No explanations Bobadilla deigned.  
In durance lay the three, but each apart,  
In spirit brave, but sick indeed at heart.

#### XIV.

Columbus felt magnanimous, and bold,  
And left the wrongs he suffered all untold.  
A noble scorn his righteous bosom swelled.  
A knave in Bobadilla he beheld,  
Tyrannical, and arrogant, and weak,  
His own advantage ever prone to seek,  
And by a false ambition led astray—  
To evil passions willingly a prey.

He would not stoop to deprecate his course,  
 But yielded to the tyranny of force.  
 He looked beyond its envoy to the Crown  
 To re-establish his deserved renown,  
 And by its will he'd either stand, or fall.  
 No act he'd done which he would now recall,  
 And of the sovereigns' favor he was sure  
 If he could but the royal ear secure,  
 For he had ever faithful been to Spain,  
 And added lustre to its monarchs' reign.

## XV.

Men from the dungeon, and the gibbet, freed  
 Hailed all that Bobadilla had decreed,  
 And these in San Domingo swarmed the while—  
 The scum of Spain, and terror of the isle.  
 Castile had sent her felons to the West,  
 And in her infant province bred a pest.  
 A jubilee of villany prevailed,  
 And ev'ry dastard tongue the Right assailed.  
 Base spirits that Columbus held in awe  
 Now bade defiance to both him and law,  
 And in revenge for discipline of yore  
 Against his name malicious slanders swore.  
 Vile pasquinades and libels they displayed,  
 And called him tyrant, thief, and renegade,  
 And with their taunts, exulting, filled the air.  
 Columbus of his life was in despair,  
 For from his cell he heard the rabble shout—  
 "Pray let us in, or turn Columbus out!"  
 Hidalgos too, were openly his foes,  
 And all against him, like the rebels, rose,  
 For he inflicted outrage on their pride,  
 And now the fallen magnate they defied,  
 And, in revenge, his chronicle belied.

The brothers, they for Roldan's riot blamed.  
"His blow," they cried, "at tyranny was aimed !  
And Moxico deserved of Spaniards well  
When in a noble cause he, fighting, fell.  
Guevara would ere this have shared his fate—  
A victim of the fierce Italian's hate—  
Had not the Spanish envoy set him free !  
Who in Columbus aught of good can see ?  
To him alone the recent strife is due,  
And all opponents he in anger slew."

A friend of Roldan Bobadilla made,  
And summoned all the rebels to his aid,  
And freely pardoned those who'd evil done,  
Thus persevering in the work begun.  
Whoe'er had to Columbus been a foe  
Found favor from this envoy base, and low.  
At length he cried—"The brothers stand con-  
demned !

They long the tide of indignation stemmed,  
But Justice, now, has brought them to a halt,  
And if in judging them I've shown a fault  
'Tis that I've leaned too much to Mercy's side.  
For deeds they've done the despots should have  
died !

But as it is I'll send them back to Spain,  
Each by himself, weighed down with ball and  
chain.

Conviction's certain, and I'll here remain  
To rule the isle, and wipe away its stain !"  
A caravel was ready for the sea :  
The orders were to take on board the three,  
And Villejo, the officer in charge,  
Prepared to take the captives in his barge.  
Bartholomew, and Diego he conveyed,  
And these in cells within his vessel laid ;

Then to the fortress led his chosen guard,  
 Where in a room, dark, dismal, bolted, barred,  
 He found Columbus crouching on the floor—  
 Made fast with fetters, jaded, galled, and sore—  
 Who saw the guard approach him through the  
 door,

And feared, at last, that all for him was o'er.  
 He saw the scaffold rise before his eyes.  
 " 'Tis thus," he murmured, " justice man denies !  
 With me the truth, and all I value dies !  
 Dishonored, and defamed I'm doomed to die,  
 Nor will the world e'er know the reason why.  
 My reputation's blackened by a lie,  
 And all I've done has ended in disgrace.  
 How hard it is a death like this to face !  
 But I to my Redeemer pray for grace."  
 Villejo roused him from this train of thought—  
 He seemed abstracted, hopeless, and distraught—  
 And then he asked in sad, and mournful strains—  
 " Oh ! whither are you taking me in chains ? "  
 " On board the ship "—the cavalier replied :  
 " We sail for Spain before another tide ! "  
 Columbus said—" Behold me overjoyed !  
 My heart again by cheering hope is buoyed !  
 But say one word,—Is what you tell me true,  
 Or would you hide the future from my view ? "  
 " Upon my life the truth alone I tell ;  
 I with you sail on board the caravel ! "  
 " Thank God ! " exclaimed Columbus, " it is well ! "  
 And from his trembling lips thanksgivings fell.  
 Amid the hooting rabble he was led,  
 To where the sea before his vision spread—  
 Bound hand, and foot, as if a culprit vile.  
 With curses in his ears he left the isle,  
 And scoffs, and shouts, and loud derisive cheers,  
 That moved him both to pity and to tears.



XVI.

October winds for him were fresh, and fair,  
Smooth lay the sea, and balmy was the air.\*  
On—homeward-bound—the captive's vessel sailed,  
But, though in fetters, ne'er Columbus quailed.  
With sanguine heart, and bold unflinching eye,  
He looked to Spain his acts to justify.  
The captain and Vallejo o'er him grieved,  
And he their words with gratitude received,  
But when, in kindness, they his chains would break,  
He cried—"No! though these limbs of mine may  
ache,  
I pray you from me ne'er these fetters take!  
Spain said—'To Bobadilla bow the knee!'  
He chained me; Spain alone shall set me free—  
Alone shall strike these shackles from my hands.  
Behold me faithful to her stern commands!  
My duty is her mandates to obey,  
But hard it is of Wrong to be the prey.  
These manacles are my reward from Spain  
For twelve long years of hardship, peril, pain—  
For adding to her realm a vast domain.  
If I deserve them, let me wear them long:  
If not, they do me an atrocious wrong,  
But as sad relics of the bitter past  
I'll keep them by me long as life doth last;  
And may they rust to ashes in my grave,  
And over all the drooping cypress wave!"  
Thus he refused this offer of relief,  
And scarce betrayed to human eye his grief.  
"Ah!" he soliloquized, "ungrateful Spain!  
Is this on her escutcheon not a stain?"

---

\* Columbus, in fetters, left Hayti for Spain early in October, 1500.

How deep she's made me drink the cup of woe,  
 And with how foul a blow she's struck me low!  
 Grown jealous of my promised wealth, and fame,  
 She sought to rob me, and debase my name,  
 And sent a tyrant to impugn my course,  
 And then usurp the government by force.  
 The work was done with unrelenting hate,  
 Nor for my sentence had I long to wait.  
 I, and my brothers were in bondage placed,  
 While Bobadilla branded us disgraced,  
 And, charged with crimes, thus sent us home in chains  
 That he might hold the governmental reins.  
 But I on Isabella, noble Queen,  
 For justice, and redress, in spirit, lean:—  
 And to the Virgin oft I humbly pray  
 For restoration to my rightful sway;  
 And may the saints, and angels on me smile,  
 And save from ruin Hayti's blooming isle!  
 May all the hosts of heaven unite to tell  
 That I have served the Spanish sovereigns well,  
 For to my faith my loyalty's akin,  
 And aught disloyal is to me a sin!"

## XVII.

The caravel at Cadiz anchor cast,  
 And all Castile with horror stood aghast!  
 The startling tidings flew from mouth to mouth,  
 Spread West, and East, and travelled North, and  
     South  
 That Christopher Columbus lay in chains,  
 And that the work of infamy was Spain's.  
 A burst of indignation thrilled the realm,  
 And seemed all other themes to overwhelm!  
 None paused to ask or ponder o'er the cause.  
 Detraction changed, that moment, to applause.

Enough was it to know that it was he  
Who first had found the New World o'er the  
sea

That now lay fettered in a caravel.  
The cruel deed its story told too well.  
The public mind reacted at a bound,  
And with fresh garlands men Columbus crowned.  
His fame shone brighter than it shone of yore,  
And love was lavished where 'twas ne'er before.  
His foes had planned his ruin, but had failed,  
And bitterly their conduct was assailed.  
Condemned was Bobadilla, far, and wide;  
Fonseca, and the King were, too, decried  
For sending him such outrage to perform,  
While Isabella wept amid the storm.

Astonishment was pictured in the Court  
When to Granada came the strange report,  
And through the old Alhambra's stately halls—  
Each one of which a story still recalls—  
Ran murmurs both of sorrow and surprise,  
While more than words was uttered by the eyes.  
With all their pomp, the King, and Queen were  
there,

And strove the grievous error to repair,  
Denouncing Bobadilla's course as vile  
In sending, thus, Columbus from the isle.  
Although the King was secretly his foe  
He disavowed the base and crushing blow,  
And joined with Isabella in his praise,  
Declaring he deserved unfading bays.  
"Set free Columbus, and his brothers two,  
And honor them according to their due,  
For they deserve distinction in the land!"  
The sovereigns sent to Cadiz this command,  
And with it went, in Isabella's hand,

A letter full of gratitude and grief,  
 Addressed, in kindness, to the captive chief,  
 Inviting him to Court, and that with speed.  
 Two thousand ducats, too—a trifling meed—  
 Were sent to raise him from the slough of need.  
 This made Columbus glad indeed at heart.  
 No more he of his fetters felt the smart,  
 But, conscious of integrity, and truth,  
 He felt return the ardor of his youth,  
 And saw his rights, and dignities restored—  
 Yea, all that Bobadilla had ignored—  
 And, too, a future brighter than the past,  
 That led him on to paradise at last.

He at Granada reached the Court in state,  
 His retinue becoming one so great,  
 And richly but not gaudily attired,  
 And by the hope of restitution fired,—  
 No more a captive ruined, and undone,  
 But as a hero who a world had won.  
 With favor, and distinction, he was met.  
 The sovereigns uttered welcome, and regret,  
 And all he'd lost they promised to restore,  
 And vowed by them he'd suffer wrong no more.  
 His grievances they'd quickly see redressed,  
 And naught but indignation they expressed  
 For Bobadilla—one so black at heart  
 As to have played so foully false a part.  
 Unnoticed all his charges would remain,  
 And him—dismissed—they'd order back to Spain.  
 The Queen a sister's tenderness revealed:—  
 Her grief, and tears alike were unconcealed  
 As she, in thought, on all he'd suffered dwelt.  
 Columbus, weeping too, before her knelt,  
 For such emotion touched him to the core,  
 And feelings long suppressed at length ran o'er.

He sobbing, child-like, bent his silvered head,  
And minutes passed while not a word was  
said.

Rude conflict, he had long, and firmly, borne,  
But like a woman he could feel, and mourn.  
The King, and Queen, then raised him from the  
floor,

And promised him their friendship evermore.  
Then when his self-possession had returned  
They from his lips his artless story learned.  
In simple language he described his woes,  
And answered all the charges of his foes,  
Demanding justice—yea, his rightful due,  
His manner modest, while his speech was true.  
His loyalty he vindicated well,  
And of his zeal for Spain he'd much to tell,  
And if he'd erred, or proved himself unwise  
'Twas through the perils of his enterprise.  
Howe'er no vindication needed he.  
His fetters from his foes had set him free.  
'Twas left for Spain to vindicate her name  
From this ingratitude, and crying shame.

### XVIII.

A high ambition moved the hero's breast.  
He longed for glory with unfailing zest;  
And dignity, and honor and renown,  
Of all his aspirations formed the crown.  
He yearned for restoration to his place,  
For that alone could all his wrongs efface,  
And turn to triumph what had been disgrace.  
But long he waited for this promised boon,  
Expecting daily it would reach him soon,  
Yet still it came not, and at length 'twas known  
That Don Ovando—chosen by the throne—

Would crafty Bobadilla supersede,  
And this Castile, and Aragon decreed.\*

### XIX.

Columbus uttered murmurs deep, and loud,  
And felt his fame was still beneath a cloud  
When Spain could send Ovando in his stead.  
Humiliation bowed the hero's head.  
'Twas harsh injustice. What could worse have been?  
He laid his case before the King, and Queen,  
Who promised to restore him to command  
When order reigned again in Hayti's land.  
Two years would rule Ovando in the isle,  
And stormy passions there be calmed the while,  
But should Columbus sooner there return  
'Twould fan a flame that might for ever burn.  
Confusion, and commotion, would prevail,  
And warlike factions might his life assail.  
So argued with the Admiral the Crown,  
Yet owned him worthy of his great renown.  
The Queen to this designed to truly hold,  
Restoring all his titles, rank, and gold,  
But Ferdinand resolved that he no more  
Should be a ruler where he ruled before,

---

\* Columbus exhibited so many charges against Bobadilla, at the same time demanding redress for the injury which he had done him, that Ferdinand and Isabella resolved to recall him at once from Hispaniola, but instead of allowing Columbus to return as viceroy they sent Nicholas De Ovando, one of the enemies of the great discoverer, as governor in his stead. He sailed on February 13, 1502, with thirty ships in which twenty-five hundred persons had embarked with the intention of settling in the New World. This was the largest expedition yet fitted out for the purpose. On Ovando's arrival Bobadilla was ordered to return to Spain to answer for his conduct. He never reached there, as the ship in which he sailed was lost, together with twenty-three others out of a fleet of twenty-eight.



For all to which his labors paved the way  
Now open to the enterprising lay,  
And sons of Spain might find some new Cathay.  
What more could he—Columbus—do than they  
Who asked no titles, nor expected pay,  
And rendered tribute as the Crown decreed?  
The King deplored he e'er had signed the  
deed  
Which gave away so truly vast a meed,  
And to a lowly foreigner in need,  
And each discov'ry by Columbus made—  
That larger swelled the guerdon to be paid—  
Had raised his anger, while it fed his pride.  
Columbus he, in secret, oft decried—  
The hero who had done so much for Spain—  
And strove to leave him dispossessed of gain—  
To wrest away the great explorer's due,  
Nor meaning wrong so foul to e'er undo.  
'Twas now the opportunity arose  
His selfish aim to openly disclose.  
But chastened by calamity, and woe,  
Columbus bowed submissive to the blow,  
Resolved with Christian patience to await  
The hidden future, ready for his fate :—  
Not hopeless but still sanguine of redress,  
Nor emulous of winning fame the less.  
Of restitution ne'er would he despair,  
And with misfortune like a hero bear.

XX.

Columbus in Granada lingered still  
Resigned, in meekness, to the Sovereigns' will.  
“I have,” said he, “a promise to fulfil—  
A mission of which mortal may be proud ;  
To wrest the Holy Sepulchre I've vowed.

Jerusalem is waiting for the blow,  
 Which yet will lay the unbelievers low,  
 And long have I an impulse felt, divine,  
 Which tells me that the holy task is mine.  
 But poor am I—ah, poor indeed—in purse,  
 Or I, alone, would sweep away the curse.  
 I then to ye, your Majesties, appeal  
 To send crusaders thither from Castile,  
 And I will lead them to that happy goal,  
 Which is the aspiration of my soul.”  
 Thus, in his zeal, the monarchs he addressed,  
 While Christian fervor filled his sanguine breast,  
 But, less chivalrous, they declined to fight.  
 “Not always,” said the King, “is war delight;  
 Let God, in Egypt, still defend the Right!”\*  
 Once more Columbus toward the ocean turned,  
 And future triumphs on its face discerned.

## XXI.

Ere this—six years, or more †—the Crown of Spain  
 Free license gave to all to range the main  
 To seek, and conquer, countries yet unknown  
 If they but rendered tribute to the throne.  
 The path Columbus opened they pursued,  
 And, in imagination, wonders viewed.  
 New worlds were ever bursting on their gaze,  
 And boundless wealth would bless their later days.  
 Hope led them on to deeds of enterprise,  
 And held a glitt’ring bait before their eyes,

---

\* Soon afterwards the King sent Peter Martyr to the Grand Soldan of Egypt, and made a pacific arrangement with him for the conservation of the Holy Sepulchre, whose destruction he had menaced, and the protection of Christian pilgrims resorting to it.

† In 1495.

For those were times when Fancy nations swayed,  
And signs, and portents were, in awe, obeyed.  
By cloister dreams the court, and camp, were  
ruled,  
And Christendom in bigotry was schooled.  
Ojedo, Nino, Pinzon\* sailed away,  
Each eager to discover rich Cathay.  
All erst had with Columbus ploughed the deep,  
And they aspired an equal fame to reap.  
Bastides followed in their wake, and Lepe, †  
And Spain gave welcome to their bold emprise.  
On this Columbus looked with jealous eyes,  
But ev'ry voyage widened Spain's domain,  
And further swelled her aggregate of gain;  
And thus the King reflected it was vain  
To yield to him—Columbus—such a share  
When others offered all the brunt to bear.  
The Cabots, too, from England sailed the while,  
And on their prowess Fortune shed a smile,  
For they were first the continent to view, ‡  
And like a gourd their reputation grew.  
Fresh honors, too, by Portugal were won,  
And proud was she of what her sons had done.  
De Gama—Vasco—rose to sudden fame,  
For he from Hindostan to Europe came  
Around the Stormy Cape §—a highway new,  
Which he was first to plough, and bring to view,

---

\* Alonzo de Ojedo, Pedro Alonzo Nino, and Vicente Yanez Pinzon.

† Rodrigo Bastides, and Diego Lepe.

‡ John Cabot, and his son Sebastian, sailed from Bristol in 1497, in the hope of finding a northwest passage to India. They discovered Newfoundland, and coasted Labrador, and then on their return sailed southwest to Florida, thus discovering the continent of America about a year before Columbus.

§ Vasco De Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1497,

Though long ere this Prince Henry marked the way :

"By this," said he, "we'll voyage to Cathay!"

Then Cabral, sailing in his Eastern track,  
Brought Oriental treasures with him back.

Spain saw, with jealous eye the Portuguese

Fresh glory gaining, thus, upon the seas,

And fanned the flame of ocean enterprise.

He only wins who struggles for the prize.

Columbus stirred to emulation cried—

"Let me again adventure far and wide

Out on the western ocean's restless tide,

And find the strait that links the foaming seas,

Then drink the cup of Knowledge to the lees."

Fresh ocean service from the Crown he craved,

And pointed to the perils he had braved.\*

"I ask," said he, "a fleet of only four,

The world that I discovered to explore,

And through it find a passage to the East.

Erelong I mean in Calicut to feast,

And dim the glory of the Portuguese

By grand achievements on the distant seas!"

thus accomplishing the design of the late Prince Henry of Portugal.

\* Columbus having been acquitted at the court of Spain with the promise of restitution and reward, was anxious to again engage in discoveries. His ambition was to find a western passage to the East Indies, and at his request Spain equipped for him four vessels with which he sailed on May 11, 1502. One hundred and fifty persons were on board, among whom were his brother Bartholomew and his son Ferdinand, the writer of his life. In twenty-one days after his departure from Cadiz, on this his fourth and last voyage, he arrived at Dominica, and five days afterwards at Hispaniola, (where he was denied admission to the harbor of San Domingo) from which he sailed to the Continent and discovered the Bay of Honduras, (August 14, 1502), and subsequently the Isthmus of Darien, where he vainly hoped to find a passage to the East.

The King replied—"Your project we approve.  
Go forth, and opportunity improve!"  
While Isabella uttered words of cheer,  
And of the future bade him banish fear.

XXII.

O'er all the West to rule with sovereign sway—  
With thirty ships—Ovando sailed away,\*  
And five, and twenty hundred souls on board,  
Some prone to peace, and some to wield the sword.  
A fleet so large had ne'er before been manned,  
And o'er it all he held supreme command.  
On all his princely pomp Columbus gazed,  
And felt as one who hears his rival praised.  
"Grand is his launch," said he, "upon the sea,  
But all his honors have been filched from me!"

---

PART VII.

THE FOURTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS—  
SHIPWRECK.

I.

FONSECA planned to thwart the royal will,  
And wreaked his spite upon Columbus still,  
Nor strove his paltry malice to conceal.  
No meaner spirit lorded in Castile;

---

\* Five of the vessels were from ninety to a hundred and fifty tons burden; and twenty-four from thirty to ninety, while one was a bark of twenty-five tons. The fleet sailed on the 13th of February, 1502, and arrived at the port of San Domingo on the 15th of April.

No greater foe had Progress in the realm,  
 And all he loathed he tried to overwhelm.  
 Columbus, Cortez, and a host beside,  
 Persistently he, wantonly, decried :  
 And yet he swayed the Indies long in Spain,  
 Inflicting on her heroes needless pain.  
 Fonseca's name is blackened with the stain.  
 But in the end Columbus manned his fleet,  
 Unbaffled by vexations, and deceit,  
 And, by his bold ambition hotly fired,  
 He sailed to seek what he'd so long desired.  
 The shores of Cadiz vanished from his view  
 As swiftly on their way his vessels flew.\*  
 "Adieu to Spain," he cried, "a long adieu !  
 I leave the Old to greet anew the New,  
 And may Jehovah smile on all I do,  
 And keep me to my vows for ever true.  
 Adieu the Eastern Continent, adieu ! "

## II.

Full six and sixty winters blached his hair,  
 While on his brow were written lines of care,  
 As on this lengthy voyage he repaired—  
 The fourth and last in which he ever shared—  
 To court again, in danger, fresh renown,  
 And gild with greater glory still the Crown.  
 Small were his barks to such achievements win,  
 But he before as small had voyaged in—  
 One fifty tons, and three a trifle more ;  
 Such venture, now, but seldom far from shore.

---

\* He sailed from Cadiz on the 9th of May, 1502, and anchored at Ercilla on the coast of Morocco on the 13th, and at Grand Canary on the 25th, which he left on the evening of that day for the New World.



With him his son Fernando gladly sailed,  
And—young and ardent—all before him hailed ;—  
His brother, too, Bartholomew, the brave,  
Who counsel wise, and love fraternal gave.  
Proud sharers in the glory he had won,  
They deemed his grand career but just begun.  
Along Morocco's coast he steered awhile,  
And anchored next at Grand Canary isle,  
Then on before a fresh propitious breeze  
His squadron danced on undulating seas,  
And twenty days from land, lo ! land again  
In tropic beauty, burst upon his ken.\*  
There, like a garden, Mantinino bloomed,  
Whose odors sweet the summer wind perfumed.  
The guava, scarlet plum, and mandarin ;  
The citron with its wealth of gold and green ;  
The sappadilla, tempting to the eye,  
Whose branches hung above the jujube high,  
With other fruits, there blushed beneath the sky.  
The mulberry and mammee, deep in shade,  
Their tempting riches to the sight displayed ;  
The almond and the papaw, here and there,  
Were pendant in the bland and sunny air,  
While pears and apples bent their parent boughs.  
All thanked the Lord for guiding hence their  
    prows !  
Three days his crews, enraptured, lingered here :—  
There seemed to them enchantment in the sphere,  
And lovely Hebé's added to their bliss.  
“ Oh ! what ”—said they—“ a paradise is this ! ”  
For boundless hospitality prevailed,  
And well were they, where'er they went, regaled.

---

\* It was probably the island of Martinica, the native name of which was Mantinino. This was seen on June 15, 1502.

The savage lords and ladies of the isle  
 Gave all they had, and blessed it with a smile,  
 O'er these, their guests, in wonder lost the while.  
 Another isle ten leagues, due west, away  
 Erelong before the sailing squadron lay,  
 With royal palms aspiring to the sky,  
 And snow-white herons o'er it soaring high.  
 "Dominica, how lovely to the eye!"  
 Exclaimed Columbus—"Hither I would fly!"  
 Rich Santa Cruz erelong revealed its form,  
 Half-shrouded by a tropic thunder-storm;  
 But soon, once more, the sky was all serene,  
 And Santa Cruz was like a fairy scene.  
 In all its primal splendor it arose,  
 Magnificence, and beauty, to disclose.  
 Upon the sandy shore the sea-grapes grew,  
 Washed by the waves, like malachite in hue,  
 Though in the distance brightly, deeply blue.  
 The sea and sky seemed blended in their dye,  
 And where they met uncertain was the eye.  
 Touched by the gold-leaf of the shining sun,  
 The pink shells lay, by weeds half overrun—  
 Shells varied, and fantastic, in their form,  
 Dashed by the spray, and shaken by the storm.  
 The air-plant flourished on the rocks, and threw  
 Its long and leafy branches to the view.  
 The red-light of the coral-flower shone,  
 Bright as a signal, standing out alone.  
 With cactus huge, and stiff, the hills were crowned,  
 And in the distance cypress giants frowned.  
 The bluish green of the gigantic pines  
 Contrasted with the colors of the vines.  
 The locust hung its tassels in the air,  
 And green, majestic palms waved, grandly, there,  
 White-stemmed, and standing singly, or in groups,  
 While climbing monkeys swarm'd the trees in troops.

The peta's stately candelabra glowed  
With yellow flame, and spreading mangoes showed  
The orange, and the purple of their buds,  
While sunset bathed them in its rainbow floods.  
Gay parrots, and macaws, in concert, screamed,  
And red flamingoes through the forest gleamed,  
While with bananas, hill and valley teemed.  
Pink, white, and scarlet oleanders blushed,  
And roses, white, with crimson hues were flushed.  
Bright-blooming creepers, waving from the trees,  
The sun saluted, and the balmy breeze  
Played gently with the branches, high and low,  
And with the blooming undergrowth below.  
Locked in the gaudy parasite's embrace—  
An object picturesque, and full of grace—  
The almond-tree was strangled in its prime :  
Thus Nature preyed on Nature all the time ;  
Decay, and reproduction, side by side,  
Went on for ever, in unbroken tide.  
In such a clime existence seemed delight,  
For all around was beautiful, and bright.  
The silver crescent moon gave vivid light,  
But when 'twas full with lustre shone the night—  
With brightness ne'er in northern climates seen—  
While ever charming was the changing scene.

Then on to Porto Rico sailed the fleet,  
Once more a paradise as sweet to greet.  
A lovely sight it blossomed on the view,  
And palms again before the vision grew.

### III.

Columbus found his vessel crank, and slow,  
And said—"To San Domingo I will go,

And there, in barter, ask a swifter craft,  
 For this drags onward slowly like a raft,  
 And brings delay, and danger, to the fleet.  
 To persevere is but to court defeat.  
 Yet I forbidden fruit in Hayti see.  
 I'm free to range where'er I will the sea,  
 But on this outward voyage 'tis decreed—  
 And I the sovereigns' warning words would heed—  
 That I am not to anchor near the isle,  
 Though I may there—returning—rest awhile.  
 Still I believe that I shall pass unblamed  
 When I the cause for sailing there have named,  
 And that Ovando aid will not refuse,  
 Else I predict disaster on the cruise!"  
 Bartholomew—his brother—said—" 'Tis well;  
 We sadly need another caravel."  
 And on the barks to San Domingo sailed,  
 Where beauty still admiring eyes regaled.  
 Ten weeks before Ovando reached the shore,  
 And Bobadilla found his reign was o'er,  
 While he was courted, and caressed no more.  
 The Roldan rebels, one, and all, were tried—  
 All those who had Columbus once defied—  
 And—held in bondage—ordered back to Spain,  
 Unfit to longer in the isle remain.  
 Ovando's fleet would soon, returning, sail  
 To carry back the troubled island's tale,  
 And Bobadilla, and the rebel horde,—  
 Who law, and order had alike ignored,—  
 And all the gold belonging to the Crown,  
 And Gwaronex, the chief of great renown.

## IV.

Columbus reached the island from the South,  
 And, in the shelter of the river's mouth,

He sent a captain of the fleet ashore  
Ovando's aid, and favor, to implore,  
And of a tempest near to warn him, too.  
"This," he replied, "is more than I can do.  
No ship, or shelter, I can, now, bestow.  
Columbus ere the night must seaward go.  
No sign of storm as yet arrests the eye :  
The wind is soft, and azure is the sky,  
And, bound for Spain, the fleet will sail to-day.  
Disaster oft attends upon delay."  
Ovando's answer gave Columbus pain,  
But true was he, as e'er before, to Spain,  
And sent again his warning to repeat,  
And beg him to retain the Spanish fleet,  
Yet all in vain : The pilots said—" 'Tis fair,  
And we for such predictions little care,"  
And so they scoffed, and steered their barks to  
sea.  
No brooding tempest o'er them they could see.  
No longer there Columbus, now, delayed,  
But, sorely grieved—Ovando's wish obeyed,  
And sailed to seek some spot along the shore,  
Where he might anchor till the storm was o'er.  
He heard the murmurs of his angry crews,  
Who cried—"An evil fate our fleet pursues ;  
Columbus for protection vainly sues,  
Who else would Don Ovando dare refuse ?  
Denied the land—in peril on the deep,  
But evil in the future we can reap."  
A day went by, and baleful grew the sky ;  
Wild looked the ocean, and the wind was high.  
Columbus knew the hurricane was nigh,  
And heard, ere long, its mighty, swelling roar.  
It burst in fury, eastward, from the shore,  
And fiercely lashed the ocean into foam,  
While all above, and all around was gloam—



As terrible, and turbulent, as grand.  
 The vessels sailed, for shelter, near the land,  
 But wilder raged the tempest in the night,  
 And each was to the other lost to sight,  
 While all on board were fearful of their fate,  
 And ev'ry moment seemed for death to wait.  
 For days, and nights, this awful storm prevailed,  
 But through it all the squadron safely sailed,  
 And reached at last, though crippled, rent, and  
     torn,  
 A tranquil haven, and a welcome bourn,\*  
 Where all in deep devotion, kneeling, prayed,  
 And uttered thanks for providential aid.  
 "For us," said they, "a miracle was wrought :  
 We, such a storm, could ne'er alone have fought."  
 How fared Ovando's home-returning fleet,  
 Which, ere the storm, was seaward seen to beat ?  
 The tidings of disaster quickly flew,  
 And soon the story, sad, Columbus knew.  
 Of all the ships there now remained but few,  
 And these so wracked they scarce could port  
     regain.  
 But one pursued its onward course to Spain.  
 This held the hero's share of golden ore,  
 While all beside were lost that treasure bore,  
 And Bobadilla sank to rise no more,  
 And, like him, Roldan found a wat'ry grave ;  
 And with them perished Gwaronex, the brave,  
 Who ruled the Vega in the days of old,  
 And guarded, like a shepherd, all his fold.  
 Chained to a caravel he bravely died,  
 And welcome gave to the devouring tide,  
 Unbroken to the last his stubborn pride.  
 Let none such Spartan courage e'er deride,

---

\* Port Hermosa, west of San Domingo.



For Gwaronex all but his gods defied,  
And o'er the sorrows of his people sighed,  
Whose blood, in floods, his native vale had dyed—  
Where massacre ran riot, far, and wide,  
While vainly they for peace, and mercy, cried—  
Imploring help their feeble steps to guide,  
When to escape their cruel foe, they tried,  
But from whose sword, and vengeance, none could  
hide.

Why wonder few could long on earth abide  
When all they craved, and needed, was denied?

“I see the hand of Retribution here,”  
Columbus spoke,—“but I could shed a tear  
O'er all this awful record,”—and he sighed—  
“I would not thus my enemies had died.”  
To him it seemed a punishment condign—  
A judgment in its origin divine,  
Though innocent, and guilty—sad to say—  
Alike became the raging ocean's prey.

## V.

Again Columbus ventured out to sea :  
Again a storm for refuge made him flee,  
But soon, once more, the ocean tranquil lay,  
And sparkling in the splendors of the day.  
All grand, and gay, and bright, and fair, appeared  
As he his barks toward Terra Firma steered.  
On past Jamaica, on his course he kept,  
And through the islet group—The Gardens—swept,  
Then, in its beauty, saw the Isle of Pines,  
Where luscious grapes adorned festooning vines,  
And palms diversified the sylvan scene—  
A prospect lovely in its vivid green.

## VI.

Columbus with his squadron led the way,  
And sailed the waters of Honduras bay;  
And here among the isles that skirt the shore,  
Where pelicans, and herons, dive and soar,  
A huge canoe approached his vessel's side.  
It swarmed with natives, clothed, and wonder-  
eyed,  
And in their midst was seated the cazique,  
Who—o'er his wives and children—rose to speak  
In language strange, but hospitable guise  
Expressive of his welcome, and surprise.  
In length a galley, like a schooner wide—  
Eight feet, or more, its span from side to side—  
Hewn from a single tree—the forest's pride—  
This craft—gondola-like—the waters rode,  
And in its centre rose the chief's abode,  
With palm leaves thatched from sun, and rain, to  
screen,  
And leave him by the outer world unseen.  
'Twas laden with the products of his land,  
And implements, and weapons, wrought by hand.  
From Yucatan perchance he found his way,  
For distant westward forty leagues it lay—  
A region to explorers yet unknown,  
And to the West they called the land their own,  
And spoke its praise, and prayed him there to  
steer,  
And reap the riches scattered far and near.  
Had he but followed this propitious clue,  
Till sunny Yucatan adorned the view,  
The fame of Mexico, and old Peru,  
Would soon have reached him, and an ocean  
new—

The vast Pacific—met his searching gaze,  
 And crowned, with glory his declining days.  
 But lo ! he to the eastward saw the strait,  
 Which to Cathay would prove the golden gate,  
 And by his hopes, and fond delusions, led,  
 He blindly from barbaric empires sped.

VII.

'Twas now the rainy season of the year,  
 And much from tropic storms had he to fear,  
 With all his caravels unfit to sail  
 Amid the fury of a squall, or gale ;  
 But tempest after tempest o'er him broke,  
 And angry crashing thunder loudly spoke,  
 And lurid lightning flashed along the sky—  
 While ocean raged, and winds were whistling  
     high—  
 Yet still his crazy barks their course pursued,  
 And daily he his hopes and prayers renewed.  
 But sixty leagues in forty days he sailed,  
 And all on board their hapless fate bewailed.  
 At length auspicious winds began to blow,  
 And lighter grew the burden of his woe.  
 He left Honduras stretching far behind,  
 Thrice eager the imagined strait to find,  
 Then swept along the steep Mosquito shore,  
 Which, here and there, a rugged aspect wore,  
 And reached a stream that he *Disaster* named,  
 For there a cruel shaft by Death was aimed.  
 A boat was lost and with it all her crew,  
 And this their comrades lived to sadly rue,  
 While deeper grew dejection through the fleet.  
 They seemed misfortunes ev'rywhere to meet.  
 On eastward still—with land in sight—he steered.  
 From cape to cape his plunging barks careered—

Past mountain scenes, and green inviting vales,  
And o'er an ocean ruffled, still, by gales.  
At length between an island, and the shore  
He anchor cast, and landed to explore.  
The cocoa-nut and palm were waving there ;  
Ananas shed perfume upon the air ;  
In clusters, rich, the green bananas grew,  
And to the winds its arms the mammee threw.  
A banquet, sweet, the Cherimoya spread,  
And golden maize presented Nature's bread.  
The groves were rich in spices, and in bloom,  
And parrots served their shadows to illume.  
On-ir-ib-ir-i the Indians called their isle,  
And there Columbus tarried for awhile,  
And then at Car-i-ar-i, on the coast,  
He interviewed a friendly native host.  
In tunics, and in mantles, they were garbed,  
And armed with lances, clubs, and arrows barbed.  
These proffered willing maidens to their guests,  
And signified they'd honor their behests.  
He gave them gifts, but naught would take in turn,  
Which piqued their pride, and led them these to  
spurn,  
And *when*, with pen and ink, he sought to write  
The fancied spell impelled them all to flight.  
They burned, and scattered, powder as they went,  
Which through the air diffused a fragrant scent.  
Thus they were disenchanted by a charm,  
Which kindled in the sailors strange alarm.  
They deemed it magic meant to work them harm,  
And said their ills to Indian arts were due.  
Suspensions took a superstitious hue,  
For dyed with superstition was their age,  
And hard 'twas such delusions to assuage.

VIII.

Where Costa Rica—rich in treasure—lay,  
With native guides, the ships pursued their way,  
And reached, ere long, a broad majestic bay,  
All studded o'er with islets brightly green,  
With ocean channels, like canals, between—  
A picturesque, and variegated scene.  
Car-ib-ar-o was beautiful to view,  
And palms, and cedars, shadows o'er it threw,  
And mangroves flourished 'twixt the sea and  
land,  
While roses blossomed on each pebbly strand,  
And limes, and pomegranates, bore their fruit,  
And the batata hid its welcome root.  
There, too, tabaka spread its siren leaf,  
And whispered to the weary kind relief,  
But fleeting pleasures pave the way to grief.  
The joys that linger are the gifts divine.  
True solace lies in neither weed nor wine.  
Its graceful pods the green ca-ca-o hung,\*  
Some deemed to keep the heart for ever young,  
And gaudy birds among the ceibas sung.  
Canoes were paddled quickly to and fro,  
Or, stranded, lay beyond the tidal flow.  
From swarthy necks depended plates of gold,  
And ornaments diversified in mould,  
While quills, and claws, in coronets appeared,  
Which gave an aspect, to the wearers, weird,  
But other brows were garlanded with bloom  
That faintly breathed an exquisite perfume.  
The natives, of a region rich in gold  
The Spaniards—ever avaricious—told,

---

\* The chocolate tree. Pronounce Ka-ka-o.

But still refused to barter what they wore,  
 And pointed eastward far along the shore.  
 Columbus, on his way, discouraged gain.  
 "Let here," said he, "the gold awhile remain.  
 The country owns submission but to Spain,  
 And we can gather when our work is done.  
 A splendid triumph we shall soon have won,  
 And Calicut its grandeur will display,  
 While through the Ganges we shall keel our way,  
 And all the wealth of Mangi, and Cathay,  
 Will rise before us in a grand array."  
 But few, his views, and expectations shared,  
 For he was sanguine when his crews despaired.  
 "Behold!" said they, "we court an evil fate  
 In seeking thus a non-existent strait!"

## IX.

The bay of islands faded from his view  
 As eastward, with the wind, his vessels flew.  
 Twelve leagues away a river joined the sea,  
 Where—on the shore—the natives he could see.  
 Well armed were they, and with their bodies bare,  
 And these their weapons brandished in the air—  
 Swords made of palms, and clubs, and lances, long—  
 As if determined to avenge a wrong,  
 And rushing in the ocean, to the waist,  
 With fury the invading vessels faced,  
 While battle sounds from wooden drums, and shells,  
 Were heard resounding through the hills, and dells.  
 But signs pacific angry passions lulled,  
 And to the beach the Spanish boats were pulled,  
 Where brass for gold, in barter, freely passed;  
 But peace, and friendship, there were not to last,  
 For on the morrow they, in arms, arose,  
 And treated the invaders as their foes.



Then sailed the ships—still eastward—down the  
coast,  
And met, ere long, another warlike host,  
Who warned them, by their gestures, from the land,  
But, soon, the squadron's boats were on the strand,  
And peaceful signs their anger turned away.  
Ca-ti-ba river where they gathered lay,  
And architecture, solid, marked the scene—  
The first that in the New World e'er was seen.\*  
Though none were prone their nakedness to hide,  
Yet some were decked with plates of shining gold,  
And these for baubles to their guests they sold.  
Of mines of gold they, like their neighbors, told,  
And pointing eastward—"Veragwa!" they cried.  
There lay the wealth for which the wand'ers sighed,  
And past it, soon, they saw their vessels glide,  
And gladly would have tarried on the way,  
But he—Columbus—eager for Cathay,  
Pressed toward the goal, impatient of delay,  
For all its gold, compared with that, was dross.  
Through Oriental lands he'd plant the Cross,  
And reap unbounded riches, and renown,  
While adding to the glory of the Crown!  
A grand ambition urged him on his course—  
Grand, though imagination was its source;  
And near to fact his soaring fancy flew,  
For where he dreamed the strait would meet his view,  
A strait, herself, had Nature tried to hew,  
But, disappointed, left a neck of land—  
A narrow link, uniting strand to strand—  
Through which embracing oceans yet will flow,  
And freighted vessels voyage to and fro!  
That isthmus, now, before his vision rose—  
A scene of tropic beauty and repose

---

\* This was a large mass of stucco, built of stone and lime.

With groves of palms, and fruit-producing trees,  
 And tow'ring hills, and mountains over these,  
 And waving fields of ripe and golden maize—  
 All grandly lighted by Apollo's rays,  
 While bloom, and verdure, far and wide, were seen—  
 A splendid prospect of refreshing green :  
 And here a haven, broad, sequestered, deep—  
 Whose dark, and waveless waters seemed to sleep—  
 Invited him to rest upon its breast,  
 And be alone by balmy airs caressed.  
 He anchored there, and all around him blessed,  
 And, in his sense of safety, and delight—  
 For all he saw was welcome to the sight—  
 He named it Porto Bello ere the night.  
 The natives gathered round him in canoes,  
 And left him free, whate'er he would, to choose—  
 The blushing fruits, and dainties of the clime—  
 The tamarind, anana, date, and lime,  
 The cocoa-nut, and product of the vine,  
 And calabashes full of native wine ;  
 The guava, the banana, and the maize—  
 For all of which, and more, he uttered praise.  
 But gold—alas !—had vanished from the scene.  
 The tall, athletic Indians—supple, lean—  
 No more with plates of polished gold were seen.  
 The chiefs alone displayed the precious ore,  
 And from their nostrils—hanging—this they wore,  
 Their bodies naked, and bedizened red,  
 And each with flaming feathers on his head,  
 Save one—the great cazique—of ebon hue,  
 Who wore a fragrant crown of blossoms, blue.

## X.

A week of stormy weather kept him there,  
 And then he sailed, when all again was fair,

But he of storms, ere long, became the sport,  
 And flew for refuge to an open port,  
 Where all his wants the fruitful earth supplied,  
 And naught to Man by Nature was denied.  
 Here he, with speed, his leaking ships repaired,  
 For roughly on the ocean they had fared,  
 And through their hulls the busy worms had bored  
 Till like a riddle seemed each outer board.  
 This done, his ships were eastward steered again,  
 But discontent prevailed among his men,  
 And gloom that seemed to verge upon despair,  
 While even he began their doubts to share.

# XI.

A naked host the sailing squadron hailed,  
 Who all on board with luscious fruits regaled,  
 And pressed their guests to linger on the shore,  
 And bartered all the ornaments they wore;  
 But Gee-ga soon receded from the view.  
 Then adverse winds again with fury blew,  
 And so, once more, for shelter sailed the fleet,  
 And from the tempest found a safe retreat—  
 (So small, Columbus called it *El Retrete*)  
 By whose deep waters alligators lay,  
 Like vultures, ever ready for their prey.  
 The natives tall, and graceful in their build,  
 And in the use of bows, and arrows skilled,  
 And armed with clubs, and lances made of wood—  
 With friendly signs, before the strangers stood,  
 And to these wand'ers from a distant strand  
 They proffered the abundance of the land;  
 But by degrees their friendship took its flight,  
 For homes were ravaged on the shore by night,  
 And by the sailors deeds of blood were done.  
 The savage sought the Christian horde to shun,

And threatened to destroy the caravels,  
 Awaking echoes, with defiant yells,  
 While day by day the warlike numbers swelled.  
 With keen regret Columbus this beheld,  
 For he had prized the natives as his friends,  
 And tried in vain to thwart ignoble ends,  
 But, in defence, he made the cannon roar,  
 When—with the herbage round them dyed with  
 gore—  
 They fled the scene to battle there no more.

## XII.

Northeast, and east, still winds, opposing, blew,  
 And through the ships the murmurs louder grew.  
 "Some hostile spell's at work"—the seamen  
 cried,  
 "And long enough its warnings we've defied.  
 'Tis tempting Evil east to further sail.  
 Nine days in port, and still it blows a gale—  
 An eastern gale—as if to warn us more  
 No further east to steer along the shore.  
 Our leaking ships are all unfit for sea,  
 And Famine, in the distance, we can see,  
 For though the trees are lavish of their fruits,  
 And earth itself is bountiful of roots,  
 And birds display their plumage in the air,  
 And ocean doth its harvest ever bear—  
 These scarce—alone—our constant needs supply.  
 Sail further east, and we as surely die!"  
 Columbus heard the protest of his crews,  
 And owned that there was reason in their views,  
 And, to appease their clamor, and their fear,  
 Resolved no more his eastward course to steer,  
 But to return, and search for mines of gold  
 In Veragway of which the natives told.

Thus far, ere this, had—west—Bastides sailed,  
 And he to find the fancied strait had failed.\*  
 Could he a mere chimera have pursued—  
 Some dream, or fancy, of his solitude,  
 Or would the strait he pictured still be found,  
 And make some later voyager renowned?  
 Such were the thoughts that floated through his  
     mind  
 As he abandoned all that he'd designed—  
 The high anticipations he'd indulged,  
 The mighty secret that he wished divulged,  
 Whose contemplation banished thoughts of gain,  
 Excepting glory for himself, and Spain,  
 And which had made heroic his emprise.  
 To gold alone he, now, could turn his eyes  
 To give success to this, his enterprise.

### XIII.

From *El Retrete* Columbus westward sailed,  
 And in the squadron none the change bewailed.  
 Fair blew the wind, and fast the vessels flew,  
 As if on wings, across the waters blue,  
 With Porto Bello reached before the night,  
 So swift had, since the morning, been their flight.  
 Day dawned again. With swelling canvas spread  
 Once more upon their wat'ry way they sped,  
 But ere they went the solemn Mass was said,  
 And each on board in rev'rence bowed his head,  
 For sword, and cross, and enterprise, and prayer,  
 Were equal objects of his zealous care.

---

\* The then recent voyage of Bastides from the east had terminated at about the point now reached by Columbus from the west.



A sudden change of wind from east to west,  
 And ev'ry wave was whitened with a crest,  
 And, soon, it blew a fierce sou'-western gale,  
 And back the ships for shelter had to sail,  
 But ere they gained a port the veering breeze  
 From land had forced them out upon the seas,  
 Where they for nine long, dreadful days were  
     tossed,  
 And all on board believed the squadron lost.  
 So wild a tempest in a sea unknown—  
 While thunder roared, and vivid lightning shone,  
 And ocean boiled, and foaming billows leapt—  
 Might well alarm; and some there were who  
     wept;  
 And to each other some their sins confessed.  
 The stoutest looked affrighted, and distressed,  
 And all prepared, by muttered prayers, for death,  
 While some invoked it with their falt'ring breath,  
 So desperate through horror they became;  
 And cowardice, in danger, lost its shame.  
 In ceaseless torrents fell the tropic rain,  
 And hungry sharks pursued them through the main,  
 And when, at length, a water-spout was near,  
 They felt the force of overwhelming fear,  
 Believing death, and dire destruction nigh.  
 But this, like other dangers, passed them by :—  
 The tempest died away, and land appeared,  
 Which drooping eyes, and languid spirits cheered;  
 A port was gained—a welcome bay—at last,  
 And in the Present all forgot the Past.  
 Here wearing plates of gold Columbus saw  
 The lordly savage, and his happy squaw—  
 The tawny tenants of this sylvan scene,  
 Where winter never blighted summer's green.  
 All found in luscious plenty, and repose  
 Relief, though fleeting, from their toil, and woes,



And then, again, pursued their westward way,  
But on the ocean Storm regained its sway,  
And they were forced to flee the angry blast.  
“How long,” they cried, “this evil spell doth last!”  
In port again the squadron anchor cast—  
Another port where all was strange, and new,  
And tropic fruits in tropic plenty grew.

#### XIV.

Before their eyes the blooming isthmus lay—  
Its beauty gilded by the beams of day—  
Where mammoth vegetation, grand and green,  
In rank profusion all around was seen,  
While in the distance, high the Andes rose,  
With summits hoary with eternal snows.  
Tall cocoanut, and cedar trees o’ergrew  
The spreading ceiba, picturesque to view,  
While green bananas bent with clust’ring fruit,  
And yuca, in the brake, revealed its root.  
From tree to tree bright, blooming, climbing vines  
Their tendrils flung in long, and wand’ring, lines,  
And palms upraised their crowns to court the sun,  
While parasites as high aspired to run.  
These round majestic trunks, and saplings young,  
Their swift-embracing tendrils wildly flung,  
Arraying both in bright, fantastic coils—  
Like serpents clasping in their winding toils :  
Then down to earth their trailing fronds would  
    bend,  
Re-rooting there again to upward tend,  
And clothe some withered stump in colors gay,  
And throw festoons with ev’ry breeze to play.  
Eternal summer’s gorgeous growths were they.  
In jungles rank the cane, and lily, throve,  
And sycamores, and mangoes, decked the grove,

And fragrant shrubs, in thickets, bloomed between.  
 The gourd tree caught the sun's resplendent sheen,  
 And huge zapotés beards of moss displayed,  
 While cherimoyas flourished in the shade.  
 The forest hid the beaming sky from view,  
 Save high above a patch of flashing blue,  
 And ev'ry step disclosed some feature new.  
 Great mistletoes to trees like vampires clung,  
 And ferns gigantic e'en as fountains hung,  
 While feathered beauties exquisitely sung—  
 Sung softly here and there the woodland through,  
 Their plumage rich in many a lustrous hue—  
 And rainbow-tinted parrots screamed aloud,  
 Of gaudy colors each appearing proud.  
 Gay monkeys gambolled in discursive groups—  
 The mighty forest's brown unmarshalled troops—  
 Or swung in giant fruit-producing trees,  
 And passed from limb to limb with bird-like ease,  
 Or made commotion in the solitude  
 By antics droll, and rivalries for food.  
 Apollo shed his splendor over all,  
 And silvered with his rays the waterfall,  
 Which babbled through an op'ning in the wood,  
 While deep and still a river rolled its flood,  
 And on its margin alligators slept,  
 And fish—disporting—from the water leapt.  
 Bright humming-birds, and paroquets, were there,  
 Like flashing gems, careering through the air.  
 Columbus knelt, and crossed himself in prayer.  
 At mid-day all was solemn, calm, and still,  
 Except the tuneful, ever-rippling rill—  
 The babbling murmur of the plaintive brook.  
 All living things their brief siesta took,  
 While vertically shone the sunlight down—  
 On green and gold, on red, and blue, and  
     brown,

On all the tints of leaf, and fruit, and bloom,  
That served the splendid forest to illume.  
Here man his habitation built in trees,  
And left it open to the balmy breeze,  
And lived, a savage, in contented ease,  
While Nature strove his simple taste to please.

XV.

Columbus here repaired his caravels,  
And flattered, with his trinkets, beaux and belles,  
And then, with benedictions on the land,  
Set sail for Veragwa's alluring strand,  
And in the Yebra anchored all his fleet,  
And breathed from fruit and blossom odors sweet,  
While on the river sailed the scarlet crane—  
A splendid bird of splendid plumage vain—  
And great canoes were paddled o'er its face  
By warlike Red Men full of native grace,  
But who were soon to seeming friendship won.  
They deemed their guests had journeyed from the  
    sun,  
And gazed in wonder on their faces, pale,  
Their ships, and weapons, and their coats of  
    mail;  
And here they landed eager after gold,  
And eager, too, the savage mind to mould,  
And preach the Christian faith to Pagan ears,  
And plant the Cross that Christendom reveres,  
For sword, and cross, they carried in each hand  
Where'er they went in ev'ry heathen land.

XVI.

The natives wore, and bartered, plates of gold,  
But of their mines with great reluctance told,

For jealous of the strangers they became  
 And wondered what—in coming—was their aim.  
 Bartholomew Columbus then explored,  
 And gathered where he went a shining hoard,  
 Which gladdened all his comrades as they gazed;  
 And while they crowded round, and looked amazed,  
 And new, and airy castles built in Spain—  
 He told how great had been their common gain.  
 “Aurea Chersonesus! it is found—”  
 Exclaimed Columbus as he glanced around  
 And saw the gleanings from the mines of gold,  
 Whose wealth he deemed was known in times of old:  
 “Great Solomon from these his riches drew,  
 And I their ore will bring again to view,  
 And thus redeem from infidels the tomb  
 That now is wrapped in more than heathen gloom.  
 Erelong that Holy Sepulchre I’ll gain,  
 Committing it, in custody, to Spain,  
 And o’er it plant the banner of the Cross,  
 The Christian’s triumph, and the Pagan’s loss.—  
 Jerusalem awaits the grand event,  
 And to achieve it I—yes I!—am sent!  
 So Veragwa your golden treasures yield!  
 No longer let your riches lie concealed,  
 But be to all the nations now revealed.  
 With these I’ll put my forces in the field!”  
 Columbus felt his ardor burn anew,  
 And deeply he enthusiastic grew.  
 Here he surveyed with contemplative eyes  
 The golden fruits that crowned his enterprise.  
 Here he would found a city by the shore,  
 A city great as Babylon of yore,  
 And there a chosen number could remain  
 While he, for succor, voyaged back to Spain.  
 With speed the work was then and there begun,  
 And homes were built to screen from rain, and sun,

The walls of wood, the roofs of matted leaves,  
And stalks of maize in golden yellow sheaves.  
Columbus, then, to leave the port prepared,  
And all his glowing expectations shared,  
When lo ! he saw an obstacle to this,  
Which marred with disappointment all his bliss.  
The river that was swollen when he came—  
The Yebra—now the Bethlehem—by name—  
By torrents from the mighty mountain chain,  
And sparkling floods of fast descending rain,  
Had dwindled till his vessels ran aground  
As on their way they voyaged, outward bound,  
For rains had ceased, and torrents roared no more,  
And, till a change, the ships were tied to shore.

XVII.

The great cazique who there the sceptre swayed,  
Grew jealous, and indignant, and afraid,  
And marshalled, as for warfare, all his hosts  
To drive the pale invaders from his coasts.  
In spirit warlike, and as bold of mien,  
He saw with hate the change that marked the  
scene :  
But crafty in his nature, like his race,  
His purpose was a secret to his face.  
In Quibian Columbus knew his foe,  
And knowing, would anticipate his blow.  
Bartholomew—with eighty in his band—  
To capture him, and all his leaders, planned,  
And journeyed swiftly to the chief's abode  
Ere he discovered they were on the road.  
By stratagem a captive he was made,  
And all in vain he cried aloud for aid.  
Like all his household he was borne away—  
Bound hand and foot—to where the river lay,



And there on board a waiting boat was placed  
 And carried toward the caravels in haste,  
 But on the way—the shades of night around—  
 There fell upon the ear a plunging sound,  
 And, with dismay, his jailers cried—“ He’s fled ! ”  
 The broad and silent river round them spread,  
 Bathed in the Queen of Night’s refulgent sheen,  
 But of the chieftain not a sign was seen,  
 And they could utter naught but their chagrin.  
 They deemed he’d chosen in the stream to die,  
 Resolved from bondage e’en to death to fly,  
 For, bound with cords, he’d ne’er the shore  
     regain.  
 His loss would be the alligators’ gain.

## XVIII.

With heaps of gold, for which his comrades yearned,  
 Bartholomew triumphantly returned.  
 The wigwam of the chieftain he had sacked,  
 And he expected little that it lacked,  
 For massive plates, and coronets of ore,  
 And wrist, and ankle, ornaments he wore,  
 And all his chiefs, his children, and his wives,  
 Bedecked their bodies with the golden gyves.  
 Columbus deemed that danger now was past,  
 And as the stream again was rising fast,  
 He lightened all his vessels, saving one,  
 And crossed the bar, impatient to be gone.  
 That one he gave to those he left behind  
 To build the mighty city he designed—  
 The eighty he selected to remain,  
 And hold the country in the name of Spain—  
 O’er whom he left Bartholomew to rule—  
 A soldier with the Indies for his school.  
 He counselled all the Spaniards what to do—



And of his brother took a fond adieu.  
But adverse winds—with stormy weather—blew,  
And so he anchored off the river's mouth  
To wait a breeze to bear him from the south,  
For he to San Domingo meant to steer  
When from his vision land receded here,  
And send from thence assistance, and supplies,  
To nourish, and promote the enterprise  
While he pursued his wat'ry way to Spain,  
To there proclaim the kingdom's golden gain.  
But mark the sequel: let us eye the shore.  
Already it was dyed with Spanish gore.  
The agile Quibian, who his captors fled,  
Was not—as they had deemed the chieftain—dead,  
For when he vanished in the sparkling tide,  
Although his hands and feet were doubly tied,  
He to a distance—diving, swimming—hied,  
And felt the water kindred to the air  
As courting Hope he battled with Despair;  
Then rose to breathe; the cords of bondage broke,  
And freed himself from the invaders' yoke.  
Restored to freedom on the neighb'ring shore,  
To wreak his vengeance on his foes he swore,  
And, racked by anguish, planned their dire defeat.

The proverb tells us that “revenge is sweet.”  
His home a ruin—now deserted—lay;  
His wives, and children, had been borne away;  
And when he saw the caravels depart,  
With those on board the dearest to his heart,  
He showed redoubled fury in his eyes.  
The Spanish camp was taken by surprise,  
And far, and wide, resounded savage cries,  
While Indian hosts attacked their scattered foes  
With flying arrows from their twanging bows,  
And struck, and suffered, devastating blows.

The swords, and lances, of the Spaniards gleamed,  
The forest with the naked warriors teemed,  
While yells terrific rent the fragrant air,  
And Spanish trumpets mocked them with their  
blare.

The Red Men writhed beneath the cutting steel,  
For death was in the weapons of Castile.  
A bloodhound added terror to the fight,  
And from its brunt they sought escape in flight.  
“A boat! a boat!” just then the Spaniards cried,  
And all its pouting sail, with gladness, eyed.  
It bounded shore-ward from the waiting fleet,  
And seemed from death to show a safe retreat,  
For those Columbus left upon the shore  
Expected ne’er to meet their comrades more.  
It came for fruit, for water, and for wood,  
And up the river, on its course, it stood,  
Nor heeded warnings shouted from the land,  
Nor offered succor to the shouting band.  
A league above the Spanish camp it sailed,  
Its crew of twelve all fully armed, and mailed.  
A turn, and it was suddenly assailed!  
From lofty banks, with overspreading trees,  
Where odors sweet were wafted on the breeze,  
Came savage war-whoops, and appalling yells,  
And furious blasts of conch—resounding—shells,  
While light canoes from all directions flew,  
Whose dusky crews their darts, and arrows threw—  
All standing up, save one in each to steer,  
And boldly to the cutter drawing near;  
And while a storm of missiles from the shore,  
In whizzing concert, added to the roar.  
Thus wounded, galled, confounded, and alarmed,  
The Spanish soldiers were as men disarmed.  
Their oars, and arms, alike neglected lay:—  
They only sought a shelter from the fray,

And in their bucklers found their only shield.  
Their captain urged them loudly ne'er to yield,  
But fear had left them helpless in the strife.  
A moment more, and he was robbed of life,  
For as he spoke a weapon pierced his eye,  
And Diego Tristan perished with a sigh.  
With fresh dismay his comrades saw him die.  
How, now, could they—bewildered—fight, or fly?  
But ere their reeling senses warning gave  
Beneath them seemed to yawn their common grave.  
Down on the boat the whole flotilla rushed,  
And all the crew, remorselessly, were crushed,  
Save one who, falling overboard, had dived,  
Then, swimming, at the Spanish camp arrived,  
And there the tale of massacre was told,  
Which made the blood of those who heard it  
cold.

### XIX.

All felt dismay, and clamored to depart.  
A weight of sorrow hung on ev'ry heart.  
Columbus naught of their misfortunes knew,  
And, with his anchored ships, was out of view.  
Fair blew the wind to bear him on his way.  
The missing boat—would he for that delay?  
Bartholomew appealed to them in vain.  
They cried—"We'll take the caravel for Spain!"  
And in despair they tried to put to sea,  
But found, ere long, that this was not to be.  
Their vessel grounded at the river's mouth,  
For recent rains were followed by a drought.  
Their only boat they then essayed to use  
To carry to the Admiral the news,  
But breakers rolled, and wind, and sea, were high,  
And like a wail was heard the petrel's cry.

The roaring surf repelled it from its breast,  
 And drove it shore-ward on its foaming crest.  
 Then flights of crows, and vultures near them drew,  
 And pallid they, with greater horror, grew,  
 For mangled bodies floated down the stream,  
 And on their breasts they saw cuirasses gleam—  
 The screaming, fighting, feeding birds of prey,  
 But adding to their anguish, and dismay.

## XX.

The savages, elated with success,  
 Were eager, now, upon their foes to press,  
 And whoops, and yells, resounded far and wide,  
 While drums, and shells, were heard on ev'ry side.  
 The Spaniards sought a refuge on the shore,  
 Where they could hear the angry breakers roar,  
 And there they made a bulwark of their boat,  
 And boldly all who ventured near them smote,  
 Though sad forebodings filled their thoughts with  
     pain.  
 They feared they'd soon be numbered with the  
     slain,  
 Beneath the swelling forces of their foes,  
 Whose fierce assaults bereft them of repose.  
 Of food, and powder they'd a scanty store,  
 And, these exhausted, could they battle more?

## XXI.

With anxious eyes Columbus sought a sail,  
 And heard the whistling music of the gale,  
 But day by day he shore-ward looked in vain.  
 No boat-like speck was seen upon the main.  
 One boat alone was left the squadron now,  
 And ill could that a sea so stormy plough,

Or he had searched for tidings on the land.  
Still louder grew the surf upon the strand.

XXII.

'Twas night, and from the captives' caravel  
There rang the clangor of the warning bell.  
A single hold—its single hatchway closed—  
Had all of these, with all their grief, enclosed,  
And guarding sailors on the hatch reposed.  
The captives piled the ballast near them high,  
Resolved from bondage, or to death, to fly.  
Then mounting this, and stooping as they rose,  
They placed their backs against their sleeping foes,  
Their prison, with the speed of light'ning, burst,  
And o'er the decks the slumb'ring crew dispersed,  
Then leapt—ne'er pausing—in the troubled sea,  
And gloried in their hearts that they were free.  
But some were captured ere they kissed the spray,  
And soon again beneath the hatch they lay.  
The Spaniards raised it at the break of day,  
Though fearful still the rest would steal away,  
When lo! a ghastly prospect met the sight!  
Each captive's soul, alas! had taken flight,  
And lifeless bodies only there were seen.  
These told the mournful story of the scene.  
Recaptured, yet from bondage they would flee,  
Nor e'er again the light of morning see,  
For death was dearer than the hated yoke—  
Death, too, that but of bitter anguish spoke.  
All strangely smothered, hanged, or strangled, died.  
Columbus o'er their self-destruction sighed—  
A spectacle that filled him with regret—  
A sight whose horror he could ne'er forget.  
Yet while it grieved him it suggested harm,  
And kindled, as he pondered, fresh alarm,



For such a race would conquer, or would die.  
 Could he the danger of the camp deny?  
 Where now were those who left the caravel?  
 Their comrades on to battle they'd impel,  
 For they were swimmers who the waves could  
     breast,  
 And ride, like dolphins, on each foaming crest,  
 And through the boiling surf the shore regain.  
 Such daring spirits augured ill for Spain.

## XXIII.

Still raged the storm, and still no boat appeared,  
 And all the crews some grave disaster feared.  
 'Twas then a hardy sailor cried—"Behold!  
 Not less the Spaniard than the Indian's bold!  
 But take me in the boat a league away,  
 And through the roaring surf I'll force my way,  
 And from the beach again the tidings bear.  
 My trust I'll place in God's protecting care."  
 "Well spoken," said Columbus, "thou art brave!  
 Go forth, and seek the missing ones to save!"  
 Ledesma—Pedro—needed none to urge,  
 But soon was boldly battling with the surge—  
 Now rising high, now dashed upon the sand.  
 'Mid flying foam at last, he trod the strand:  
 And there he found—beleagured, and forlorn—  
 With naught sustaining save some ears of corn—  
 His comrades, in their fortress by the sea.  
 They leapt with joy his noble form to see,  
 As statue-like—in nakedness—he stood,  
 Still fresh, and dripping from the foaming flood.  
 Aye frantic was the welcome that they gave.  
 He came as if to snatch them from the grave,  
 And with imploring eyes they begged his aid,  
 And for his safe return devoutly prayed.



"Oh! ask," they cried, "Columbus help to send,  
Or we shall meet a sad, untimely end.  
Our only hope of rescue's in the fleet.  
All hail! the prospect of a safe retreat!"  
With horror thrilled, Ledesma turned away,  
Once more to breast the blinding foam, and spray,  
And reach the boat that 'yond the breakers lay.  
The hero's courage won a hero's fame.  
Behold—to-day—immortalized his name!  
Columbus swelled the chorus of his praise,  
And by his comrades he was crowned with bays.  
"How fares the boat? What tidings from the  
shore?  
Has war prevailed, and is the battle o'er?"  
Fast from impatient lips the questions fell.  
Ledesma's answers sounded like a knell.  
Men listened, as in stupor, to his tale,  
And as he told it grew with horror pale.  
'Twas like some ghastly, terrifying dream,  
Where fancies strange in wild disorder teem;  
And eyes were turned to eyes, as if to say—  
"Is this the night, or sleep we in the day?"  
Of sore defeat Columbus felt the pain.\*  
"Is all I've done," he sadly asked, "in vain,  
Or, can I yet this savage land regain?  
I fain would here with all my crews remain,  
But who would bear the tidings back to Spain?  
Too weak am I the camp ashore to aid.  
To leave it longer there I feel afraid.  
A single course alone is left me now.  
God's will be done :—to this I humbly bow.

---

\*The Indians here were of a more hardy race than the islanders, and this was the first repulse sustained by the Spaniards in the New World; but for which adverse event Columbus would have had the honor of planting the first European settlement on the continent of America.

Let all ashore, in order, beat retreat,  
 And join again their comrades of the fleet,  
 And, through the surf, may His almighty hand,  
 In safety, lead them from the troubled land !  
 But racked by storms, and far too feebly manned,  
 And anchored where to leeward lies the shore—  
 While lashed to foam, the swelling breakers roar—  
 These crazy barks destruction seem to woo.  
 Their anchors lost, I naught to save could do,  
 For in the surf their fragments soon would lie,  
 And all would bid to all the world good-by."

## XXIV.

Still anxious days, and sleepless nights were passed,  
 While through the shrouds declaimed the stormy  
 blast,  
 And far, and wide, the dancing waves were seen—  
 The distance blue—the shallows tinged with green.  
 'Twas then Columbus fevered, and depressed,  
 Lay down one eve his wearied form to rest,  
 And heard a voice descending from the sky,  
 Which sank to whispers as it floated nigh.  
 It told him he was blessed before his birth,  
 That God decreed his course upon the earth,  
 And watched his progress with paternal care ;  
 And bade him ne'er—whate'er might come—  
 despair.  
 What more, of yore, had He for David done—  
 A simple shepherd ere a throne he won—  
 Or yet for Moses great in sacred lore,  
 Or all the prophets since, or yet before,  
 Than He for him—Columbus—here had wrought ?  
 With grander deeds the future, too, was fraught,  
 For He would lead him on to fresh renown,  
 And all his works with endless glory crown.

"In Him," it said, "unfailing trust repose.  
With His protection fear no earthly foes!"  
The dreamer started when the dream was o'er,  
With exaltation in the look he wore,  
And then in rapt devotion, kneeling, gazed,  
And cried aloud—"A vision! God be praised!  
I feel myself an instrument divine  
To execute Jehovah's grand design,  
Whose voice has come to comfort and to cheer.  
With Him to guard, no more have I to fear!"  
No vision! 'twas the mirage of the mind,  
That left him thus to all but fancy, blind.  
His waking thoughts, in slumber, filled his brain;  
And o'er him oft Delusion seemed to reign;  
But o'er him, too, Devotion held its sway,  
And morn and eve he knelt, with zeal, to pray,  
And chanted hymns, at vespers, ev'ry day.

XXV.

Nine long and weary days of storm had passed,  
When all, one morning cried—" 'Tis fair at last!"  
The wind had lulled, and ocean calmer grew,  
While Phœbus touched with gold its green, and  
blue.  
Ere long the ships held converse with the shore,  
And breakers ceased their melancholy roar.  
The Spaniards in the fort with wild delight  
Beheld the squadron's cutter sail in sight,  
For still beleaguered, and with scant supplies,  
They'd feared that death would end their enter-  
prise—  
Death ere relief could reach them from the fleet—  
Death ere they could from yelling foes retreat.  
The hope of rescue warmed their hearts anew,  
And those who erst were sad ecstatic grew.

Still stranded in the stream their vessel lay,  
 And ne'er again in that they'd sail away,  
 For only floods her grounded keel would float.  
 'Twas then that Diego Mendez—strong, and  
     brave—

Cried "Follow me, and all we have we'll save!"  
 And all as one, his skilful lead obeyed,  
 While hard they strove their common cause to  
     aid.

With two canoes, and spars, they built a boat,  
 And loading this with what their fort supplied  
 They towed it to the waiting squadron's side,  
 Then brought it back, and oft repeated this,  
 Yet felt their toil was little less than bliss,  
 So eager were they all to leave the coast,  
 And flee the wrath of its avenging host.  
 The caravel of all its gear was stripped,  
 And this, with whatsoe'er it held, was shipped,  
 And naught beside the hull was left behind—  
 A useless wreck, dismantled, undermined.  
 But while they labored, oft had they to fight,  
 And intercept the arrow in its flight.  
 In boundless joy the past was lost to sight  
 When all again on board the ships embraced,  
 And welcome gave to Ocean's wavy waste.

## XXVI.

For Hayti's isle Columbus gladly steered,  
 But—sailing eastward—fresh disaster feared,  
 For all his ships were barely more than wrecks,—  
 So honey-combed the worms their hulls, and decks,  
 And ceaseless leaks for ceaseless bailing called.  
 On one of these the crew became appalled,  
 For they beheld her sinking by degrees,  
 And shipping—as she lurched to leeward—seas;—

So she on Porto Bello's beach was run,  
Her work upon the sea forever done.  
Two caravels alone for all remained—  
O'ercrowded these, and vastly overstrained—  
But eastward still they ploughed their wat'ry way,  
And reached the splendid gulf—Darien's bay;  
Then northward stood, for San Domingo bound,  
And left Pacific's ocean, vast, unfound.  
Beyond the view, but near, its waters spread,  
As if they fain Atlantic's waves would wed;  
Yet ne'er till Vasco Nunez crossed the land,  
And from the mountains saw its sandy strand,  
Gazed white explorers on its broad expanse,  
And saw its ripples, in the sunlight, dance.

XXVII.

Past the Tortugas,\* where the turtles lay—  
Twin isles with bright perfuming blossoms gay—  
And then by Cuba, and the Garden throng,†  
Where birds made solitudes alive with song,  
In safety ploughed the caravels their course.  
Then blew the wind with wild, terrific force,  
And thunder pealed sublimely through the sky,  
While light'ning played fantastic freaks on high.  
The sails were rent; the bulwarks washed away,  
And through the air was blown the ocean spray.  
Across the decks the seas, in fury, leapt,  
And overboard the only boat was swept.  
The caravels like toy-boats rose, and fell—  
From lofty mountain peak to lowly dell—

---

\* Two islands to the northwest of Hispaniola, so named by Columbus, but now known as the Caymaus.

† The cluster of small islands called the Queen's Gardens, on the south side of Cuba.



With walls of waters roaring all around,  
 And whistling blasts to swell the awful sound.  
 Columbus anchored by an islet, green,  
 And gazed in awe upon the stormy scene,  
 But soon the tempest swept the ships away,  
 When all on board, in terror, knelt to pray,  
 And these colliding, as they drifted on,  
 Made some exclaim—"Alas! at last we're gone!"  
 Like fighting rams that batter, skull to skull,  
 They struck, and locked, and battled, hull to hull.  
 At length they parted, with their anchors lost,  
 And on the foaming billows, high, were tossed,  
 Each sailor's eyes reflecting his despair.  
 Six days of storm, and skies again were fair,  
 And still the ships were floating on the deep,  
 Now lulled, once more, by gentle airs to sleep.  
 For Hayti's isle Columbus steered again,  
 But sadder still—despairing—grew his men,  
 And as they sailed by Cuba's western shore,  
 Some cried—"We'll land, and sail the sea no  
     more!"  
 And here he paused for rest and fresh supplies,  
 And shelter, too, for winds began to rise.  
 The natives brought delicious fruits, and maize,  
 Cassava bread that won the Spaniards' praise,  
 And wine fermented in Apollo's rays,  
 And danced in groves, and sweet areytos sung,  
 While to their guests they tendered vestals, young.  
 Some fain would there have lingered out their lives,  
 And chosen island beauties for their wives,  
 But sails were spread for Hayti's isle anew,—  
 And all to Cuba bade a long adieu,—  
 Yet though, to reach it, hard Columbus strove,  
 The barks, the winds and currents, backward drove  
 While fast they leaked as if their end was near.  
 "We sink! we sink!" the crews exclaimed in fear.



Columbus knew the peril great indeed,  
And he was forced the warning words to heed,  
And in despair of reaching Hayti's shore,  
His sinking ships—before the wind—he wore.\*  
He steered for land—the nearest he could see.  
Jamaica showed her mountains on his lee,  
And ere they foundered, lo! he gained the strand,  
And saw in this, an all-protecting hand.  
Not where he landed first, howe'er, he stayed,  
But southward sailed, and found a lovely glade,  
That opened on a small, sequestered bay,  
Where once, in days before, his squadron lay,  
And which Port San Glor-i-a, then, was named—  
A charming spot by hills, and woodland framed—  
A welcome prospect to his anxious eye—  
With mountains in the distance looming high:  
And there with speed the caravels were beached.  
“Thank God,” he cried, “that land again is  
reached!  
I feel that this by Providence is willed!”  
Up to their decks the ships were water-filled.  
There side by side the shattered hulls were cast.  
“To this we've come,” the many said—“at last!”  
And cursed the fate that led them e'er from home,  
Through seas unknown, and savage lands, to roam.  
Each bark became a castle in the sea—  
A sight the natives wondered much to see—  
And huts were built astern, and at the prows,  
From palm-leaves, reeds, and twisted cedar boughs;  
And guns were placed, the shore to best com-  
mand,  
And all the crews were ordered ne'er to land,

---

\* To wear a ship is to put her on the other tack, with her stern to windward.

Save when, and where, they won their chief's as-  
 sent,  
 Or on some errand to the isle were sent,  
 For these, 'twas known, to reckless deeds were  
 prone,  
 And heedless grown of rights, except their own.  
 An Indian brand might wrap the wrecks in flames,  
 And then farewell to life, and all its aims ;  
 For how could few 'mid hostile hosts survive ?  
 'Twere vain against the multitude to strive.

## XXVIII.

Rude, roaring winds were hushed, and all was  
 calm—  
 A change that brought the weary wand'ers balm.  
 The palm-trees waved again before their view  
 Beneath a sky of deep, unruffled blue.  
 The sea stretched molten-gold-like far away,  
 And—save themselves—the world around was gay.  
 Bananas with their bountiful supplies,  
 And plantains, emeraldine in their dyes,  
 In rich profusion met their hungry eyes.  
 Bright waving fields of ripe and yellow maize  
 Shone in the fiery sun's pellucid rays,  
 And cocoa-nuts and pomegranates, hung  
 From branches where melodiously sung  
 The golden oriole, and tropeo—  
 With notes now swelling loud, now sweet and  
 low.  
 The fig, and ceiba, lordly branches spread,  
 While parrots golden, green, and flaming red  
 With idle chatter filled the fragrant air,  
 And sportive monkeys gambolled ev'rywhere.  
 Here, too, the stately date-tree cast its shade,  
 And with its wealth of leaf the zephyrs played ;

The mango, side by side, its fruit displayed ;  
The cactus grew beneath, in bloom arrayed ;  
The cherimoya bore its tempting load,  
And the sispero lesser riches showed ;  
And granadillas here and there were seen  
Amid the forest's crimson, gold and green—  
As bright as pictured fairy-land the scene :  
And, best of all, the savage proved a friend,  
Who offered aid—where'er he could—to lend,  
And brought his guests the richest island fruits,  
And fowl, and fish, and appetizing roots.  
In turn, Columbus gave him beads of glass,  
And hooks, and knives, and combs, and bells of  
brass,  
More priceless to barbaric eyes than gems,  
Though bright as e'er were seen in diadems.  
But scanty grew, ere long, the isle's supplies,  
And Diego Mendez—ripe for enterprise—  
Cried out—"I'll range the land from end to end,  
And cause the chiefs whate'er we need to send,  
Not only now, but while we linger here,  
For Nature gives to all the best of cheer,  
And at her banquet why should mortals pine ?  
Give me but trinkets, and the help Divine !"  
Columbus said—"A truly brave design !  
Success attend thee, Mendez, on thy way,  
And God restore thee to this tranquil bay."  
So Mendez—who in peril found delight—  
Invoking Him to nerve his arm with Might,  
Set out to traverse regions wild, and new—  
Where all was picturesque that met the view.  
Three comrades shared his pilgrimage awhile,  
And all they saw upon them seemed to smile,  
While each cazique with all he wished complied—  
To hunt, and fish, and gather fruits, and grain,  
And send them daily to the sons of Spain,

And make—when needed—sweet cassava bread.  
 From chief to chief intrepid Mendez sped,  
 And fearless as a native of attack,  
 He one by one dispatched his comrades back  
 To tell Columbus how his course had run,  
 And what achievements he—in peace—had won.  
 Then on he went—exploring still—alone  
 Through regions wild the white man ne'er had  
     known,  
 And nightly swung his hammock in the trees,  
 And slept as one who felt his mind at ease.  
 At length he reached the island's eastern coast,  
 And had the chief Ameero for his host—  
 A mighty monarch in his people's eyes.  
 His advent here occasioned glad surprise,  
 And round him danced, disporting, naked throngs,  
 Who beat their drums, and sang inspiring songs.  
 Ameero vowed devotion, like the rest,  
 And welcomed Mendez warmly from the West,  
 And promised, daily, fresh supplies to send,  
 And by his actions prove himself a friend,  
 Though he was at Jamaica's eastern end.  
 He with the stranger made exchange of names,\*  
 And in his honor played the native games.  
 He sold him, too, a royal war canoe,  
 And manned it with a lithe athletic crew  
 Before whose stroke it o'er the waters flew.  
 Then to Ameero, Mendez bade adieu,  
 And—homeward-bound—went gliding by the shore,  
 And to his comrades, what they sighed for, bore—  
 Of esculents a ripe, and tempting store.  
 Columbus led the acclamations, loud,  
 And cried,—“Hurrah! of Mendez Spain is proud!”

---

\* This was a token of brotherhood among the Indians.

Henceforward—daily—natives came, in file,  
With all the choicest products of the isle,  
And gewgaws, in return, Columbus gave,  
Which won, alike, the heart of belle, and brave.

XXIX.

His dismal plight Columbus pondered o'er,  
And longed for means to flee the island shore.  
No passing sail he e'er could hope to see  
In that untraversed, just discovered, sea.  
The caravels could no escape afford,  
For through each board the busy worms had  
bored,  
And Hayti's isle—full forty leagues away—  
Across a gulf with changing currents, lay.  
The fickle natives soon might be his foes,  
And seeming friendship mask intended blows.  
A burning brand the vessels might consume,  
And seal his own, and all his comrades' doom.  
He thought of Mendez, and his war canoe,  
And knew him to his cause, and country true,  
And hopeful, as he dwelt upon it, grew.  
He turned to Mendez, speaking thus the while—  
“Upon our lot Jehovah yet will smile,  
And lead us safely from this savage isle.  
Our only craft is now thy great canoe.  
Who will, in this, a deed heroic do?  
And sail from hence to San Domingo port,  
The tidings of disaster to report,  
And send a ship to bear us all away?  
For such a hero let us kneel and pray.”  
“Señor, I know our danger,” he replied,  
“But shipwrecked men would rather here abide  
Than court, in such a way, a wat'ry grave.  
Who does it must, indeed, be truly brave!”



"What say you, Mendez, if I name the man  
 Who thus the gulf of forty leagues can span?"  
 And as he spoke Columbus made a sign:—  
 "His name, my trusty friend, I know is thine!"  
 "Señor," said Mendez, as he humbly bowed,  
 "I feel of such distinction rightly proud;  
 And oft, as well you know, I've peril braved,  
 And life, perchance, by strong exertions saved,  
 Yet God, in mercy, still my life preserved,  
 And blessings gave that I but ill deserved.  
 But envy always follows swift renown,  
 And some would drag from laurelled brows the  
 crown.

Success engenders hatred in the mean,  
 And fills aspiring rivals with chagrin:  
 And thus it is that I, so meek, and low,  
 Have in the camp for ev'ry friend a foe.  
 Men hate me for the good that I have done,  
 Since I, in doing such, achievements won.  
 I will not, then, say I will do the deed,  
 For jealousy—believe me—that would feed.  
 First ask my comrades which of these will go.  
 If all refuse my answer you shall know.  
 But mark you this—I'll risk my life for you,  
 And deem it but my duty so to do."  
 All hands were on the morrow called, and lo!  
 Not one but to the question answered "No,"  
 Save Diego Mendez who advancing said—  
 "Not I of such an enterprise have dread.  
 One life alone, on earth, have I to lose,  
 And I may save the lives of all the crews.  
 I'll gladly strive to serve my fellow-men,—  
 And may I live to do it o'er again,—  
 And God protect me in the daring task.  
 His blessing is the greatest boon I ask."



XXX.

From Need—its parent—thus Invention grew,  
 And Diego Mendez eyed his war-canoe,  
 And vowed in this his simple Indian ark  
 On succor bent, for Hayti, he'd embark.  
 He rigged it with a single mast, and sail;  
 And weather-boards, surmounted by a rail,  
 He nailed along the curving bow and stern;  
 And, then, to guard against its overturn  
 He gave it what it lacked, a cutter's keel,  
 And named it *Isabella of Castile*.  
 For eight in all he sent on board supplies—  
 A native crew would aid the enterprise—  
 And coated it—to strengthen it—with tar,  
 And placed on board—in case of need—a spar.  
 A comrade, then, said—"With you I will go,  
 For more than one, at times, we two may know."  
 Six stalwart natives manned the fragile boat.  
 The while Columbus to Ovando wrote,  
 And much his own and comrades' lot deplored,  
 And help from whosoe'er could help implored.  
 "Give aid," said he, "my shipwrecked crews to save,  
 Or in Jamaica's isle behold their grave;"  
 And letters, too, he wrote to friends in Spain,  
 And told the story eloquent with pain,  
 Beseeching help in this his time of need.  
 "May King, and Queen," he penned, "their servant  
     heed,  
 And God protect us in this savage land,  
 And lead us, ere we die, to Hayti's strand,"  
 While—hopeful still—he spoke of great designs,  
 And of Ver-a-gwa's vast, and ancient mines,  
 Whence Solomon extracted wealth in gold  
 To build the Temple great in times of old.

To these again ere long he'd take his course,  
 And overwhelm the native tribes with force,  
 And, guided by the Omnipresent hand,  
 Reap all the treasure of a country grand—  
 O'er which the Andes rose sublimely high  
 As if to learn the secrets of the sky.  
 Imagination bore him far away,  
 And still he lived in dreams of bright Cathay  
 Though shipwrecked thus on such a lonely isle—  
 With careworn face that seldom showed a smile—  
 Racked by disease, and broken down by toil.  
 'Twas strange he yearned for rest far less than  
 moil.

## XXXI.

Columbus gave to Mendez all he'd penned,  
 And then embraced him warmly as a friend,  
 While both in broken accents cried—"Adieu!"  
 All eyes were bent upon the lone canoe  
 As in the distance less, and less, it grew  
 Till—far away—it vanished from the view,  
 Involved in sea, and sky, divinely blue.  
 All hearts were with it on the trackless deep,  
 And men unused to tears were seen to weep,  
 While prayers for Mendez rose to ev'ry lip—  
 "God spare his light canoe, and send a ship."  
 They watched him long—in thought—upon the  
 way,  
 And for his welfare prayed from day to day.  
 For fifteen days the bark had been at sea  
 When some one cried—"A speck I yonder see!"  
 And soon in sight the little craft appeared.  
 All gazed in wonder, and disaster feared.  
 Alone, and crewless, Mendez toward them steered,  
 And as he neared the shore his comrades cheered.

He told of capture, and escape, a tale  
Which made Columbus as he heard it quail.  
Far as Jamaica's end his craft had gone,  
And there some evil spirit lured him on,  
For seeking rest, and plenty, on the shore—  
Which Summer's garb through all the seasons wore—  
A host of red men seized himself, and crew.  
He feared he'd much in landing there to rue.  
They led them to a green sequestered glade  
Where hosts in paint, and feathers, were arrayed,  
And Mendez with his comrade, knelt, and prayed.  
He saw a chieftain's daughter, young and fair,  
Reclining in a swinging hammock there,  
And begged her to her father to appeal  
To set him free—a sailor of Castile,  
And paid a graceful tribute to her charms  
By winding wire around her splendid arms.  
She pleaded with her father, but in vain,  
And Mendez saw her bosom heave with pain,  
When to his ear the tidings she conveyed.  
He grew despondent—of his fate afraid—  
And—like his comrade—dreading mortal strife,  
He sought to win the maiden for his wife.  
That night she guided Mendez to the shore,  
And bade him leave, nor e'er approach it more.  
He wished her, tenderly, a long adieu,  
And all alone set out in his canoe,  
Nor of his comrade e'er he heard again,  
But oft he thought of lovely Yerri-yen.\*

XXXII.

"'Tis not in me," said Mendez, "to despair  
While strength remains disaster to repair.

---

\* The chieftain's daughter.

Once more I'll strive to Hayti's coast to sail,  
 Nor fault of mine will make the effort fail."  
 'Twas then an expedition, new, was planned,  
 With Mendez, and Fiesco, in command,  
 And two canoes, each well equipped and manned,  
 Began their journey to the distant land,  
 Along the shore escorted on their way  
 By those prepared molesting foes to slay;  
 But none were met, and so the guard returned,  
 When they no more the speeding skiffs discerned.  
 They watched with anxious eyes those fading  
     arks,  
 More precious than a thousand freighted barks.  
 As Cæsar, and his fortunes, dear were they,  
 And prayers pursued them as they passed away.

## XXXIII.

Twelve sons of Spain, and twenty Indian braves  
 In these canoes were borne across the waves,  
 Each with a calabash—the native ewer—  
 Filled up with Nature's nectar—water, pure,  
 Cassava bread, too, made by nut-brown hands—  
 The staff of life in these barbaric lands.  
 The wind—at first propitious—died away,  
 And in a calm the glitt'ring ocean lay.  
 The sunlight blazed upon the wat'ry waste  
 As neck, and neck, the tiny vessels raced,  
 The mighty waters bright as burnished brass,  
 And smooth, and clear, and mirror-like as glass.  
 All felt the deep a solitude profound,  
 For silence reigned except the plashing sound  
 Of plying paddles, or some sea-bird's cry  
 As in its languid flight it hovered nigh.  
 'The scorching heat, and too protracted toil,  
 Made all the paddlers from their task recoil,

And one poor Indian sickened soon, and died,  
While o'er his fate his drooping comrades sighed.  
Two days, and nights of weary torture passed,  
And each one thought his doom was near at last.  
No land in sight, no water left to drink.  
Well might the stoutest of the rowers sink.  
Their raging thirst o'ercame them, and they lay  
In anguish, hopeless of another day.

Night came again, when rose the silver moon  
And lustre shed as if to rival noon.  
The watchful Mendez saw a dusky line  
Abruptly rising from the ocean's brine.  
"Land, ho!" he cried in loud, and startling  
tones,  
And shouts of gladness rose o'er feeble moans.  
New life was into dying men infused,  
Who started from their fevered dreams confused,  
When on the air there rang that welcome cry.  
They rose again from where they'd sank to die—  
With hope renewed—to labor as before  
Though weak, and gasping, till they reached the  
shore,  
And all night long each feebly plied his oar.  
Then when, at morn, the rugged strand was gained  
From signs of joy not one of all refrained.  
For water—water—ev'ry tongue was raised,  
And ev'ry Spaniard saint and Virgin praised,  
Yet where the bubbling nectar kissed the rock  
Some perished, as they quaffed, beneath the shock,  
So deeply of the sparkling stream they drank.  
Too much they drew from mother Nature's bank.  
'Twas but a barren spot—Navassa's isle—  
A treeless waste that covered scarce a mile,  
But fish in shells were scattered o'er the shore,  
And starving men had need of little more,

For crabs, and turtles, made a rich repast  
 On which to break their long-protracted fast.  
 There Hayti's distant mountains met the view  
 Like pencilled lines against the vault of blue.  
 Eight leagues away the isle they longed for lay  
 Resplendent in the golden beams of day,  
 And, with delight reflected in their eyes,  
 They turned them upward to the beaming skies,  
 And moved their lips in soul-communing prayer,  
 And thanked Jehovah for his guiding care.  
 At eve again they ventured on their way,  
 And—on the morrow—in a sheltered bay—  
 On Hayti's beach they saw the ripples play.  
 The natives gave them all a welcome, kind,  
 And some with these to linger felt resigned.  
 'Twas by Tiburon's Cape they trod the land—  
 With San Domingo on the northern strand,  
 And nigh four hundred miles of sea between,  
 Whose waters in the shallows turned to green.  
 "To San Domingo we'll at once repair,"  
 Said Mendez to his comrades gathered there,  
 But these replied they'd linger there awhile  
 Ere they so far began to skirt the isle :  
 So all alone, excepting friendly braves,  
 He ventured forth, to strive with winds, and  
 waves.

Across a changeful, and capricious, sea  
 Before the wind, careering fresh, and free,  
 For eighty leagues, ne'er pausing once, he sailed,  
 And landing, then, was like a prince regaled.  
 But tidings there the Spaniard heard with pain,  
 Which made him turn abruptly from the main.  
 Ovando had from San Domingo gone.  
 To Zaragwa—with troops—he'd hurried on,  
 And, o'er the mountains, onward Mendez sped,  
 By love of fame, and noble purpose, led.



XXXIV.

He traversed grove on grove of splendid trees—  
Through which, in whispers, spoke the plaintive  
breeze—

And breathed their fragrant odors with delight ;  
He watched the heron in its soaring flight,  
Till like a speck it seemed against the sky,  
While pelicans, as grandly, sailed on high.  
He ploughed his way through seas of living  
green,

Where, until then, the white man ne'er had been ;—  
Where ivy climbed the cedar, and the beech,  
And plum, and guava, grew within his reach ;—  
Where mandarin, and papaw vied with these  
As if, in rivalry, his taste to please ;—  
Where mammees with the spicy citron grew,  
And ceibas spread their summits to the view,  
With wealth of green, on lofty stems, and strong,  
And from whose branches came some warbler's  
song :—

Where oleanders, grouped together, bloomed,  
And with their petals, gay, the air perfumed ;—  
Where bread—the fruit—and cactus proffered food  
To all who wandered through this solitude,  
And where bananas—for a season born—\*  
With purple buds, like poppies in the corn—  
Exposed their clusters to the blushing morn ;—  
Where palm-trees with their silvered stems arose,  
Their crowns beneath the heavens to expose ;—  
Where tow'ring pines were first to meet the sun—  
Each by its fringe of needles overrun—  
And the palmetto sought the shade to shun ;—

---

\* The banana is an annual.

Where aloes flourished in the leafy dells—  
 With myrtles, jessamines, and chaparells;  
 Where shadows by magnolias were thrown—  
 Each one a graceful figure, viewed alone—  
 Their blossoms of a white and yellow hue—  
 Their leaves dark green, and smooth and glossy,  
 too—

Contrasting with the pomegranate's red,  
 On which, with sweetness, humming-birds were fed;  
 Where, chestnut-like, the mango-tree was seen,  
 Its leafy masses touched with golden sheen,  
 And buds, with dyes of orange, purple, green;—  
 Where the sapota bore its russet load,  
 And calabashes pendent globelets showed;—  
 Where drooping tamarinds, their pods revealed,  
 And in their branches paroquets concealed,  
 While, here and there, the mournful cypress threw  
 A frown upon the landscape, where it grew;—  
 Where the convolvulus, with flowers, white,  
 Made lifeless trunks—once forest monarchs—  
 bright,

And petas and fantastic orchids bloomed  
 On mammoth date and fig trees—thus fore-  
 doomed;—

Where, dancing in the wind, rich blossoms flamed,  
 And, laughing in the sunlight, they proclaimed  
 The gladness of the bland, prolific clime,  
 Which knew no season, but the summer-time;—  
 Where reeds, their graceful heads, in thickets, bent,  
 And apple-roses filled the air with scent;—  
 Where mangroves, white, their chalices displayed,  
 And mangoes in their glory were arrayed,  
 While gaudy birds, and drowsy insects played  
 Among the flowers in the leafy glade;—  
 Where gorgeous tints the undergrowth bedecked,  
 And water-lilies, ponds and rivers flecked;—

Where Nature revelled in her richest hues,  
And man was free her varied gifts to use ;—  
Where parrots chattered, idly, all the day,  
And monkeys gambolled in their sportive play ;—  
Where roamed, awide, the red and dappled deer,  
And fish disported in the waters clear ;—  
Where night was lustrous, with a light divine ;—  
Where else could moon, and stars, so brightly  
    shine,  
And with such lights, and shadows, drape the land,  
And make the prospect so superbly grand ?  
Where tall flamingoes—bright with scarlet—flew,  
And golden orioles were prone to sue  
For honey where the honeysuckles grew ; —  
Where mocking-birds, in melody, were heard,  
And cardinals their music, piped, and whirred,  
While scenes of wild enchantment seemed to lie  
Before the rapt, amazed, and wand'ring eye.  
Alas ! that war e'er ravaged such a scene,  
Where all, but man, was peaceful and serene.

XXXV.

Alone, afoot, he travelled fifty leagues,  
Undaunted by his perils, and fatigues.  
Through forests, wild, and over mountains, vast,  
He bravely on his journey swiftly passed,  
And reached Ovando's warlike camp at last.  
All wondered at such daring enterprise,  
And looked on Mendez with unfeigned surprise.  
“ I come,” said he, “ my comrades, wrecked, to save !  
Jamaica's isle may soon become their grave ! ”  
Ovando's greeting proved exceeding kind,  
As if to win his hearer he designed.  
He much deplored the squadron's hapless end,  
And promised to Columbus aid to send ;

But days, and weeks, and months passed slowly by—  
 While Mendez o'er his comrades oft would sigh—  
 And still no ship to save Columbus sailed.  
 To keep his word Ovando basely failed,  
 And in delay his pleasure seemed to find—  
 Hate in his breast, and envy in his mind—  
 While Mendez still petitioned at his side,  
 Yet all in vain to help his comrades tried.  
 To San Domingo he would fain have gone—  
 For sixty leagues to him were all as one—  
 Had not Ovando his consent declined,  
 Nor for his course a reason e'er assigned.  
 At length he said to Mendez—"You are free  
 To journey, as you will, to reach the sea,"  
 And Mendez on to San Domingo strode,  
 Though rugged mountains lay along the road,  
 And angry natives lurked, and wandered there.  
 His errand, not the danger, was his care.  
 Six months, and more, in pleading he had spent,  
 And, now, resolved that succor should be sent.

## XXXVI.

Inaction tired Ovando in the end,  
 And hard he found it malice to defend.  
 Nigh eight long, weary months had ebb'd away,  
 And still the shipwrecked crews neglected lay.  
 So he dispatched a ship to spy the shore :—  
 Thus much to do, and then return—no more,  
 A pardoned rebel o'er her in command,  
 Whose orders were on no pretence to land.  
 Ovando's mind by war was much engrossed,  
 But he—in secret—hoped Jamaica's coast  
 Would to Columbus prove a final bourn,  
 Where he might die, from home, and country torn,  
 And of his greatness, by misfortune shorn—

The while pretending to revere his name,  
And take delight in his unrivalled fame.

XXXVII.

Time wore away on lone Jamaica's shore,  
While anxious eyes the ocean wandered o'er,  
But naught—except its waters—met the view.  
No sail was seen, no speeding war-canoe,  
And some to hope of succor bade adieu.  
In mind, and body, sick, Columbus lay,  
To mental pangs, and fleshly pains, a prey,  
While fell disease around him havoc wrought,  
And days, and nights, but care, and sorrow,  
brought.  
Thus discontent was fostered more and more,  
And some, in wrath, to flee Columbus swore,  
And then, rebelling, fanned the flame of strife,  
While on the wreck he led a stormy life.

XXXVIII.

Francisco Porras swaggered to the front,  
Prepared Columbus boldly to confront.  
He of a caravel had held command,  
But now aspired to lead a rebel band.  
He cried—"I journey—comrades—to Castile!  
Why suffer woe when we can flee to weal?  
Let all who wish for freedom with me come,  
But those who tarry rest forever dumb!  
'Tis not for us to linger here to die  
While we to lands evangelized can fly,  
And death to him—Columbus—if he strives  
To thwart us in this effort for our lives.  
Are we to be dependent on his pains?  
Are his infirmities to be our chains?"

Ah ! no, the ocean summons us away.  
 'Twould folly be another day to stay.  
 To hope for Mendez to return is vain.  
 Columbus careth not to visit Spain,  
 So crippled here we'll let the dog remain.  
 Has he not brought misfortune on us all,  
 And horrors that both harrow, and appall ?  
 Why, then, should we obey the despot's call ?  
 Ovando no relief will hither send,  
 And here—perchance—his life will reach its end.  
 This forest food on which we barely live,  
 The health and strength of manhood cannot give,  
 Although such diet well the savage suits.  
 We were not born to vegetate on fruits.  
 Castile will greet us with extended arms,  
 And Seville will reveal again her charms.  
 Fonseca, and his Majesty, the King,  
 Our praises—not our punishment—will sing.  
 We've ten canoes and ample stores beside.  
 Don Christoval already we've defied.  
 All who would join us must at once decide ! ”  
 Then fiercely he advanced upon his chief,  
 And called him of their liberties the thief,  
 Though by that chief befriended oftentime.  
 Thus Porras added insolence to crime.

Columbus in his cabin on the wreck  
 Lay sick, and sad, when at their leader's beck  
 The mutineers advanced along the deck.  
 With brandished arms, his name the knaves de-  
     famed,  
 And toward him some would e'en have missiles aimed.  
 But, then, Bartholomew Columbus rose,  
 And bade defiance to his brother's foes,  
 And threatened vengeance on the mutineers,  
 Who'd yet repent in blood if not in tears.



Awed by his boldness on the side of Right  
They shrank abashed, regardless of their might,  
And with their plunder—forty-eight were they—  
In war-canoes were swiftly borne away.  
“Perfidious Spaniards,” cried Bartholomew,  
“Erelong ye’ll all this base desertion rue !”  
But few except the sick were left behind,  
And to their fortunes these were ill resigned,  
For death seemed nearer now than e’er before,  
And some despaired of rescue evermore.  
’Twas then, Columbus in their midst appeared,  
And drooping hearts with words of comfort cheered.

XXXIX.

Along the isle the rebels eastward cruised  
And all the savage yielded they abused,  
And warned him of Columbus to beware,  
Who meditated only to ensnare.  
They put to sea, for Hayti’s island bound,  
But Fortune on the desperadoes frowned.  
High winds, and waves assailed them on their  
way,  
And all, in fear of death, began to pray,  
And backward turned, each trembling with dismay.  
They in the ocean cast their native crews,  
Excepting those that guided the canoes,  
And league on league they swam with pleading  
eyes,  
And uttered, now and then, appealing cries,  
Till one by one they sank in Death’s embrace.  
Eighteen thus perished of their noble race.  
Some in their dying moments grasped canoes,  
Reluctant still their ebbing lives to lose,  
But with their swords the Spaniards mangled these  
Till they were swept beneath the foaming seas.

No stronger swimmers e'er were seen than they,  
 But far away their native island lay.  
 All save their arms the Spaniards flung away,  
 So much they feared their shallow skiffs would  
     sink.  
 They felt themselves on Hell's appalling brink :  
 But they were spared again to reach the isle,  
 And by their actions prove their natures vile.

## XL.

A month ashore, and winds again were fair,  
 And bright the skies, and clear the balmy air.  
 Once more they launched their skiffs upon the  
     deep,  
 Which seemed in summer indolence to sleep,  
 And bidding to the land a long adieu,  
 They vanished, in the distance, from the view :  
 But winds that erst were gentle, wildly blew,  
 And, as before, they hurried back to shore, \*  
 And vowed they ne'er would tempt the ocean more.  
 Then they Jamaica ravaged far and wide,  
 And still Columbus recklessly defied.  
 Despairing of escape to other lands,  
 In ruthless deeds they joined unholy hands.

## XLI.

Still on the wreck Columbus passed his days,  
 Subsisting on the scanty fruits, and maize,  
 Which to the camp were now, but seldom brought,  
 Though as before, with trinkets these were bought.  
 He famine saw approaching by degrees,  
 And all his comrades felt but ill at ease.  
 The natives wearied of his lengthy stay,  
 And asked him, more than once, to sail away,

But he besought them ne'er to prove unkind,  
For they in him a friend would ever find—  
And told them of the God who reigned on high,  
And ruled the sun, and planets in the sky ;—  
A God who on their course began to frown,  
And could, whene'er He willed it, cut them down.  
Fire, pestilence and famine he would send  
If they refused before His throne to bend,  
Or failed with food His servants to supply.  
That very night the moon her light would hide,  
If they, to them, whate'er they had denied—  
A prelude to the terrors of His rage,  
A wrath, once kindled, they might ne'er assuage.  
That night he knew, the moon's eclipse was due,  
But kept his knowledge from their mental view.  
Some o'er this grave prediction fear expressed,  
But more—derisive—deemed it all a jest,  
Yet all awaited, anxiously, the night.  
The full moon burst in splendor on their sight,  
And when they saw a shadow o'er it steal,  
Which threatened soon its lustre to conceal—  
While sea, and land, alike, in darkness lay—  
They shuddered with pulsations of dismay ;  
And felt Columbus great indeed in might,  
Who thus could move the moon to hide its light.  
Mysterious Nature filled them with affright ;  
And rushing to Columbus, bearing food—  
As if by demons of the night pursued—  
They prayed him to avert their threatened doom,  
And let the moon again the earth illumine.  
Their howls, and supplications rent the air,  
And cries arose that savored of despair,  
For as the darkness o'er them deeper grew  
The louder, in their terror, they would sue.  
They promised all Columbus could desire,  
And ne'er again of bringing food to tire.

At length, when the eclipse was nearly o'er,  
 Columbus went among them on the shore,  
 And said—"If ye but vow to sin no more  
 The great Creator will forgive ye all.  
 But woe to ye if ere from grace ye fall.  
 He bids the moon again with light to shine.  
 In her of Mercy mark the sign Divine!"  
 Then slowly as they gazed the darkness fled,  
 And o'er the earth the moon her lustre shed,  
 And with the obscuration vanished dread.  
 In awe they thanked Columbus for his aid,  
 And pledges, here, of daily tribute made.  
 No more the camp of famine lived in fear.  
 The willing natives brought the best of cheer,  
 And seemed Columbus, humbly, to revere.  
 The stratagem so witty, yet so wise,  
 Brought tears of gladness to his comrades' eyes,  
 And changed, perchance, the fate for all in  
     store  
 On that delightful but barbaric shore.

## XLII.

Eight long, and weary months had passed away,  
 And oft, for help, Columbus knelt to pray:  
 But still no tidings came from o'er the sea.—  
 He feared that Mendez, more, he ne'er would  
     see,  
 That he, so faithful, so resolved, and brave,  
 In ocean found a vanquished hero's grave.  
 What, now, to cheer his lonely lot remained?  
 What fate had God for him, and his, ordained?  
 What, now, was left to feed the flame of hope?  
 In hopeless gloom he seemed at times to grope;  
 But, though his heart with sorrow felt oppressed,  
 Still hope returned, anew to warm his breast.

Though Fortune proved capricious, and unkind.  
He yet in God could consolation find.  
Who knew but He all this for good designed?  
Fresh discontents among his crews were rife,  
And threatened, soon, to culminate in strife.  
At length one eve a swelling sail was seen,  
Touched with the sinking sun's caressing sheen.  
A shout of joy arose from both the wrecks,  
And all on board gazed wildly from the decks.  
"At last!—at last!—comes Mendez!" was the cry.  
"We're saved! we're saved! Jamaica, now, good-  
by!  
Thank Father, Son and Holy Ghost, on High!"  
And men embraced each other in their joy,  
And prayed aloud, and shouted—"Ship ahoy!"  
And in their gladness wept, and laughed, and sung,  
While old men felt the ardor of the young,  
And frenzy seemed to mingle with their bliss.  
"How great," they cried, "a happiness is this!  
Adieu! Jamaica's shores—again adieu!"  
No bounds their transports in those moments knew.  
"A boat!—a boat!" and from the vessel's side—  
With rowers manned—a skiff was seen to glide.  
All eyes were strained to scan the faces there,  
To find Fiesco, dark, and Mendez, fair,  
But all in vain they searched the boat for these.  
Yet Escobar \* was seated there at ease.

Columbus strove to hide his great chagrin,  
For Escobar had once a rebel been—  
Of Roldan's band a leader long before—  
Who for Columbus only hatred bore—  
One who had been condemned by him to die,  
And dangle from a fortress gibbet, high,

---

\* Diego de Escobar, the captain of the caravel.



But who was set by Bobadilla free.  
 It pained him, here, so great a foe to see.  
 An omen 'bad was this from o'er the sea.  
 When Escobar drew near the stranded wrecks  
 He seemed to strive Columbus still to vex,  
 And toward him from Ovando letters threw;  
 Then, in his boat some paces back withdrew,  
 And thus addressed his former chief aloud:—  
 " Señor, to step ashore I'm not allowed,  
 Nor have I come to bear your crews away.  
 Ovando much regrets this long delay,  
 And o'er your great misfortune feels concern,  
 And more than Mendez told, from you would learn.  
 No ship, till now, to hither send had he,  
 Nor one as yet can take you o'er the sea,  
 For mine is small, and larger craft you need:  
 But when a fitting vessel comes from Spain  
 He'll for your service gladly that retain,  
 And send it freighted to Jamaica's shore,  
 And trust he'll meet you with your troubles o'er.  
 He bids me say in Hayti all is well,  
 And he has battled long revolt to quell.  
 If, in reply, you've aught to him to write  
 Pray write at once, for I return to-night.  
 Ovando sends as gift to thee, and thine  
 A flitch of bacon, and a cask of wine!"  
 Such paltry gifts to men by want oppressed,  
 But mocked distress, and turned their woes to jest.  
 'Twas cruel, too, to hither send a bark,  
 And, then refuse to let a soul embark.  
 To tantalize Ovando surely meant,  
 Or ne'er he'd thus a caravel have sent.  
 But in reply, in haste, Columbus wrote,  
 And threw his message in the waiting boat.  
 Therein he told his peril, and his needs;—  
 Of Porras, and his comrades' evil deeds;



And prayed that speedy succor might arrive.  
Till then against his troubles he would strive.  
He asked for Mendez, and Fiesco, grace,  
And felt a tear upon his furrowed face.  
The boat rejoined the waiting caravel,  
Whose sails, again the breeze began to swell,  
And, in the dying day's declining light,  
She eastward sailed, and, soon, was lost to sight.

XLIII.

Dejection, consternation and surprise,  
Were pictured in the shipwrecked Spaniards' eyes.  
"Why left us thus," they asked, "the caravel?"  
Columbus sought suspicion to dispel,  
And hid the truth, and said that all was well,  
And, soon, a ship would bear them all away,  
Till which—their faithful friend—he'd with them  
    stay ;  
For danger in their rising anger lay,  
And fresh revolt might lead to—who could say ?  
His words of cheer fell soft as healing balm,  
And stormy signs subsided into calm,  
While, in the sense that all their wants were known,  
The star of Hope, again, with lustre shone.  
The plotted insurrection died unborn.  
Though dark the night, beyond it lay the morn.

XLIV.

The paths of peace Columbus loved to tread,  
And felt of strife a more than Christian dread ;  
And hard, and long, he'd coped with Indian braves,  
And harder still with Andalusian knaves,  
To shield from bloodshed, and disastrous ends,  
And turn his foes, whene'er he could, to friends.

The rebels still, with Porras in command—  
 A reckless horde—were prowling o'er the land,  
 And these he, now, by mercy, sought to win,  
 Though they were steeped in enmity, and sin.  
 Yet some, he knew, were tired of lawless life,  
 And longed for peace instead of anxious strife.  
 He sent to tell them of the caravel,  
 And how all, now, bade fair to prosper well,  
 And offered, freely, pardon, for the past ;  
 But Porras, and his comrades, knew their crimes,  
 For they had been offenders oftentimes,  
 And, evil in themselves, distrusted him.  
 They saw a snare, or at the best a whim.  
 The proffered boon the reckless Porras spurned,  
 And, speaking thus, he to his fellows turned :—  
 " A trick ! a trick ! No caravel, I ween,  
 Has here, from Hayti, since the wreck been seen.  
 Behold, Columbus fears us more and more,  
 And plots our capture, eager after gore ;  
 But we of him a captive, soon, will make,  
 And from the ships whate'er he has we'll take.  
 Come, let us march, and quickly, to the deed !  
 Not more success does courage win than speed."

This bold and base design Columbus knew  
 Before the rebel gang appeared in view,  
 But too infirm himself to take the field,  
 He sent his brother there his sword to wield,  
 Yet first to strive to win them from their course,  
 And only when compelled, resort to force :  
 And with him fifty of his bravest went—  
 Men skilled in arms, who knew what battle meant,  
 Though few but showed disease had left them  
     weak,  
 And with its pallor blanched the sunken cheek ;

But they were strong in spirit, and in pride,  
And had the cause of justice on their side.  
Erelong the rebel group appeared in view  
When peace was proffered by Bartholomew,  
But Porras spurned the offer thus renewed,  
And to his men—with brandished sword—hallooed.  
The rascals rushed in fury, to attack,  
But from their foemen, soon, fell reeling back,  
While swords, and lances, in the battle flashed,  
And wildly in the mortal struggle clashed.  
Five lifeless rebels lay upon the plain,  
But not a single patriot was slain.  
Six desperadoes fought Bartholomew,  
And all of these he either maimed, or slew.  
Then Porras cleft his buckler with his sword,  
And so the hand that held it deeply gored.  
But, like a wedge, the shield retained the blade.  
Bartholomew was quick to cry for aid,  
And grappling Porras, threw the traitor low.  
A moment more his captive was the foe.  
The rebels, thus without a leader left,  
Of all their transient courage seemed bereft,  
And in confusion from the victors fled  
Like men in panic overwhelmed with dread.  
The natives, armed, and warlike in their guise,  
Looked on, the while, in horrified surprise,  
But though disposed around in war's array,  
No blow they struck, nor sided in the fray;  
Yet when they saw the bloody battle o'er—  
And while their eyes a look of wonder wore—  
They came to gaze, like ghouls, upon the dead,  
And trod the ground with soft, and stealthy tread.  
The beings they had once immortal deemed—  
So much unlike all other men they seemed—  
They saw were only mortal e'en as they.  
They scanned their wounds, and weapons as they lay,

And marvelled why the Spaniards, Spaniards slew.  
What evil spirit led them so to do ?

## XLV.

Bartholomew, triumphant, left the scene,  
His captives feeling terror, and shagreen,\*  
And with his comrades reached, again, the shore,  
And thanked the Lord, the work of blood was o'er.  
There blessings from Columbus met his ears,  
And in their greeting both were moved to tears.  
The rebel crew, discomfited, forlorn—  
Who promised to be faithful evermore—  
For peace petitioned on the morrow's morn,  
Lamenting all their wickedness of yore—  
The wrongs that they, in penitence, confessed.  
Columbus even these in pity blessed,  
For he was still magnanimous to foes,  
And, hating strife, delighted in repose.  
Thus—saving Porras—all forgiveness won ;  
But he for all the evil he had done  
Was placed in bondage, there his course to rue.  
Thus o'er the False triumphant was the True.

## XLVI.

A year had passed since Mendez left the isle,  
Despair with Hope contending oft the while,  
When lo ! two ships, one morning, hove in sight,  
And filled the crews, again with wild delight.  
From Diego Mendez one, with succor, came,  
The other from Ovando, forced by shame,

---

\* This word may be used according to Noah Webster as the equivalent of *chagrin*.

For even those Columbus deemed his foes,  
In indignation toward his rival rose.

On board the ships, Columbus led the way,  
And, as he raised his banner, knelt to pray,  
While all who followed, like him, kneeling bowed,  
And uttered thanks, in gratitude, aloud.  
The vessels spread their canvas to the breeze,  
And rose, and fell, with undulating seas.  
Columbus waved the islanders adieu,  
And parted as from comrades, tried, and true.  
The mountains in the distance, grand, and blue,  
Reflected from the sky its brighter hue;  
The palm-trees dwindled slowly from the view,  
And less, and less, distinct became the shore,  
Erelong to pass from sight for evermore.

By adverse winds, and ruffling currents foiled,  
The caravels toward San Domingo toiled,  
And five, and forty, days had passed away  
Ere Hayti's form before Columbus lay.  
All beamed with joy, and prayed, and loudly cheered,  
When that bright island's splendid shores appeared.  
They came as if emerging from the grave,  
And hearty welcome San Domingo gave.  
Columbus found that envy, now, was dumb,  
And ancient foes had eager friends become.  
Thus what success had lost, misfortune won.  
And all remembered noble deeds he'd done,  
Forgiving him his glory and renown,  
And weaving sprigs of laurel for his crown.  
Ovando joined the chorus in his praise,  
And eager seemed to deck him, too, with bays.  
He welcomed him with brotherly embrace,  
And uttered vows of friendship to his face,

And took him to his palace to sojourn,  
 While feigning gladness o'er his safe return ;  
 Yet secretly, Ovando cherished hate,  
 And strove but bitter feelings to create.  
 He feared the sway he would himself retain  
 Columbus might—alack-a-day—regain.  
 Yet though so much he pledged himself a friend,  
 He showed a jealous leaning to contend,  
 And set from bondage guilty Porras free.  
 "I claim," said he, "to rule the ocean-sea,  
 And all the isles are subject but to me.  
 Know, then, I'll order Porras back to Spain,  
 But he, from chains, may free the while, remain."  
 Columbus saw the island wrapped in gloom,  
 As solemn, and as sombre, as a tomb.  
 Deep lines of desolation ploughed its face,  
 And ruin he, where'er he turned, could trace,  
 And few were left of its primeval race,  
 Where they had lived in opulence, and ease,  
 And swung in hammocks 'neath the spreading trees,  
 While Nature—lavish—labored but to please.  
 They yielded to oppression, and disease.  
 Five mighty tribes had peopled all the land\*  
 Ere it was ravaged by the Stranger's hand,  
 Yet, save some mournful remnants, here and there,  
 That showed the signs of anguish and despair,  
 And still remained in slavish bonds to toil—  
 The white invaders' broken-hearted spoil,—  
 All, all had vanished to the Spirit realm,  
 Where Evil, Good no more could overwhelm.  
 War, massacre, and famine had, alas !  
 Mowed down a nation as the scythe the grass,  
 And regions where they'd loved, in peace, to dwell,  
 Seemed changed from blissful paradise to hell.

---

\* Namely, those of Higüey, Xaragua, Cigua, Cibao, and the Vega.



The gardens and the villages of yore,  
The blooming valley beautified no more.  
The Vega's splendid levels ran to waste,  
Where once the land the hand of culture graced.  
No more it smiled with waving fields of maize—  
A golden sea in bright Apollo's rays.  
The isle was seared by fierce Invasion's blight,  
And hopeless woe had banished wild delight.  
Like deer the Aborigines were slain—  
The victims of the tyranny of Spain—  
By human fiends, and bloodhounds, hunted down  
Till on the Spaniard Mercy seemed to frown.  
All Hayti cursed Ovando's name aloud,  
For he had wrapped it in a bloody shroud.

XLVII.

The savage in a Sovereign found a friend—  
One always prone to succor, and defend,  
And prompt to shield the weak against the strong,  
One moved to pity by a tale of wrong,  
Whose boast was mercy, dreading only shame—  
The Spanish queen of fair, unsullied, fame.  
When first Columbus sent him forth a slave,  
His freedom, to the Wand'rer back she gave,  
Once more, at will, his native isle to roam,  
Though this had lost its ancient charm of home.  
When Bobadilla made him work the mines,  
And favored ev'ry miscreant's designs—  
And as a beast of burden saw him toil—  
Her heart was quick, with horror, to recoil,  
And in her indignation she exclaimed—  
"Spain feels of Bobadilla's acts ashamed!"  
And then, his freedom from the yoke proclaimed.  
These tidings bore Ovando to the West,  
And gladdened, for awhile, the sore oppressed,

But murmurs rose from all the Spanish throng,  
Who cried—"In freeing him you do us wrong.  
He ne'er will labor, saving when coerced,  
Nor in the Faith, when free, can he be versed!"  
This struck the key-note of the Sovereign's mind,  
Who, though not less in feeling, toward him kind,  
Instruction sanctioned in the Christian creed.  
To whatsoe'er was right the Queen agreed,  
His good alone to be Ovando's guide;  
His needs to be with patient zeal supplied,  
And naught but evil e'er to him denied.  
Empowered thus Ovando stretched the bow,  
And shot the dart that carried endless woe.  
Among the Spaniards he bestowed the race,  
Through them to seek the means of Christian grace;  
For them to labor for their earthly good,  
And in return receive the paltry mite  
That gave their tyrants to their toil a right,  
For tyrants they—the Spaniards—were, indeed,  
Whose lash was cruel, and whose god was Greed.  
Ovando, while pretending only good,  
Made traffic of the island's flesh, and blood.  
Each one became, beneath the yoke, a slave,  
And prematurely hastened to the grave.  
From wives, and children, braves were forced to part,  
And journey to the mountains, sick at heart,  
There, in the mines, to play their slavish part,  
And writhe beneath the whip's correcting smart.  
Exacting labors, and but scanty food,  
Turned vigor into weary lassitude;  
And if the victims fled, to freedom gain  
From toil incessant, and inflicted pain,  
Their brutal keepers hunted them with speed,  
And scourged them till they made their bodies bleed,  
Then loaded them—revoltingly—with chains:—  
And all to swell their aggregate of gains—

To gratify an avaricious thirst.  
Well Las Casas might deem such hounds accursed.  
Too many while they labored sank to die,  
Or slaughtered fell, as they essayed to fly;  
And those who lived their term of labor through,\*  
Oft little more, except to die, could do.  
Their homes, perchance, were eighty leagues away,  
And they had naught to nourish by the way,  
Save roots, or agi, or cassava bread.  
The lengthy journey filled their minds with dread,  
And ere 'twas o'er some slept among the dead—  
Reclining in the shade of spreading trees—  
Or where a brook went babbling to the seas—  
Or, hid away in some secluded nook—  
Or, by the road, with starved, imploring look.  
Death seemed, itself, the tyrants to rebuke.  
Those who survived to reach their homes at last,  
Before deserted places stood aghast—  
Their country ravaged by unholy hands :  
Their wives, and children, fled to other lands,  
Or numbered with the host that went before—  
Whose journey to the Spirit World was o'er,—  
Their fields, neglected, and with weeds o'errun,  
Where harvests once had ripened in the sun.  
What, then, was left them, save to sink and die,  
With none to succor, but with famine nigh,  
Despairing, and exhausted as they were ?  
They found, in desolation, anguish there.  
Some, racked by torture, cut life's slender thread,  
And from a world of woe, and warfare, fled ;  
While women, in their grief, their infants slew,  
And wild with frenzy, born of trouble, grew.

---

\* The term of labor was at first six but afterwards eight months in the year, and the wages were so small as to be almost nominal.

## XLVIII.

Before, in sinking ships—to sail no more—  
 Columbus reached Jamaica's sunny shore,\*  
 Now that the chief of Zaragwa was dead,†  
 Fair Anacoona ruled it in his stead—  
 The sister he had cherished all his days,  
 And wearied ne'er of speaking in her praise ;—  
 The widow of Ca-on-a-bo, the brave,  
 Who chained, and shackled, found a wat'ry  
 grave—  
 The mother of Guevara's hapless bride ;—  
 A righteous ruler, and her country's pride.  
 A plot was whispered in Ovando's ear,  
 Who half in indignation, half in fear,  
 Resolved to strike an unexpected blow,  
 And fill the plains of Zaragwa with woe,  
 The story false, perchance believing true,  
 But eager, still, Satanic work to do.  
 Four hundred men he summoned to his side :—  
 " To Zaragwa," said he " I'll be your guide !"  
 The troops, afoot, were full three hundred strong.  
 The cavalry for carnage seemed to long,  
 Each with his bright cuirass, his lance, and shield,  
 And all in order for the battle-field ;  
 The infantry with arquebuse, and sword,  
 And cross-bow, hanging with the water gourd.  
 Ovando sent a message to the Queen,—  
 From fear of strife the native mind to wean,—  
 And told her he approached her as a friend,  
 And wished all bitter feelings at an end.

---

\* In 1503.

† Behechio, the brother of Anacoona, otherwise written Anacaona, the latter being the widow of the chief Caonabo, and mother of Guevara's bride Higuenamota.

None more than Anacoona strife abhorred,  
Nor would she e'er with Spanish steel have  
warred,  
So unsuspicious of her pending fate,  
She on her coming guest prepared to wait,  
With all the pomp befitting her estate,  
And gathered all the leaders of her land,  
Determined on a welcome, warm, and grand.  
As friends not foes they'd Don Ovando meet,  
Forgetting they'd been crushed with iron feet.  
All hailed the Spaniards with their thrilling songs,  
And surged around them in applauding throngs,  
While comely damsels strewed their path with bays,  
And danced before them with bewitching ways.  
By skilful hands the native games were played,  
And in their honor merriment was made.  
Before Ovando Anocoona bowed,  
And told her friendship to his face aloud,  
While all the best her savage realm supplied,  
She freely gave, nor aught he wished denied.  
Her daughter, too—Guevara's bride—was there,  
And, like her mother, still surpassing fair,  
Lent grace and beauty to the native throne.  
None fairer in the isle, than these, were known.  
The revels of the people lasted days,  
And they, the while, but spoke the Spaniard's praise.  
At length the Sabbath came—a gala day :  
The troops were, then, a joust with reeds to play,  
And all assembled to behold the tilt,  
Ne'er dreaming of Ovando's brooding guilt.  
Ovando's house looked out upon the square,  
And all the native chiefs were gathered there,  
While dusky forms were massed upon the ground,  
And horses pranced, and curvetted around.  
Ovando from a game of quoits advanced,  
And o'er the field, with eye observant, glanced,



And, seeing all his orders were obeyed,  
 The fatal signal—preconcerted—made.  
 A trumpet's blast the slumb'ring echoes woke,  
 And into panic all the gazers broke,  
 For, suddenly, the horsemen charged the mass,  
 And Massacre was rampant there, alas!  
 While all who in Ovando's house were found—  
 Surrounded by the troops afoot—were bound,  
 And then were tortured, treason to confess,  
 And lie beneath the pressure of distress.  
 Thus accusations were, by anguish, wrung  
 From one who died with falsehood on his  
     tongue.

No plot was planned a single blow to strike,  
 Or rob the Spaniards of a single life.  
 Then, when the task of torture had been done,  
 The work of devastation was begun,  
 And burning brands the building wrapped in  
     fire,

And all within were left to there expire.  
 Tied hand and foot they perished in the flame,  
 While Don Ovando gloried in his shame.  
 Full eighty-four caziques were burned alive  
 Ere vanished in the smoke that human hive,  
 And Anacoona's daughter with them died—  
 The damsel who became Guevara's bride.  
 The while the horsemen overran the field  
 Inflicting death, nor quarter they would yield.  
 The multitude, defenceless, mercy sought,  
 But pleading eyes, alas! no mercy brought.  
 The cruel dastards seemed to thirst for blood,  
 And o'er the herbage ran the crimson flood.  
 Not men alone were slaughtered as they fled,  
 But women, and their children, like them bled,  
 And none of all the multitude were spared:  
 One fate the old and young and sexes shared.



No bounds the fury of the Spaniards knew,  
Who, maddened by the carnage, wildly slew,  
Exclaiming "Glory to the Cross and Crown!"  
The horsemen trod the naked masses down,  
And hacked with swords, and gashed them with their  
spears,  
While cries of anguish filled their callous ears.  
The wretch Ovando watched the havoc spread,  
Till all the field was reeking o'er with dead,  
Without a gleam of pity in his eye.  
He, with his victims, well deserved to die.  
Those who escaped the massacre were few,  
And found a refuge in a great canoe,  
Which bore them to an island leagues away,  
But when the Spaniards saw their paddles play,  
They followed to Guanbo in pursuit,  
And hunted man as man would hunt a brute.  
By horse, and foot, the country through was ranged—  
A region now—alas!—so sadly changed—  
And wheresoe'er the natives were descried—  
In caverns dark, or on the mountain's side—  
There they by Spanish steel, or bloodhounds, died.  
For six long months this bloody work was done—  
And fouler ne'er was wrought beneath the sun—  
Till Zaragwa—a paradise of yore—  
A blasted look of desolation wore.  
Well Las Casas might o'er its story weep,  
And feel his flesh, before its horrors, creep,  
For he'd a heart not wholly made of steel,  
Nor deemed that slaughter glorified Castile.

XLIX.

One from Ovando's house alone was spared,  
And she the tortures of the chiefs had shared.  
Queen Anacoona, by Ovando's will,  
To breathe her native air was suffered still,

But like a dog, obedient to a chain,  
 To San Domingo she was led by Spain,  
 Then hanged as one deserving of her doom :—  
 The Spaniards' friend, she perished in her bloom.  
 Gu-o-ra, too, her nephew, like her died ;  
 And earth with unoffending blood was dyed.  
 Alas ! the blighted, devastated land,  
 Thus stricken by a cruel tyrant's hand !  
 With horror, and with mourning it was filled,  
 And—saving Christians—ev'ry heart was thrilled.

## L.

A little later,\* and in Higwey, lo !  
 The natives groaned beneath appalling woe.  
 Four sovereignties ere this were swept away,  
 And this, the last, was speeding to decay.  
 'Twas ruled by Co-ta-ban-a-ma, the brave,  
 Who battle to his country's tyrants gave.  
 Against the toil exacted by their foes  
 His people—under cruel tortures—rose.  
 Ovando, then, on awful vengeance bent,  
 Four hundred troops to crush the country sent,  
 And there the Red Men bravely fought the white,  
 But yielded in the end to Spanish might,  
 And to their wild retreats, defeated, fled,  
 While in pursuit the angry Spaniards sped,  
 And blood where'er they could—rejoicing—shed.  
 The mountains' deep recesses they explored,  
 And all they found were slaughtered by the sword.  
 The women, and the children, thus were slain—  
 Their supplications to their foes in vain—  
 But each cazique departed life in fire,  
 To gratify the foe's revengeful ire,  
 While gashed, and goaded on his burning pyre ;

---

\* In 1804. Higwey is written Higwey by Irving.

Save one—a woman—who, by hanging, died,  
While tortured by the soldiers at her side.  
Saona's island, which adjacent lay,  
Became of these relentless troops the prey,  
And all abiding there were swept away,  
For of a thousand not a soul remained.  
Their Indian blood their native mountains stained.  
Those still surviving saw their failing strength,  
And sued for mercy, and for peace, at length,  
And all exactions promised to obey,  
Resigned to the invader's cruel sway.  
A transient peace succeeded to the strife,  
But outrage, and oppression, soon were rife,  
And Higway in revolt arose, anew,  
And all the Spaniards in the fortress slew.  
Still greater vengeance, then, Ovando swore,  
Resolving Higway should rebel no more.  
Again the troops their evil work began,  
And all the mountain region overran,  
And Nature's face where'er they went defiled  
With scenes of carnage, horrible, and wild.  
But bravely battled Higway's banded sons,  
To drive from their Pannonia the Huns,\*  
And beacon fires, where'er they ventured, burned.  
The trodden worm had impotently turned,  
For how could naked hosts repel the sword?  
Alas! resistless was the armored horde.  
Yet love of country fired the Indian heart,  
And Indian courage barbed the feeble dart.  
The captives who were forced to serve as guides  
Leapt o'er the lofty precipice's sides,  
Thus aiming, with them, down to drag their foes,  
And death, to injure these, they boldly chose :

---

\* Pannonia, since called Hungary, was conquered by the Scythians—the Huns.

And braves, with arrows rankling feather-deep—  
 Which made their flesh with thrilling torture creep—  
 Would pluck them out, and fling them fiercely back,  
 Then fall, expiring, in the wild attack.  
 The hands of those the Spaniards chose to spare,  
 That they might threats of vengeance onward bear,  
 Were from their bodies cut with burnished steel,  
 And still they cried—"The Cross and fair Castile!"  
 They built their ghastly gibbets long, and low,  
 That life, thereon, in ebbing might be slow;  
 Thirteen, together, once they hanged in line  
 Commemorating thus a scene divine—  
 The Christ, and twelve Apostles, they revered—  
 And while suspended, these they cut, and speared,  
 And lighting straw beneath them, kindled fire,  
 And watched them writhe, and, one by one, expire,  
 Delighting thus—like fiends—to agonize;  
 And with the looks of demons in their eyes:  
 Not this alone, but horrors greater still.  
 They aimed to torture, not alone to kill,  
 Pretending to obey Jehovah's will.  
 Perverted zeal scarce further e'er could go,  
 Or blacker deeds from such a fountain flow.

# LI.

The chief of Higwey from the mountains fled,  
 And to Saona's rocky island sped,  
 Expecting there to find a safe retreat,  
 But at his heels the dogs of war were fleet,  
 For thither went a Spanish caravel,  
 Where Co-ta-ban-a-ma, a captive fell,  
 Though—with his mighty strength—he battled well,  
 For tall, and massive—of majestic build—  
 And in the use of native weapons skilled,  
 He struck with giant arm Titanic blows,  
 And, as he fought, electrified his foes.

His wife, and children, there, were captured, too,  
And others to his fortunes bravely true,  
And these their captors, as they found them, slew.  
For him a pyre the Spaniards built of trees,  
And meant to watch him burning by degrees,  
But, thinking of Ovando, far away,  
Not thus, at length, resolved the chief to slay.  
On board the caravel they chained him down,  
And sent him so to San Domingo town,  
Where, by Ovando gibbeted, he died,  
His only crime that he his foes defied,  
And fought to guard, from these, his native soil,  
And save his people from oppressive toil.  
Thus died the last cazique of all his race—  
A hero grand in courage, and in grace,  
Yet branded as a traitor, doubly base :—  
The last of five great rulers of the land  
When first Columbus trod on Hayti's strand !  
And of the tribes how few there now remained !—  
How few to tell of deeds their island stained !  
These, now, in mute despair, submissive bowed,  
While over all hung horror like a shroud.\*

## LII.

With grief, the tragic tale Columbus heard,  
And felt his breast with deep emotions stirred,  
For he in Hayti took paternal pride,  
And o'er its fate in silent sorrow sighed.  
Though he its sons had shipped as slaves, of yore,  
He meant them well on Spain's converting shore,  
And hoped, e'er long, they'd rich, in grace, return,  
From whom their kinsmen might the gospel learn :

---

\* The population of Hayti, originally about a million, had dwindled twelve years after its discovery to less than a hundred thousand, and a few years later it became entirely extinct.

But hatred seemed to fire Ovando's heart :  
 Athirst for blood, he played a brutal part,  
 Nor felt compassion, pity, or remorse,  
 And gloated like a vulture o'er a corse.

### I.III.

The tidings, sad, were slow in reaching Spain,  
 But Isabella's mind was filled with pain,  
 When, by degrees, she learned the awful truth.  
 It seemed to steal her still remaining youth,  
 To touch her hair with lines of silver gray,  
 And leave her to disease, and age, a prey.  
 "Unjust Ovando ! cruel as the grave,  
 I deemed you once magnanimous, and brave,"  
 Apostrophized the sympathetic Queen,  
 "But by your deeds your tyranny I've seen.  
 You wantonly Columbus drove away,  
 When, in distress, for shelter, he would stay,  
 Nor heeded words of warning from his lips,  
 But sent to sea, to perish, all your ships.  
 You strove to cheat him of his golden due,  
 When he was absent, seeking conquests new.  
 And, now, ignoring all my strict commands,  
 With native blood you stain these savage lands,  
 And treat as slaves a people that were free !  
 Shame ! shame ! on you, Ovando, base at heart—  
 For acting thus ferociously your part !"  
 Nor all the story, then, the Sovereign knew,  
 Which, in the light of knowledge, blacker grew.  
 Her horror o'er her indignation rose,  
 And she, in tears, lamented Hayti's woes.

### LIV.

Columbus sought Ovando's aid in vain,  
 To wipe from Christian arms the shocking stain.



No mercy yet his callous heart had felt,  
Nor one regret for all the wrong he'd dealt.  
He, for himself, as vainly strove for Right.  
Unyielding still, Ovando shunned the light,  
And in the pain of others took delight.  
Columbus, then, to Hayti bade adieu. \*  
The graceful palm-trees waved before his view,  
And soon his eye met naught but ocean's blue,  
As he pursued his wat'ry way to Spain  
To strive his stolen honors to regain.  
But, soon, his ship dismasted he beheld,  
While in a squall the ocean round him swelled.  
One ship alone he, now, possessed, beside,  
And near him this was seen the waves to ride,  
His stalwart brother o'er it in command.  
Columbus gave a signal with his hand,  
And to that other bark his standard bore,  
And sent his own, thus crippled, back to shore,  
While he his eastward course continued still,  
And bowed in prayer, to His—Jehovah's—will.  
Again, ere long, he met with squalls, and gales,  
And masts were sprung, and split and rent were sails,  
While fierce Atlantic billows swept the deck,  
And seemed to hold their revels o'er a wreck.  
Two thousand miles, thus crippled, sailed his bark,  
The prospect all around him wild, and dark,  
While sick, and helpless—oft in prayer—he lay.  
Then land was seen one dull November day,  
And all before their Maker knelt to pray.  
With thankful hearts they reached the Spanish shore,  
Their shattered vessel's stormy voyage o'er.  
At San Lucar she anchored, rent, and torn,  
To all on board, indeed, a welcome bourne.†

---

\* He sailed from the port of San Domingo on the 12th of September, 1504, on his last voyage to Spain.

† He arrived at San Lucar, in Spain, Nov. 7, 1504.

## PART VIII.

### L'ENVOI.

#### COLUMBUS DIES IN SPAIN.

##### I.

COLUMBUS longed for quietude, and rest,  
For pain and care his form and mind oppressed,  
And Seville seemed a haven of delight,  
A soothing spot, refreshing to the sight :  
So Seville wooed him to her warm embrace,  
And lighted, with her smiles, his haggard face,  
And softened all the sorrows he had borne :  
But he had speedy cause again to mourn.  
He found himself in penury at last,  
And with despondent eye reviewed the past.  
Since he, a captive, sailed from Hayti's shore—  
And with him naught away but fetters bore—  
The dues the crown had promised still to pay  
Neglected in the ravaged island lay,  
Nor to his purse a *peso* found its way.  
Ovando back the castillanos held,  
And Bobadilla, too, the gold withheld,  
Both aiming thus, by want, to grind him down,  
And leave him poor in pocket and renown.  
Columbus wrote the Sovereigns, in appeal,  
And asked them to contribute to his weal,  
And told how long, and well he'd served Castile,  
And how in Hayti all to ruin ran  
Beneath Ovando's desolating ban ;  
And to the isle petitioned to return,  
There still for Spain to greater glory earn,  
And reap the honors, and rewards he'd won  
By all that in the vanished days he'd done :

But only cold replies, that chilled his heart—  
And made him with a foiled ambition smart,  
And, in his drooping spirit, deeply groan—  
Came back, to mock his anguish, from the throne.  
He knew he'd active foes around the Court,  
Who pleasure took in spreading ill report,  
While guilty Porras, by Ovando freed,  
Of baseless slanders sowed abundant seed ;  
And others, too, among his rebel crew,  
In malice uttered stories as untrue,  
Though by his aid 'twas they returned to Spain.  
Bestowed was magnanimity in vain.  
They strove to brand his virtues with their crime,  
And serpent-like to smear him with their slime.  
To reach the court Columbus yearned, the while,  
To thwart the machinations of the vile,  
And seek to win the Queen's approving smile :  
But fell disease this ardent wish denied,  
And o'er his lot the noble sailor sighed,  
While oft, in prayer, for help divine—he cried.

Sick, nigh to death, Queen Isabella lay.  
Columbus heard the tidings with dismay,  
And knelt beside his humble cot to pray.  
For four long months she'd sadly pined away—  
To deep domestic woes—alas—the prey.  
Amid the pomp and splendor of her reign,  
She lived in desolation, sorrow, pain,  
Oppressed by gloomy melancholic views  
That all things tinged with their depressing hues.  
Her son, a daughter, and her grandson-heir,  
Had passed from earth, and left her in despair,  
For she had loved them with a love sincere,  
And more than all beside, had held them dear,  
Save Ferdinand, to whom she fondly clung—  
As fondly as in days when both were young ;

For ne'er had man a sweeter, truer wife  
 To bless, and grace, and glorify his life—  
 As pure as marble, and as chaste as snow,  
 And in her breast Affection's quenchless glow.  
 In tender sensibility of heart,  
 She felt, too oft, of others' griefs a part,  
 And of their woe the sympathetic smart;  
 And—grand in state, 'mid trophies of success—  
 On pageantry she looked as nothingness.  
 Humility of spirit was her charm,  
 And, save for good, she ne'er inflicted harm,  
 While like her love her piety was true,  
 And, with her growth, in touching beauty, grew.

## II.

A little later, and, alas! alas!  
 The worst Columbus feared had come to pass.  
 Queen Isabella of Castile was dead :—\*  
 Her soul to realms of bliss, eternal, fled.  
 In sorrow, then, Columbus bowed his head,  
 And all the nation sadly mourned her end,  
 Each feeling, in his Queen, he'd lost a friend.  
 On all the poms and vanities of life—  
 On all ambition and ignoble strife,  
 Her eyes, ere this, had long been calmly closed,  
 And in the Faith her trusting heart reposed;  
 And, now, in death her spirit seemed to soar—  
 Predestined to exist for evermore—  
 To lead a life eternal in the skies,  
 And win the faithful Christian's priceless prize.  
 But ere she died she murmured to the King—  
 " Ere from the world, and thee, my way I wing,

---

\* She died on the 26th of November, 1504, aged fifty-four years.

Thy promise give, Ovando to recall,  
For he has spread disaster like a pall.  
He seems to take delight in shedding blood—  
In working evil, and defeating good.  
His massacre at Zaragwa is vile,  
And how can God upon such horrors smile?  
Restore Columbus to his rightful place,  
And turn to Christ—O Ferdinand—for grace!  
And may we two, who here have lived as one,  
Be reunited when from earth we've gone;  
And let our bodies moulder side by side,  
And, in the future, naught our souls divide!"  
Columbus wept, and mourned with mourning  
Spain,  
And felt his heart oppressed with grief, and pain.  
To her he'd looked for justice, and redress—  
For all he lacked to crown him with success,  
And now, like chaff, his hopes were swept away.  
In night was lost the promise of the day,  
And he was at the mercy of the King.  
This, this alone, might well his spirit wring,  
For Ferdinand was calculating, cold,  
And envied him his glory, and his gold,  
Withholding both his honors, and his wealth,  
And stripping him of dignity by stealth.  
Columbus mourned his Sovereign and his fate,  
Resolved to trust in Providence, and wait.

### III.

His fortunes met—alas!—a crushing blow.  
The King, he knew, had always been his foe.  
Who, now, was left to plead his cause in Spain?  
How—for his wrongs—redress was he to gain?  
Spain daily by his conquests richer grew,  
Yet failed to render Cæsar Cæsar's due.

One tenth of all to him, by right, belonged.  
 But out of this behold him wholly wronged !  
 Not this alone but of his honors shorn,  
 And, o'er his ruined fortunes, left to mourn.  
 By sickness racked, and poverty oppressed,  
 With disappointment rankling in his breast,  
 He sighed, in vain, for opulence and rest.

## IV.

In Seville, winter slowly passed away,  
 And spring with blossoms made the gardens gay.  
 Yet there Columbus still—a cripple—lay.  
 He'd oft, the while, addressed the King of Spain,—  
 His filched rewards, and honors to regain—  
 But naught was sent to cheer him, in reply,  
 For naught the King would promise, or deny ;  
 And all for naught his friends' appeals were made.  
 He saw the throne against his cause arrayed.  
 At length, when orchards wore the bloom of May,  
 He toward the Court pursued his lonely way—  
 Decrepit, poor, and mounted on a mule—  
 A hero who aspired a world to rule.  
 Ah, what a change since he, in triumph, came,  
 And reaped the laurels of his new-born fame,  
 And through the streets of Barcelona passed,  
 Where all the chivalry of Spain was massed,  
 And heard its plaudits ringing in his ears ;  
 And all within a few eventful years.  
 A wayworn pilgrim, now, Columbus rode,  
 And sad, neglected, reached the King's abode,  
 But, on the pilgrim, welcome none bestowed :—  
 No kindly words were said his heart to cheer ;  
 No sympathetic ear prepared to hear.  
 Professions fair, and frosty smiles, alone  
 Were shed upon Columbus from the throne.



He told his tale, and pleaded well his cause—  
By Right supported, and the nation's laws—  
But slight attention Ferdinand would lend,  
Though he displayed reluctance to offend.  
He sought, in cold evasion, long delay,  
Postponing justice till some distant day.

Months in solicitations passed away,  
But all was unavailing he could say,  
And while he lingered, supplicating still,  
Disease his cup of sorrow came to fill,  
And left him helpless—crippled—as before.  
His journey to the grave was nearly o'er.  
He for himself petitioned, now, no more.  
His son—Don Diego—and his lawful heir,  
He wished the honors he had won to wear,  
And wisely rule the New World in his stead.  
“For I,” he murmured, “soon will join the  
dead.”

But Ferdinand, the King, was still supine.  
Procrastination was his base design.  
Neglected, slighted, worn with toil and years,  
He turned—despairing—from the Court in tears.  
Well in his saddened spirit he might groan  
O'er such injustice from the Spanish throne,  
But he had old in patient courage grown,  
And bore with Christian grace, and manly front,  
Misfortune's—disappointment's—cruel brunt :—  
He who had brought but glory to Castile,  
And labored grandly for the nation's weal.  
Success to him had proved a bitter thing  
And deep within his breast he felt its sting.  
The world's ingratitude he knew was great,  
And jealous rivals bore him only hate ;  
But hard to bear was perfidy from Spain  
When he beheld how great had been her gain.

She struck the New World's great explorer low,  
And left him racked by penury and woe.

## V.

Hope on Columbus shed a transient ray,  
As on a couch of pain, he, dying, lay.  
Juana, Isabella's daughter—Queen,  
From Flanders came—with Philip\*—on the scene  
To fill her vanished mother's vacant throne.  
The hero's eyes with expectation shone.  
Would Isabella's daughter prove his friend,  
And in his cause her aid to justice lend?  
His sanguine nature answered "Yes" to this:—  
The very thought to him was budding bliss.  
He longed to welcome Philip, and his bride,  
And felt in Queen Juana tender pride,  
But sickness, like a tyrant, held him down.  
He wrote, in words of homage, to the Crown,  
Expressed his hopes, and promised fresh renown,  
And, with the letter, sent Bartholomew—  
A brother to his fortunes ever true,  
While Diego lingered at his father's side,  
And there to mitigate his anguish tried.  
The missive told the ardor of his mind,  
Which made him long yet other worlds to find,  
And masked approaching death with airy dreams—  
The ruling passion's incandescent gleams.  
'Twas but the flicker of a dying flame—  
The final sally of a noble aim—  
An aspiration to regain his fame.  
The King and Queen did honor to his name,  
And promised much he prayed them to bestow,  
Which made his brother's breast with pleasure glow,

---

\* King Philip and Queen Juana succeeded Isabella on the throne of Castile.

But ere he back the grateful tidings bore  
 Columbus—made immortal—was no more.\*  
 His spirit from the world had winged its way,  
 Reluctant longer here below to stay,  
 Impatient for the brighter realms on high,  
 To which—when life is o'er—the righteous fly.  
 Not yet howe'er Columbus would have died  
 Had not Castile made shipwreck of his pride,  
 And crushed his high ambition in the dust,  
 And left him pleading vainly for a crust.  
 In sacramental prayer he passed away,  
 And dust alone before his watchers lay :  
 But ere the vital spark from earth had fled,  
 He turned to Diego, whisp'ring on his bed,  
 And thus in falt'ring accents slowly said—  
 "Jehovah takes away the life he gave,  
 And, now, behold me sinking to the grave ;  
 But far beyond I see the shining sky,  
 And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on High,

---

\* Columbus died at Valladolid May 20, 1506, his age at the time being about seventy years, though the date of his birth is uncertain. It is, however, supposed to have been in 1435. He was buried in the convent of St. Francisco, and his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp in the parochial church of Santa Maria de la Antigua at Valladolid, but in 1513 his remains were removed to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cevas of Seville and deposited in the chapel of St. Ann or Santo Christo, where, afterwards, were placed those of his son Diego, who died in the vilage of Montalban February 23, 1526.

By order of King Ferdinand, whose jealousy had been extinguished by his death, a marble monument was erected in his honor bearing the following epitaph—"A CASTILLA Y A LEON NUEVO MONDO DIO COLON" which being translated reads thus—"To Castile and to Leon, Columbus gave a New World." In 1536 the bodies of Columbus and his son Diego were removed from this spot to a vault in the cathedral of the city of San Domingo, and finally, in December, 1795, were removed to the Havana after Hayti had been ceded to France.

Where I shall be forevermore at rest,—  
 A sharer in the mansions of the blest ;  
 And may we there—with God's anointed—meet,  
 And all the holy host of angels greet,  
 And wear the wreath of glory we have won,  
 For righteous deeds, and Christian duty done :  
 But ere I go to everlasting bliss,  
 Remember, Diego—dutifully—this—  
 To place the chains that bound me, in my tomb,  
 With me to crumble till the crack of doom.  
 The guerdon of my grandest enterprise,  
 My fortunes here they'll serve to emblemize :  
 But though on earth I've lost a promised prize,  
 I've gained through all eternity a crown :—  
 And what, compared with this, is man's renown ?  
 To Thee, O Lord, I, now, commend my soul !  
 I near, with flying speed, the Christian's goal,  
 And see the heavenly host, at last, in view.  
 Farewell ! my son ;—once more a long adieu ! ”  
 The tidings through the kingdom swiftly spread ;  
 And all began to mourn the hero dead.  
 His foe, the King, was quick regret to feign,  
 And sorrowed with the masses o'er his end.  
 “ Alas ! ” said he, “ Castile has lost a friend ! ”  
 He who in life withheld his sacred right—  
 Nor raised a hope to cheer his mental sight—  
 Now laid, with honors, poor Columbus low,  
 Amid the pomp, and pageantry of woe.  
 No longer jealous of renown so great,  
 He gave his body to the dust in state,  
 And minute-guns through Valladolid boomed  
 As he was there with royal rites entombed :  
 But with his ashes lay the chains he wore  
 From San Domingo to the Spanish shore.  
 These told the story of his bright career,  
 And mocked the gaudy trappings of his bier.

Years after, when his deeds had grander grown,  
As more and more of all he'd done was known,  
And when in Seville he was reinterred—  
While booming minute-guns again were heard—  
He placed his name in marble o'er his grave—  
“A New World to Castile, Columbus gave.”  
He lavished empty praises o'er his corse,  
Yet felt not for ingratitude, remorse,  
But like the father, tried to cheat the son,  
Though Justice in the end the triumph won.  
Not yet at rest the hero's ashes lay.  
To San Domingo they were borne away;  
And when to France the ceded island passed  
They to Havana's shore were sent at last.  
With pomp the sacred relics were conveyed,  
And dignitaries o'er them bent, and prayed.  
All Hayti uttered reverential praise;  
All Cuba crowned Columbus—dead—with bays.\*  
The Church in Masses, glorified his name;  
The Army rendered honors to his fame.  
The Navy drooped its banners, as in woe;  
And muffled drums were heard to music, slow,  
While minute-guns resounded through the air;  
And swinging censers shed their incense there;  
And priests, and bishops—to the organ's strains—  
Their homage chanted o'er the urned remains;  
And civic throngs the solemn pageant swelled—  
The grandest that the isles had e'er beheld.

## VI.

At times to error prone like all mankind,  
But great of soul, and with poetic mind,

---

\* The remains, which were put on board a brigantine at San Domingo on the 20th of December, 1759, reached the Ha-



Columbus launched into a sea unknown,  
 And won Reflection's conquest—all his own,  
 Through darkness sailing, eager after light  
 Till lo! the promised land appeared in sight,  
 And Ignorance by Knowledge was reprov'd,  
 While with an impulse, new, the world was mov'd.  
 'Twas hardly strange delusions to him clung  
 In days like those when Science was so young,  
 And that he saw in rude barbaric wilds—  
 With fervent faith, as simple as a child's—  
 The scenes of ancient splendor and renown,  
 Whose wondrous story Time has handed down.  
 He loved not gold for paltry lucre's sake,  
 But more complete his noble work to make,  
 And penury—alas!—too well he knew  
 Would leave him helpless needed good to do.  
 He strove his honor, and his rank to guard,  
 And for his reputation labored hard,  
 For this he held—like woman's virtue—dear,  
 And deemed he fill'd a God-appointed sphere.  
 'Twas sad that one who lofty triumphs gain'd,  
 Could e'er with man's enslavement hands have stain'd,  
 And doomed to bondage those who erst were free  
 And gave him welcome warmly from the sea;—  
 Whose shores had kindled gladness in his eyes—  
 The sparkling joy of fruitful enterprise;—  
 Sad, too, his mind was superstition-sway'd,  
 And tolerance, his bigotry forbade.  
 Perverted zeal to persecution tends  
 And noble aims may reach ignoble ends.  
 His faults were few, and such as all discern'd,  
 And from the spirit of his age were learn'd,  
 But these his sterling virtues well redeem'd,  
 While in his chasten'd features Mercy beam'd.

---

vana on the 15th of January 1791, and the same honors were  
 paid to the memory of Columbus at both places.



Though quick to anger, and in impulse strong,  
He—uncomplaining—suffered many a wrong,  
Nor slowly those who wronged him he forgave.  
Magnanimous was he as well as brave.  
He saw new countries with a poet's eye,  
And in the realms of fancy oft would fly.  
The forest's verdure, and the fragrant air;  
The face of Nature, ev'rywhere so fair;  
The grandeur of the mountains, looming high;  
The beauty of the bright, unruffled sky;  
The splendor of the tall, majestic trees;  
The blandness of the soft, sweet, summer breeze;  
The limpid freshness of the running streams;  
The picturesque delights, like happy dreams—  
All filled his soul with admiration's glow,  
And quickened through his veins the vital flow.  
Though oft from error quick the truth to glean  
As wheat from chaff—with intuition keen,  
He yet was prone to visionary views,  
And fact in speculation, so, would lose.  
Thus to the last he—strangely—little knew  
That he had found a world both vast and new,  
And not a highway new to Asian shores,  
Where ancient mines still yielded up their ores.  
Had he but comprehended all he'd done—  
The grandeur of the triumph he had won—  
His heart had known a joy unknown before,  
And felt the flame of enterprise the more;  
While had he, then, futurity foreseen—  
The change that soon would mark the mighty scene  
And traced the New World's far-extending course  
From this its cradle, this its budding source—  
His spirit would have consolation reaped,  
And less have been in disappointment steeped,  
And gloried in the prospect he beheld,  
While pride and gladness, in his bosom swelled.

But in the New World lives his splendid fame ;  
 And though it—wrongly—bears another's name,  
 His own will live throughout the course of time—  
 A name we link with thoughts, and themes sublime.  
 In Fame's immortal temple he's enshrined,  
 With fadeless laurels round his brows entwined ;  
 And, though in death, he lives an endless life  
 In realms historic, free from mortal strife,  
 While Ferdinand's ingratitude remains  
 The blackest of his country's damning stains.

## VII.

Don Diego, worthy son of worthy sire,  
 To right his father's wrongs might well aspire :  
 But though he prayed the King, and oft with tears—  
 His supplications lasting weary years—  
 To yield him what Castile Columbus owed,  
 'The crown to justice still aversion showed.  
 Yet mark his cause victorious in the end !  
 May God the Right through all the world defend !  
 He'd pleaded long with zeal, and loving pride,  
 From that sad day when he—his father—died,  
 And finding vain, addresses to the King,  
 A righteous suit, at length, resolved to bring :  
 And all his father's rights, and titles claimed,  
 And thankless Spain to tardy justice shamed.  
 The law decreed what, long, the Court denied,  
 And Diego, soon, Ovando's place supplied,  
 And in his father's stead the Indies swayed—  
 A cherished end for which Columbus prayed.\*

---

\* Diego Columbus, who had been brought up as a page in the royal household, being the lineal successor of Columbus, urged upon King Ferdinand with fruitless diligence for two years after the death of his father, the restitution of his hereditary rights and privileges. He then asked and received permission to pursue his claims in the ordinary course of law.

The noblest of the noblemen of Spain—  
Who like a monarch seemed himself to reign—  
Bestowed his fairest daughter as his bride,  
And Fortune buoyed him on a golden tide,  
While royal splendors hedged his island throne,  
The like of which the New World ne'er had known.  
Though long the King performance, thus, delayed,  
The Sovereign's dying wish behold obeyed!  
Triumphant over Wrong, at last was Right,  
And in the son the father won the fight.  
But life for him was not unclouded day,  
Nor free from troubles his exalted sway,  
For Faction strove to beat him—basely—down,  
And he was curbed unjustly by the Crown,  
Till weary of the ceaseless struggle grown,  
He died in Spain contending for his own.

---

The suit was begun early in 1508, and extended over a long period. Meanwhile Diego had won the heart of Dona Maria, the daughter of Fernando de Toledo, grand commander of Leon, and niece of the celebrated Duke of Alva, the chief favorite of the King, the father and uncle of the young lady being the most powerful of the grandees of Spain. Their influence had much to do with the final result of the suit in favor of Diego, but the King even then merely ceded to him the dignities and powers of Ovando, withholding the title of Viceroy. Ovando was recalled not alone to make room for Diego, but in tardy fulfilment of Ferdinand's promise to Isabella, on her death-bed, to recall him. Diego was married, and embarked with his wife, from San Lucar on the 9th of June, 1509. His brother Fernando, and his father's brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, also accompanied him, together with a numerous retinue of cavaliers, and ladies of rank. In Hayti Don Diego ruled in splendor before unknown in the New World, but like his father he was beset by factions, and the King—up to the time of his death in January, 1546—in several ways endeavored to curtail his authority. In 1523—Charles V. having previously given him the hereditary title of Viceroy—he was recalled, although not superseded, and in 1526 he died near Toledo, worn out by following up his claims, and defending himself from the calumnies of his competitors.

His son—succeeding—like his father ruled—  
 A youth not yet in worldly wisdom schooled—  
 Who for a dukedom sold his vast domain,  
 And lived, and died, a pensioner of Spain,  
 Nor left a son behind to bear his name,  
 And share his honors and ancestral fame.  
 His brother's son, awhile, his title bore,  
 And then 'twas borne—his line extinct—no more.  
 Contending claimants battled for the spoil  
 Till Justice on the waters shed its oil.  
 Thus swiftly passed the hero's race away,  
 But ne'er his name—Columbus—can decay.  
 He knows not death who thus remembered lives,  
 And to his mem'ry Time new glory gives,  
 While if on high he wears the Christian's crown,  
 How doubly blest this hero of renown !

---

At the time of his death his wife and family, consisting of two sons and three daughters, were at San Domingo. The Vice-Queen—for such his wife had always been styled—struggled to maintain the rights of the family, and her eldest son Louis, then six years old, succeeded to the title of Admiral of the Indies, but was refused the title of Viceroy. He found his dignities and privileges sources of vexation, and finally entered into a compromise by which he gave up the Vice-royalty of the New World for the titles of Duke of Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica, and resigned his claims to a tenth of the produce of the discoveries of his grandfather—Columbus—for a pension of a thousand doubloons of gold. He died soon afterwards, and leaving no legitimate son, was succeeded by Diego, the son of his deceased brother Christopher, between whom and his cousin Philippa—daughter of the deceased son Louis—a litigation took place, which was settled by their uniting their fortunes in wedlock. He died without issue in 1578, and the legitimate male line of Columbus thus became extinct. A memorable lawsuit now began for the estates and dignities descended from Columbus, which was not decided till 1608, when Don Nimo, the grandson of Isabella, third daughter of Don Diego (the son of the discoverer) was declared Duke of Veragua.

## PART IX.

### THE SEQUEL TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD BY COLUMBUS :

AS SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

- I. A CENTENNIAL ODE, 1776-1876.—II. To COLUMBIA—THE MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS.  
III. THE VOICE OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO, 1892.

#### I.

IN this great land Columbus see  
The fruit of thy discovery.  
No grander work thou couldst have done,  
No greater glory could have won.  
Let all the sons of freedom rise,  
And sing a pæan to the skies  
In honor of the hundredth year  
Of INDEPENDENCE all revere ;  
And let the great Centennial be  
A grand rejoicing of the free !  
Let all Columbia's sons unite  
To testify Columbia's might,  
And gather from their wide domain  
Whate'er can glorify her reign !  
Let North and South, and East and West—  
Yea, all who've pressed her parent breast—  
Commemorate the natal day  
Which gave the great Republic sway—

The FOURTH a hundred years ago—  
When Freedom struck her conqu'ring blow,  
And Washington to vict'ry led,  
While freemen for their country bled.  
Let banners fly from shore to shore,  
And cannon through the cities roar,  
And music fill the summer air,  
To celebrate the jubilee!  
Let bunting wave o'er lake and sea,  
And hymns ascend, O God, to Thee!  
In joyful praise and gratitude  
For benefactions oft renewed,  
And prayers that in the future vast  
The Nation may surpass the past!  
Let North and South embrace in love,  
Invoking blessings from above  
On this their own united land,  
And by their flag forever stand.  
Let War no more between them frown  
To mar their progress and renown,  
And make the friends of freedom grieve,  
But Peace her garlands o'er them weave,  
And crown them with unfading bays  
Through all the Nation's coming days!  
Let those who guide the helm of State  
The patriot fathers emulate,  
And when for honors statesmen strive  
May wisdom linked with virtue thrive!  
Let women play a noble part,  
And purify the Nation's heart,  
And plant in early youth the seeds  
Whose fruits will be but noble deeds;  
And while they charm and beautify,  
May they exalt and deify,  
Nor e'er forget their high estate—  
To mold the future grand and great—



And do their earthly work divine  
Obedient to the Lord's design !  
Let art and science speed apace,  
As Trade and Commerce run their race,  
And wider spread from year to year,  
For all that beautifies is dear !  
Let poets sing COLUMBIA's fame,  
And laurel her immortal name—  
The priestess sanctified by time,—  
And paint the glories of the clime,  
The riches of the teeming land,  
And all its deeds, and heroes grand !  
Let every patriot, sire, and son  
Dwell proudly on its triumphs won,  
And glory in the course it's run !  
And call on all the world to see  
The progress of the century,  
And with prophetic eyes survey  
The FOURTH a hundred years away,  
When sire and son again will meet—  
And patriotic hearts will beat—  
To celebrate the glorious day—  
Eternal be its sway !

II.

TO COLUMBIA—THE MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS.

Queen of the Great Republic of the West,  
With shining stars and stripes upon thy breast—  
The emblems of our land of liberty :—  
Thou namesake of Columbus—hail to thee !  
Again I bend, a lover at thy shrine,  
Again I hail thee as a thing divine.  
Thy hundred years, and more, have left thee young,  
Thou gracious Sovereign—thou from Freedom  
sprung—

The friend of Right and valiant foe of Wrong,  
 With virtues, like thy Constitution, strong;  
 Nor lurk in thee the seeds of slow decay,  
 Which germinating steal the strength away !  
 And fair and comely is thy form and face,  
 And eloquent thy attitude of grace,  
 While intellect and learning thou canst claim,  
 And all that glorifies a noble name.  
 In art and science thou art deeply schooled,  
 And o'er our hearts by love alone hast ruled,  
 While grandly in achievement thou hast shone,  
 And boundless riches thou canst call thine own.  
 But why repeat what through the world is  
     known ?—

The world that pays its homage to thy throne.  
 Let me but add this chaplet to thy bays,  
 And join the mighty chorus in thy praise,  
 And prophesy for thee a lengthy reign  
 Whose progress will but widen thy domain—  
 A reign to—through the centuries—extend  
 Till earth itself perchance doth reach its end—  
 A reign with glory gilded evermore.  
 What monarch e'er a crown so lustrous wore,  
 Or, like to thee a mighty people swayed ?  
 Ne'er may thy brow-encircling laurels fade,  
 But fresh achievements keep thee in the van  
 Where thou hast stood e'er since thy reign  
     began.

No fitter queen could now Columbus crown,  
 Or voice to all the world his great renown.  
 His fame in thee personified we see—  
 The sequel of his grand discovery :  
 Yea here, in thee, his monument behold,  
 Whose splendor dims his golden dreams of  
     old !

And, standing by Chicago's inland sea,  
The nations of the earth will vie with thee  
In twining laurel wreaths for him of yore  
Who found the New World in San Salvador.

Star-spangled goddess of the western world,  
Go greet Columbus with thy flag unfurled !—  
*E Pluribus Unum* proudly blazoned there.  
No prouder banner ever waved in air,  
No grander motto banner ever bore.  
Raise high the flag, and let the legend soar !  
*E Pluribus Unum*—let it court the sky—  
For ever to the winds of heaven fly.  
All hail ! to thee, thou sovereign of the free,  
And reign thou on until eternity.  
All hail this grand Commemorative time  
Which marks an epoch and event sublime !

COLUMBIA ! to Columbus give thy hand !  
And, as ye on a sea of glory stand,  
The world will read anew the story grand  
Of thee COLUMBIA, and Columbus, too—  
The matchless epic of the Old and New—  
The tale that grows more splendid with the years—  
The pride and wonder of the hemispheres.  
In vast magnificence it stands alone,  
With thee—Columbus greeting—on thy throne.

### III.

COLUMBIA thus I've fondly sung of thee.  
But not the less impassioned let me be  
As I go back four hundred years, and greet  
The brave Columbus and his Spanish fleet ;  
And grandly let us celebrate the day  
When first he anchored in a New World bay.

Hail to Columbus—endless be his fame.  
 AMERICA now glorifies his name.  
 And hail to thee AMERICA, all hail !  
 Thy glorious annals tell a wondrous tale.  
 To 1492—huzzah !  
 In 1892—hurrah !  
 Nor ever, as the centuries go by,  
 Will that great hero's name—Columbus—die.

The nations gather at Chicago's shrine,  
 And pilgrims journey thither, line on line,  
 To render him the homage which is due.  
 Behold, Columbus lives in 'Ninety-two.  
 'Tis well the city by the inland sea  
 Should celebrate this Anniversary,  
 And voice COLUMBIA's sentiment of praise,  
 And crown—for *her*—the pioneer with bays.  
 The World's Columbian Exposition hail !  
 It tells the world the New World's splendid tale ;  
 And all the nations see assembled there  
 Our celebration, hand in hand, to share !  
 United States, united hearts and hands,  
 Fraternally unite with other lands.  
 May God His help and blessing add to this ;  
 For all the glory of the world is His ;  
 And all our greatness and success we owe  
 To Him on high who rules the world below.

No celebration such as this—behold !—  
 The world has seen in modern times, or old.  
 From pole to pole the theme through ev'ry zone,  
 To ev'ry race, in ev'ry tongue is known :  
 And ev'ry land and language sings its praise—  
 Columbia and Columbus crown with bays !  
 From ev'ry quarter of this mundane sphere  
 Flow busy streams of life, converging here,

And these Columbia welcomes, one and all—  
 The Briton, and the Teuton, and the Gaul,  
 The Spaniard, Greek, Italian, Portugese,  
 The Russian, Turk, Swiss, Dane and Japanese,  
 And all beside, whate'er their land may be—  
 All come to greet the hero of the Sea,  
 Like Old World pilgrims to a hallowed shrine,  
 Moved by a common impulse nigh divine.  
 They come to glorify a glorious name,  
 And trumpet to mankind again his fame :  
 And war ships join the mimic fleet of Spain—  
 That reproduces that which crossed the main—  
 Three caravels—the famous fleet of yore—  
 When first Columbus found the New World shore—  
*Santa Maria, Pinta, Nina*—hail !  
 Three stauncher vessels never braved a gale.  
 Let bunting deck their spars, and cannon roar,  
 And trumpets blare as at San Salvador.\*

All nations, languages, religions meet  
 To celebrate Columbus and his fleet.  
 From north and south and east and west they come,  
 As if with tinkling cymbals, fife and drum.  
 They come with products of their varied climes—  
 As if with clanging bells and ringing chimes ;  
 And Europe, Asia, Africa combine—  
 (Australia and Canada in line)—  
 With North and South America, to twine  
 Fresh laurel wreaths for him the Pioneer—  
 The Father of this Western Hemisphere.

---

\* These three vessels, composing the fleet of Columbus on his first voyage to the New World, have been rebuilt in Spain, to resemble the originals as closely as possible, with a view to their exhibition on the lake at Chicago during the time of the Fair, part of the expense being borne by Spain and the rest by the United States.

What though before him Norsemen sailed the seas,  
 And wooed along New England shores the breeze ?  
 They left no record of their deeds behind,  
 Save what in Iceland's sagas old we find.  
 In prehistoric darkness it was lost,  
 As though their ships had ne'er the ocean crossed.  
 They left no impress on the Western World.  
 But when Columbus here his sails had furled,  
 The New World and the Old became as one,  
 And ever since has Progress speeded on.  
 The Sword and Cross the savage world o'ercame,  
 And left Columbus with unrivalled fame—  
 The greatest hero that the Sea has known.  
 He gave the New World not to Spain alone,  
 But to the world and civilized mankind.  
 Where else can we a deed so mighty find ?  
 Or one whose sequel is so grand and vast ?  
 Time on Columbus can but glory cast,  
 For with its flight the New World grander grows,  
 And more and more its debt—to him—it shows.

Great Navigator of the Western Sea,  
 The New World gladly gives its praise to thee,  
 Thou deathless hero of San Salvador,  
 Who to the Old World gave the New of yore !  
 And may our plaudits reach thee in the skies,—  
 Immortal King of Ocean Enterprise,—  
 For soul like thine—Columbus !—never dies.



THE WAR FOR THE UNION,  
OR  
THE DUEL BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH,  
(Ending with LEE'S SURRENDER, April 9, 1865.)

---

AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE POEM,  
*Embracing a Panorama of the War for the Union  
in the United States of America.*



# THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

## OR THE DUEL BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

---

### PREAMBLE.

#### THE STORY OF THE WAR.

#### I.

AMERICA the scene, and war the theme—  
What more with grand suggestiveness could teem?  
What more, with patriotic ardor, fire,  
Or tune, to fitting music, harp or lyre?  
The War of the Rebellion is old,  
But through all time its story will be told.

Four years of War had dyed the land with blood—  
The land Columbus found beyond the flood—  
The land o'er which the stars and stripes had waved  
Since Independence all its glories saved  
From British foes,—when Revolution raged,  
And patriot sons their fight for Freedom waged,—  
The favored land that Providence had blessed,—  
The great republic of the world—the West,—  
The wonder of the nations of the East,—  
Where lavish Nature spreads an endless feast.  
Rebellion now had run its gory course,  
With little left of all its former force—

Its beaten legions dwindled to a few,—  
The Gray out-numbered vastly by the Blue,—  
With Petersburg and Richmond wholly lost,  
And all the South as by a tempest tossed.

## II.

Hood, Longstreet, Jackson, Beauregard and Bragg,  
Fought hard, with Lee, to save the Rebel flag;  
Polk, Johnson, Breckinridge and Early, too—  
No braver men e'er sword in battle drew—  
Brave but misguided—to their land untrue—  
With Stuart, Mosby, Morgan in their train,  
And Semmes to work destruction on the main.  
But from the first they faced Secession's doom,  
And only fought to lay it in the tomb.

## III.

Its time had come : Secession was no more :  
Its fruitless strife at last was haply o'er.  
A million men had perished in the fray,  
The South, exhausted, helpless, bleeding lay,  
And ev'rywhere the cypress and the yew  
Were emblems of the Cause it lived to rue—  
The evil Cause of reckless folly born,  
A Cause that kindled patriotic scorn—  
The scorn of patriots—South, North, East and  
West,  
For in the Union all alike were blest.

## IV.

Long would the South have mourned its woeful  
plight  
Had Southern Might been victor o'er the Right.  
Secession's chieftain was its deadly foe,  
Who shed its blood for naught, and brought it low,

While God was on the side of Freedom's guns,  
And patriotic fire inspired her sons.  
Behold, the South was first to draw the sword !  
And lo, the sword destroyed Secession's horde—  
A righteous end to that inglorious plot,  
Which left on Dixie's fame a fadeless blot.

## V.

Virginia's April battles had been fought,  
And, like an avalanche, had ruin wrought,  
Yea, fatal havoc—to Rebellion—brought.  
Grant saw how hopeless was the plight of Lee,  
And said, " He's in his last extremity ! "  
'Twas then that he, to stop the waste of life,  
Wrote Lee—" How useless now is further strife  
You doubtless see ! and I Surrender ask ! "  
Lee felt Surrender an inglorious task,  
Though, as a beaten foe, he faced despair.  
He answered—" Pray Surrender's terms declare ! "  
Grant made reply—" For Peace alone I care !  
And one condition only I impose !—  
That those surrendered serve no more as foes—  
That all your troops disband, and fight no more ! "  
" This I accept ! " said Lee. " The war is o'er ! "

## VI.

War's final deed was on the morrow done.  
At Appomattox, in the April sun—  
Palm Sunday, too—in 'Sixty-five, was won  
That bloodless battle by the angel Peace.  
The halcyon time had come for war to cease.  
There Lee surrendered, to victorious Grant  
His scanty army, ragged, hungry, gaunt,—  
An army then but twenty thousand strong—  
That on Virginia's soil had battled long—  
Fought for the doomed Confed'racy and Wrong.

## VII.

The ravages of war defaced the scene,  
Though Nature o'er them threw her coat of green,  
While from his throne Apollo shed his sheen.  
Spring's resurrecting air was bland and clear,  
And fresh and bright the landscape, far and near,  
And mating birds in budding trees were heard.  
Among them, now and then, the redbird whirled,  
And with the oriole and robin piped  
To songs from breasts with golden yellow striped.  
The mocking bird, too, whistled in his pride.  
All sounds of battle with the truce had died.  
Thus Peace and War were pictured side by side.

## VIII.

There in a rural cottage met the two,  
Who to the world were famous, as they knew,  
And grasping hands—hands never clasped before—  
Lee said to Grant, "The South will fight no more!"

"Then, with this pledge, disband your forces now,  
And let them leave their swords to seek the plough,  
Each officer with side arms and his steed;  
And,—so that this Surrender all may heed,—  
Proclaim it to your army on the spot.  
'Tis useless now to fire another shot!"  
Thus Grant addressed his fallen Southern foe,  
Who, acquiescing, bowed, and said—" 'Tis so?"

## IX.

With Grant there came Commanders of his troops,  
And these, within the cottage, stood in groups—  
Ord, Rawlins, Sheridan and Custer here,  
And Porter, Ingalls, Badeau, Williams near,  
With Bowers, Merritt, Parker in the rear.



No sign of pomp, or anger, met the eye  
 As thus, at last, they saw Secession die,—  
 No pride of Conquest and no forms of state,—  
 And Grant was calm, magnanimous and great.

Lee had but two such comrades by his side—  
 He who so long the Union hosts defied—  
 Marshall and Babcock—and his words were wise—  
 “The South will now seek wealth in enterprise!”  
 Thus had the South Surrendered to the laws—  
 And in its tomb was laid the Rebel Cause.

## X.

The fitting end, too long deferred, had come ;  
 The cannon's roar was hushed, the rifle dumb,  
 And Lee and Grant had met to fight no more.  
 Secession's war, wherever waged, was o'er.  
 The Blue and Gray stood marshalled side by side—  
 Each war-worn, with the stains of battle dyed—  
 Of North and South the heroes and the pride,  
 The Blue triumphant in a noble fight  
 For Freedom, and the Union and Right—  
 The noblest ever nation fought and won—  
 The struggle by Fort Moultrie's guns begun,  
 Whose gory course from 'Sixty-one had run.

## RETROSPECTIVE.

## XI.

## PRECURSORS OF THE WAR.

But why this fratricidal warfare, vast—  
 This contest that all other wars surpassed ?  
 And what events to this Surrender led ?  
 Yea, why each other's blood had brothers shed ?

What evil spirit war so dire began?—  
 War that so long its course of horror ran—  
 The wonder and the sorrow of its time?  
 Could love of human bondage prompt the crime?—  
 Intolerance, State Sovereignty, or Wine?—  
 Or Southern hate and arrogance combine  
 To carry out such infamous design?  
 What suicidal frenzy ruled the South  
 When to the North it turned the Cannon's mouth?

## XII.

THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN THE SIGNAL FOR  
SECESSION.

Lincoln's election roused the South to rage,  
 And Floyd and Yancey cried—"Now war we'll  
     wage!—  
 For ev'ry State is sovereign, be it known,—  
 And make the South a nation all its own,  
 With Slave-grown Cotton ever on its throne!  
 Nullification is a thing gone by,  
 And Fed'ral laws no more to us apply.  
 No Abolition President for us;  
 No North to dictate; no "*E. Pluribus!*"  
 Another flag the South shall have, alone.  
 Oppressive to the South the Union's grown.  
 From this each Southern State will now secede,  
 And woe to all opposing what's decreed!  
 The North into submission we will drive,  
 For vain 'twould be for North with South to strive!"  
 Davis and Thompson echoed all they said,  
 And cried—"Behold, the Union is dead!"

The South's most deadly enemies were they,  
 Who led it thus, through treason's path, astray,

And sacrificed their Country and their kin—  
A damnable, unpardonable sin.

## XIII.

LINCOLN AND DAVIS—NORTH AND SOUTH—THE  
SPIRITS OF GOOD AND EVIL.

Not all the South espoused the Rebel Cause,  
But Despotism superseded laws,  
And crushed the loyal with remorseless hand,  
And forced obedience to the Rebel band.  
Opinion, too, more potent there than law,  
Made voiceless those who good in Union saw.  
No Tyranny more absolute could be  
Than that which cried—"Secesh and Slavery!"

---

Two spirits—Good and Evil—led the strife,  
And battled for the mastery—for life.  
Lincoln personified the Good, the true,—  
The Union Cause—the flag, the Boys in Blue,  
And Freedom,—not to whites alone, but all.  
He grandly answered to his country's call,  
While Davis as the type of Evil stood,  
And drenched his Country with his Country's blood—  
The foe of Freedom and the Union too.  
What greater evil could a tyrant do?  
What greater foe had e'er the South to face?  
But good from evil came to Afric's race,  
For compensations oft on evils wait,  
And worse, or better, might be ev'ry fate,  
Though Providence, or Vengeance, may be late,  
And blessings come, like curses, slowly home.  
Who knows what lies beneath the ocean's foam?

## XIV.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMPTER, THE  
OPENING TRAGEDY OF THE WAR.

Let all glance backward at the tragic play,  
And, of the drama war, each act survey—  
The greatest war mankind has ever known,  
Whose echoes roused the world from zone to zone,—  
For retrospection keeps its mem'ry green,  
And ne'er forgotten be each battle scene.  
The tale of war is best in battles told.  
See these now, panorama-like, unrolled !

## XV.

The opening duel of the war behold,—  
(When, from Fort Sumpter, Anderson, the bold,  
To Moultrie's guns with shot and shell replied,—)  
United all the North on Union's side,  
And sealed this foul Rebellion's final fate,  
Though the avenging angel triumphed late—  
Too late, alas ! to save the million slain,  
Who battled in those years of leaden rain.

## XVI.

## THE UNION'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The Union's trumpet call for Volunteers,  
From Maine to Indiana, met with cheers.  
It fell on willing patriotic ears.  
But in the South it only met with jeers,  
And then Secession called for volunteers,  
And bids for those sea-rovers, privateers.  
The South laid hands on all the Union owned,  
Nor for the spoliation e'er atoned.

Ships, arsenals, guns, garrisons and forts,  
And whatsoe'er defended Southern ports—  
All went into Secession's hungry maw,  
In bold defiance both of Right and Law.

## XVII.

THE UPRISING OF THE NORTH.—“THE UNION FOR  
EVER,” THE PEOPLE'S CRY.

War's tocsin through the land, resounding, flew :  
As if by magic, fast the army grew,  
And drums were heard, and fifes and bugles, too,  
And troops, equipped for war, were marching on,  
All with a single aim—united—one.  
“The Union must and shall be saved, preserved !”  
The people cried. From this they never swerved ;  
And, as the troops defiled, the people cheered,  
And Rebel prowess, only cravens feared.  
A martial aspect all the Country wore,  
And Volunteers their arms with courage bore,  
And—with their valor—patriotic pride,  
While far and near the stars and stripes were seen,  
And picturesquely glorified the scene.  
The fife and drum, and bugle, stirred the blood,  
As to “the front,” rolled on the warlike flood.

---

With willing hearts those Union heroes came,  
Each with the one great patriotic aim,—  
From Massachusetts and Vermont and Maine—  
New England's sons, as strong in brawn as brain—  
Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Isle ;  
And from the West, and Middle States, the while  
More troops advanced, by thousands, to the front,  
Prepared for battle, and to bear its brunt.

From Michigan, New York, and Illinois  
Marched in their Union blue the Union Boys;—  
From Pennsylvania's furnaces and mines,  
And from Ohio's factories and vines,  
And from Wisconsin's and Nebraska's farms  
Streamed hosts of noble spirits bearing arms.  
New Jersey, Indiana, Kansas, too,  
Sent other hosts to fight in Union blue,  
To save the Union, and the slave to free ;  
And Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee,  
Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware,  
Gave of their loyal hearts a goodly share,  
And Oregon's and West Virginia's sons  
Were, too, with those who shouldered Union guns ;  
And California, from her mines of gold,  
Sent eager spirits, resolute and bold,  
While Colorado and Nevada vied.  
The South alone was on Rebellion's side.  
With patriotic fire the country blazed,  
A spectacle that all the South amazed.  
Jeff. Davis viewed it with chagrin and hate,  
While Lincoln said—" It seals Secession's fate."

## XVIII.

## AN ARMY OF UNION VOLUNTEERS.

" Down with Rebellion ! " was the ringing cry.  
From east to west it made its echoes fly.  
The universal theme, it filled the air,  
And in the churches furnished text and prayer.  
Buchanan—too supine—was spurred to act.  
The people showed the courage that he lacked,  
And boldly this conspiracy defied—  
This slaver's plot the Union to divide.  
The vast uprising of the North was grand.



It rose to crush, as with a single hand,  
And everlasting honor 'twill command.  
No spectacle sublimer well could be  
Than this uprising, of a people free,  
To kill Rebellion and the Union save,  
And lay Secession in its gory grave.

---

Yes, grand, indeed, magnificent, sublime,  
Was that uprising at that thrilling time,  
And Northern eyes and hearts, and voices, spoke—  
And far and wide responsive echoes woke—  
Loud as the guns amid the battle's smoke.  
Men left the whirring loom and clanging mill,  
The plough, the rattling shuttle and the drill,  
To fight Rebellion's hosts with iron will.  
From East and West and North, rolled on the flood,  
Resolved to save the Union with their blood.  
From hill and valley, prairie, mountain, lake,  
They came to battle for the Union's sake.  
From city, town and village trooped the brave,  
Their heritage on battle-fields to save.

## XIX.

### LEAVING HOME.

Sad were the parting scenes when Volunteers  
Left home with benedictions linked with tears,  
When lovers—North and South—were torn apart,  
And aching heart was pressed to aching heart,  
And loving lips and loving eyes took leave,  
Too oft forever. Well might maidens grieve.  
But woman nobly bore war's cruel brunt,  
And fought, in peace, for those who fought in front.

O ! woman—sweet, in loveliness divine—  
'There is no balm in all the world like thine,  
And—man's great boon—thy light will ever shine !  
All hail to woman—human yet divine—  
On either side of war's dividing line.  
Both North and South, her loving heart was true—  
In Dixie to the Gray, and North, the Blue.  
Unarmed she battled bravely for her cause,  
And Fame will give her, evermore, applause.

## XX.

## THE NEWS OF BATTLES.

Well those now gray recall the battles fought—  
The havoc, carnage and destruction wrought ;  
The lurid scenes that all the Country thrilled,  
And loving hearts with pain and anguish filled.  
How eagerly all read from day to day  
The news that made them actors in the fray !  
They saw and heard the captured, wounded, killed,  
The hosts whose blood in battle had been spilled,  
The cavalry's loud clatter, clang and rush,  
And clashing steel when in the deadly crush ;  
The infantry, with glinting bayonet lines,  
While charging madly—all a battle's signs ;  
And cannon roared and shells flew whistling by,  
And loyal heroes fell, to bravely die,  
Both armies to their Cause, in courage, true—  
The Southern Gray, the Northern Union-blue,—  
Red, white and blue—the stars and stripes—for  
Right,  
The stars and bars for Wrong and Negro Night.

## XXI.

## MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

Ah, there were mourners over all the land,  
Left desolate by Death's unsparing hand,  
And children, widows, wives and sweethearts wept—  
Though hearts with joy o'er deeds of glory leapt—  
As on its course war's angry torrent swept—  
Wept for the wounded, missing, dying, dead,  
Whose blood the battlefield had stained with red.  
In Dixie tears were falling for the Gray,  
Who, maimed or lifeless, where they battled lay;  
While Union hearts were mourning for the Blue,  
Who to their Country and their flag were true:  
And musketry still rattled, cannon boomed,  
And Rebels battled, though the South was doomed.

## XXII.

## THE CRUCIBLE OF WAR—FROM '61 TO '65.

From 'Sixty-one to 'Sixty-five were years  
Of fierce campaigning, havoc, blood and tears,  
And through the crucible of War we passed,  
With varied fortunes, to success at last—  
To victory, far reaching, grand, sublime,  
And glory, to remain undimmed through time,—  
Whose priceless fruits will last for evermore—  
The Union, now and always, as of yore.

## XXIII.

## ON THE POTOMAC.

Along the famed Potomac's watery way  
The Union army gathered, day by day,

And blazing camp fires shed their lurid light  
Upon its banks, on either side, at night,  
While further South, entrenched, the Rebels lay.  
Thus, face to face, were massed the Blue and Gray.  
There Ellsworth, brave—in Alexandria—fell  
In honor of the flag he loved so well.  
For tearing down the Rebel flag he died—  
Secession's victim, but his Country's pride.  
The stars and stripes a halo round him threw.  
'Twas well his bold assassin perished too.  
Brownell's avenging shot not only slew  
But glorified the flag—red, white and blue.  
Hail! to that glorious flag for evermore,  
Where'er it courts the sky, on sea or shore—  
The emblem of a nation grand and free,  
And greater, vaster, grander yet to be!

## XXIV.

## BATTLING AND BLOCKADING FROM TEXAS TO VIRGINIA.

From Rio Grande's to Potomac's shore  
The battling kinsmen bravely shed their gore,  
While on the seaboard the blockading fleet—  
Kept watch through winter's cold and summer's heat.  
How dim now seem the battles that were fought:  
How Time has veiled the dreadful havoc wrought.  
Big Bethel first saw swords in battle crossed,  
And, more than Rebels, there the Union lost,  
But Booneville and Phillippi dyed the sod,  
And forced them—in retreat—to kiss the rod.  
Rich Mountain then, in battle's roar, was trod,  
Ere Barboursville and Carthage echoes woke,  
And Blackburn's Ford through loud-mouthed can-  
non spoke.  
Each battle was a duel to the death,

Whose tidings oft were read with bated breath.  
All deemed the war to swift collapse would tend.  
And Seward cried—"In Ninety Days 'twill end!"

## XXV.

"ON TO RICHMOND."—THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

The North soon grew impatient of delay,  
And cried—"Rebellion swiftly sweep away!  
And on to Richmond let us make our way!"  
Yes, "On to Richmond!" was the Northern cry,  
That through the Country made the echoes fly—  
A premature but patriotic shout,  
For at Manassas—Beauregard's redoubt—  
Bull Run was battled, ending in a rout,  
Though well McDowell fought the Rebel host,  
And well of great success, at first, could boast.  
Amid a fierce, wild, roaring cannonade,  
He drove the Rebels back, and havoc made.  
'Twas Johnson's reinforcements turned the tide,  
Which Patterson should erst have swept aside.  
These seemed, in fury, on the storm to ride.  
In smoke and thunder they their foes defied.  
Ten thousand strong they charged the Union side—  
And in its ranks made gaps and fissures wide—  
Which, wan and weary, in confusion broke—  
(While Rebel yells of Rebel triumph spoke—)  
And arms and ammunition threw away.  
To panic and disorder turned the fray.  
On Washington fell back the Union troops,  
Some regiments still in line, but more in groups,  
Unarmed, demoralized, exhausted, worn,  
An army's wreck, by flight and battle torn,  
But unpursued by their victorious foes,  
Who, ere they fled, had felt their deadly blows.

Then Northern "Copperheads" began to croak,  
But loyal men to duties new awoke.

---

Thus Summer cast its cloud in 'Sixty-one,  
But, none the less, the North went battling on.  
Though sore with indignation, sorrow, shame,  
'Twas more and more determined in its aim  
To crush Rebellion, whatsoe'er the cost,  
And win in battle, all in battle lost.  
The Evil Spirit of the war was glad,  
While ne'er so brave was Lincoln, or so sad ;  
But swift was he fresh battle plans to lay,  
And see the coming of a brighter day.  
What wiser ruler e'er to fame was known  
Since Washington had graced his Country's throne ?

## XXVI.

### UNION SUCCESSES FOLLOW THE BULL RUN DISASTER.

Bull Run's disaster proved itself a boon.  
The North, aroused, retrieved its laurels soon  
At Wilson's Creek, Cheat Mountain, Carnifex,—  
Where on the river floated bloody decks ;  
At Wild Cat Camp, at Belmont, Bolivar—  
Rife with the horrors of this Civil War,—  
At Elkwater and Lexington. But, lo !  
Ball's Bluff soon dealt the North another blow,  
And dyed Potomac's waters red with blood,  
Where Bay State heroes battled in the flood,  
And perished by the bayonet. Alas !  
That all these horrors should have come to pass.  
But now there came glad tidings from the sea.  
Port Royal's forts were set—from Rebels—free—  
A naval expedition's victory—



And o'er them waved the stars and stripes anew.  
South Carolina shuddered at the view.  
Thus early—ere the end of 'Sixty-one—  
To victory the North was sweeping on.

## XXVII.

## FIERCE SOUTHWESTERN WARFARE.

Missouri was the scene of warfare wild,  
With horrors oft on Savagery piled,  
And, in Kentucky, blood, like water, ran.  
There Morgan's raids brought struggles, man to  
man,  
While West Virginia,—though loyal, too,—  
War's ravages, and terrors, often knew,  
And Tennessee was long a battle ground,  
Though to the Union, by its ballot, bound.  
War's flame and thunder seemed to fill the air,  
And all the land the battle's roar to share,  
While speculation ran, in Wall street, wild,  
And gold, like Pelion on Ossa piled,  
Went leaping up whene'er the Rebels gained,  
To backward surge whene'er their fortunes waned.

## XXVIII.

Southwest the war was full of tragic freaks.  
The Chickasaws, the Choctaws and the Creeks,  
Fought with the South in ignorance of Wrong.  
To tell their woes none e'er will find a tongue.  
War proved to them a pestilence and scourge.  
They perished as they battled in its surge.  
In Arkansas the Rebels met defeat,  
And in disorder beat a swift retreat,  
Bushwhackers and guerillas in their wake,  
Nor there again e'er ventured war to make.

Quantrell the Cut-throat, with his troopers, fled.  
Crushed out by Steele, Rebellion there was dead,  
With Union arms triumphant o'er the State.  
'This heralded the whole Rebellion's fate.  
But harder in Missouri fought the foe,  
While fierce guerilla bands ranged to and fro.  
At Wilson's Creek, where Lyon won renown—  
Death mowed that lion-hearted hero down  
Just as he grandly cried, "Come on, brave men,  
And follow me! Charge! Bayonets again!"

## XXIX.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—MCCLELLAN TAKES  
COMMAND.—HIS CAMPAIGN TO CAPTURE RICHMOND.

Scott, now grown old, resigned supreme command,  
And, in his place, McClellan took his stand,  
And well he disciplined his raw recruits,  
But tardily he reached for Battle's fruits.  
Potomac's army long in quiet lay:  
The Country grew impatient of delay.  
McClellan then his Yorktown siege began,  
To capture Richmond, in the end, his plan.  
But, in the Shenandoah, Banks' retreat  
Served all his plans, in bloodshed, to defeat.  
Thus "Little Mac's" Peninsular campaign  
Brought little save disaster in its train.  
But though, ere long, he lost supreme command,  
He, to his troops, remained a hero grand.

## XXX.

CLOUDS ABROAD.

The monarchies of Europe, jealous grown,  
Long yearned to see the Union overthrown—

The great Republic of the world in twain,  
By which, they hoped that Monarchy would gain,  
And thus, abroad, Rebellion found its friends,  
Prepared to aid it for ignoble ends.  
Belligerent, in law, the South became,  
And privateers set Northern ships aflame.  
But, in its righteous strength, the Union arm  
Could cope with all its foes who plotted harm.  
Yet heavy blows it took, as well as gave,  
No less when routed, than when routing, brave.

Portentously the war cloud seemed to swell  
When Wilkes made captive Mason and Slidell,  
And war with England threatened as the cost.  
'Twas well—surrendered—that the found were lost,  
The loss was gain, the Union councils wise ;  
The North was battling for a grander prize :  
And England now is with us hand in hand,  
And side by side in brotherhood we stand—  
The two great sections of our noble race—  
Prepared, together, weal or woe to face.

## XXXI.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRI-  
MAC" IN MARCH, 1862, AND BETWEEN THE  
"WEEHAWKEN" AND "ATLANTA" IN  
JUNE, 1863.

Fort Henry and Fort Donelson then fell,  
And Battle's gory tide began to swell.  
March,—'Sixty-two,—had thrilling tales to tell.  
Behold, in Hampton Roads, the *Merrimac*  
On Union frigates made her bold attack,  
And took the North and all the world aback  
By that first advent of the iron ram,  
Which, like a wolf, devoured the Union lamb.

With all her crew, the *Cumberland* went down,—  
The stars and stripes still flying from her crown.  
But swiftly won the *Monitor* renown,—  
Though like a cheese-box on a raft she lay,—  
And proved the great avenger of her day.  
Her turret guns caused havoc and dismay,  
With Worden as the hero of the fray.  
Those guns, whose smoke amid their thunders  
    curled,  
Were heard in ringing echoes round the world.  
How well the giant *Merrimac* she fought,  
And battling grandly—war's new lesson taught,  
And revolution in the navies wrought!  
Her flashing guns, in thunder and in smoke,  
For Freedom's cause victoriously spoke.  
She came as an avenging Nemesis—  
A friend in need, a marvel of the seas—  
Just as her daring foe fresh havoc planned,  
And turned disaster to a triumph grand.  
Yes, grandly she performed a glorious feat,  
Which made the Northern heart with gladness beat.  
The *Merrimac* retreated in defeat,  
The thrilling and momentous duel o'er  
That history will blazon evermore.  
God sent that modern David of the sea,  
To win o'er that Goliath victory.  
Well Worden, like his ship, deserved renown,  
Long may—in Fame—that hero wear his crown.

---

Another naval duel, later fought,  
Fresh glory to the Union banner brought.  
Fast, on her errand of destruction bound,  
The mailed *Atlanta* sped through Warsaw Sound,  
To sweep the North's blockading fleet away.

But in her track the mailed *Weehawken* lay,  
And, battling, o'er the Rebel won the day,  
And, swiftly, led her—captured—from the scene,  
The stars and stripes where stars and bars had been.

## XXXII.

## A CHAIN OF BATTLES.

A lengthening chain of battles was the war,  
And all its links were horrors born of war,  
For war is but Destruction leagued with Death,  
And through the cannon's mouth it draws its  
breath—

A monster at which angels stand aghast ;  
And may each war that happens be the last ;  
And, ere the crack of doom, the time will come  
When wars will be no more, and cannon dumb.  
'Twas well when this our righteous war was past,  
But not till vict'ry crowned our arms at last.  
Mill Spring, Pea Ridge, Fern'dina followed fast  
Ere Williamsburg, Fair Oaks and Winchester,  
Began, as ne'er before, the North to stir.  
Surrendered, then, was "Island Number Ten,"  
And free was Mississippi's stream again  
For sixty miles above where Memphis stands,  
While Union City fell in Union hands.  
The Good and Evil spirits battled on,  
God and the Right, and Lincoln's scepter, one.

## XXXIII.

## THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Then Newbern came, and Pittsburg Landing—frays  
That fanned the fire of war into a blaze.  
Ah, wild were Shiloh's two great battle days.

The first day brought defeat to those in Blue,  
The second left the Gray the day to rue.  
The Union forces drove the Rebels back  
With awful slaughter in each fierce attack,  
And fourteen thousand soldiers on each side  
Were maimed or captive, or, alas ! had died.  
Thrice wounded, gallant Sherman led the way,  
And thrice his horse fell, slaughtered, in the fray,  
But, fast remounting, "Forward !" was his cry,  
And, at the charge, he saw the Rebels fly.  
A golden sunset gilded Shiloh's field,  
And piles of dead and dying troops revealed,  
While triumph shone in Sherman's piercing eyes,  
And from the Union ranks came joyful cries.

## XXXIV.

FARRAGUT SAILS UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO NEW  
ORLEANS.

The Mississippi and Potomac vied,  
Each with the other, in their gory tide.  
Both North and South turned eager eyes to these—  
These distant rivers rippling in the breeze,  
For there the war—momentous and prolonged—  
Was most with great events and battles thronged.  
'Neath April skies in 'Sixty-two, behold !—  
The story through the ages will be told—  
Brave Farragut sailed up to New Orleans—  
Bombarding through a hundred battle scenes—  
Lashed to the *Hartford's* rigging by a rope—  
A victory far reaching in its scope :  
And Butler there began his iron rule—  
The discipline of war's relentless school.



## XXXV.

THE BATTLES AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN, MALVERN HILL,  
GAINES'S MILL AND ELSEWHERE.

Oak Grove, James Island, and Mechanicsville,  
Saw bloody battles. Then came Gaines's Mill,  
Peach Orchard, Savage Station and White Oak,  
Ere Malvern Hill in blood and thunder spoke.  
Then Cedar Mountain and Manassas guns  
Found echo in the hearts of Freedom's sons,  
And Baton Rouge showed Williams grandly brave.  
He died the flag, he battled for, to save.  
South Mountain's battle brightly flashed its fire,  
And at Rebellion belched its thunders dire.  
McClellan there o'er Lee achieved success,—  
Though great and deadly was the battle's stress,—  
And hotly the retreating foe pursued.  
But joy soon turned into solicitude  
When Harper's Ferry yielded to the foe.  
Incompetence could hardly further go,  
Else Cowardice or Treason struck the blow.  
But o'er it soon again the flag was shown—  
The stars and stripes ; and Union valor shone  
With splendor on Antietam's bloody field.  
South Mountain's victors, heroes stood revealed.

## XXXVI.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

McClellan, Hooker, Burnside, Meade advanced  
With ninety thousand men ; and chargers pranced,  
And bay'nets in the sunshine brightly glanced,  
And far and near the thrilling bugles blew,  
And on the breeze their call to action flew,

While fife and drum were heard along the lines,  
With all a great impending battle's signs.  
Now, at Antietam, blood began to flow.  
Lee, Longstreet, Hill and Jackson led the foe,  
And aimed to strike the North a fatal blow.  
The battle raged. They desperately fought,  
And frightful havoc bore as well as wrought.  
The tide of carnage quickly ebbed and flowed,  
And down both Blue and Gray were swiftly mowed.  
At first success was on the Union side,  
And in the Rebel ranks the rents were wide,  
But troops from Harper's Ferry came to Lee,  
And—reinforced—he fought more savagely.

Gloom quickly fell upon the Union "Right."  
Three times was Sedgwick wounded in the fight,  
And lifeless fell the charger that he rode.  
Yet still he fought and splendid courage showed.  
Sore wounded, too, was Hooker—"Fighting Joe,"  
But—mounted—still he galloped to and fro.  
All that had erst been gained seemed lost, when lo!  
Fresh troops—by Franklin led—attacked the foe,  
And, at a double-quick, retook the ground,  
And swelled the thunder of the battle's sound,  
And, later, crossed the bridge and gained the hill,  
And cheered the flag they hoisted with a will.

## XXXVII.

Bright was the scene in the September sun,—  
That shone upon the ghastly carnage done—  
With water and with forest, hill and dale;  
But war, amid its beauty, told its tale:—  
Magnificent the prospect, marred by man.  
Alas, that war e'er thus in riot ran.  
Antietam glory shed on Gray and Blue.

The most ferocious fight of 'Sixty-two  
Filled all the land with pain, and sorrow too ;  
For Death, the Reaper, cut men down like grain,  
Till North and South nigh shuddered o'er the slain.

## XXXVIII.

There Thomas Francis Meagher's brave brigade  
Their lives upon the Union altar laid,  
While charging o'er and o'er, through fire and blood,  
With battle surging round them like a flood.  
"Shoot not that charging hero!" Gordon cried :—  
"So brave a soldier whets a soldier's pride.  
Foe though he be, too good is he to die!"—  
As, on his steed, their leader seemed to fly,  
And Meagher lived again to charge the foe.  
No bolder spirit struck a Union blow.  
Yet indecisive proved Antietam's fight,  
And Lee re-crossed the river in the night,  
Retreated, unpursued, in sorry plight,—  
While, on the morrow, storm gave way to calm,  
Which to the wounded carried welcome balm.  
Antietam! O! Antietam, bitter tears  
Have sprung from thee, through all the bygone  
years.

## XXXIX.

## THOUGHTS OF HOME IN CAMP.

Sweet, tender missives came, at times, to camp—  
Which told of home in their familiar stamp—  
From wife or sweetheart, parent, child or friend.  
God seemed these messengers of peace to send,  
Which came to comfort, gladden and console,  
And, to the sick, brought solace to the soul.  
Home ne'er was dearer, sweeter than to those  
Whose eyes, in death, ere reaching home would close.

## XL.

## THE TIDE OF BATTLE.

On rolled the tide of battle, deep and fast,  
And, at the tidings, men stood oft aghast,  
But Fate and Fortune favored Freedom's side,  
And vainly for success Secession tried.  
Kentucky, Mississippi, Florida  
Saw battles that made all the North hurrah!  
At Mumfordsville, and Corinth, Perryville,—  
Augusta, Owenb'ro, Iuka Mill,—  
Both Blue and Gray fought on with iron will,  
In thunder and in lightning, and in smoke—  
The signs in which each roaring battle spoke.

## XLI.

## LINCOLN PROCLAIMS THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Now dawned a great event, that all foresaw.  
It came with all the majesty of law.  
By proclamation Lincoln freed the slave.  
A God-like gift—the fruit of war—he gave.  
Emancipation crushed a giant wrong  
That o'er the South had cast its blight too long.  
Secession, too, by this lost all its sting.  
No more would Slave-grown Cotton—Hail!—be  
King.  
Thus tardy justice to the negro came.  
On this one act rests Lincoln's brightest fame.

---

Great pilot of the battling Ship of State,  
He freed the Slave, and sealed Secession's fate.  
He gave him Freedom as a fitting crown,  
And tore the breast-works of Rebellion down.

He seemed as one who thus to do was sent—  
Ordained by God to do what God had meant—  
Ordained his Country's foes to circumvent,  
And free the slave from bondage evermore,  
A mighty part in this he nobly bore.  
He stood before the world, colossal, grand,  
The guardian angel of his native land,  
While Nations joined their plaudits to our own,  
And echoed Lincoln's praises, zone to zone;  
And evermore imperishable fame  
Will shed its glory on his storied name.

---

With justice done, and Freedom's battle won,  
The Country had a new career begun.  
The blot that erst had fouled it was no more—  
The infamy of slavery was o'er.  
No longer chattels, slaves at last were men,  
Emancipated both by sword and pen,  
And well have they their crown of freedom worn,  
Nor ceased their benefactor's fate to mourn.  
The righteous cause had triumphed o'er the wrong,  
And made the Union more than ever strong.  
The Good and Evil spirits battled still—  
Lincoln and Davis, each with iron will,  
But God was on Emancipation's side,  
And gave, through Lincoln, what the South denied,  
And doomed the Evil Spirit to defeat,  
A fate no less inglorious than meet.

## XLII.

## THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Still onward swept the hurricane of strife,  
The duel of the North and South for life,

And Fredericksburg its lurid havoc wrought,  
And Death, or glory, heroes bravely sought.  
Ah, bright was war's wild devastating flame.  
Thunder and lightning seemed to play a game.  
Ne'er greater than in this was Battle's stress,  
With Lee and Burnside moving, as in chess.  
But Burnside, sadly failing of success,  
Resigned the reins, and Hooker took command.  
The army needed there a master hand,  
And famed for daring deeds was "Fighting Joe,"  
Who, like Phil. Kearney, feared not death or foe;  
And soon the tide of battle swelled anew,  
And loud and long the roar of cannon grew.

## XLIII.

## THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

Ere Murfreesboro's thunders rent the air—  
With cannon booming 'mid the trumpet's blare—  
Cane Hill and Davis Mills, stern battles, too,  
Had carried death to hosts in Gray and Blue.  
But here, more deadly, war's wild torrent rushed,  
And victory, at first, the Rebels flushed.  
The "right wing" gone, and troops in panic, lo!  
The battle seemed already lost. But, No.  
Brave Rosecrans cried out—"Now stop retreat!  
We'll turn to victory this sore defeat!  
We must and shall this battle—Soldiers!—win!  
Now silence yonder batt'ry, to begin!  
And all re-form and meet the yelling foe!  
Stand firm and fire a volley! Back he'll go.  
If not, present your bayonets, and Charge!  
'Tis needless on these orders to enlarge;  
But—Comrades!—here we conquer or we die!"  
And all that Rosecrans desired was done;



And Murfreesboro's battle thus was won.  
Hail ! to that New Year's day in 'Sixty three,  
And to that morrow which brought victory.  
Hail ! to the courage of the Boys in Blue,  
Who fought so grandly, to their Country true.

#### XLIV.

##### THE THEATER OF WAR.

The din of war resounded far and wide,  
And onward swept its angry, swelling tide.  
Hunt's Cross Roads now a Union vict'ry scored,  
And cavalry fought hard at Kelly's Ford—  
A battle fierce and wild, with fire and sword—  
But Galveston—recaptured by the foe—  
In Texas struck the Union arms a blow—  
A blow that Rebel treachery had planned,  
Yet to return and strike its dastard hand,  
For, like the boomerang, ill deeds come back.  
Ill doers live on Retribution's rack.  
But war is cruel whereso'er it be—  
Remorseless, savage—both on land and sea.  
Thus in the theater of war was played  
The tragedy that North and South essayed,  
And hosts of battling kinsmen low were laid.

#### XLV.

##### THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Chancellorsville then thrilled the North anew,  
And, like a trumpet blast, its tidings flew,  
For Hooker's plans to capture Richmond, lo !  
By this were dealt an overwhelming blow.  
But bravely Hooker through the battle fought,

And greater carnage, than he suffered, wrought,  
For eighteen thousand men who wore the Gray  
Were captured, killed or wounded in the fray.  
When—overwhelmed—the troops of Howard broke,  
Thus Hooker—riding up—to Berry spoke—  
“ Into the breach, like lightning, throw your men !  
Fire not a shot ! We seem but three to ten.  
Receive the Rebels on the bayonet ! ”  
The shock that followed none could e’er forget,  
As “ Forward ! ” “ Charge ! ” their mounted leader  
cried,  
And all the Rebels in pursuit defied.

The troops with steady ranks, and bristling steel,  
Advanced, and backward saw the Rebels reel.  
The heads of columns went, like plummets, down,  
Nor Battle’s din could cries of anguish drown.  
The piles of slain rose up like barricades,  
And cavalry the while swung bloody blades.  
Back to the Rappahannock Hooker fell,  
But “ Fighting Joe,” though baffled, battled well.  
That awful fight red-lettered ’Sixty-three.  
The battle-field was like a raging sea.  
Both Blue and Gray fought hard for Victory.

---

Brave men oft into battle went with fear,  
Then gathered courage as Death hovered near,  
And fought, like tigers springing on their prey,  
Reckless of danger, and athirst to slay.  
From trembling fear to daring deeds they passed,  
Nor quailed at scenes that made some stand aghast,  
For battle, and the bugle and the drum,  
Urge on the brave, and strike the coward dumb.

## XLVI.

## STONEMAN'S DARING RAID.

The gallant daring shown in Stoneman's raid,  
Of his unrivalled horsemen heroes made,  
And all Virginia wondered at their deeds.  
Romantic seemed they on their flying steeds—  
These rovers from the Union army's ranks,  
Who left the Rapidan's inviting banks  
And found adventure wheresoe'er they went,  
Far as the James, on dire destruction bent,  
And through the country consternation spread,  
And—by their ravages—alarm and dread.  
They boldly ventured far among their foes,  
Yet brought their raid to a triumphant close.

## XLVII.

LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.—BATTLES ON THE  
MARCH.—KILPATRICK AT THE BATTLE OF  
BRANDY STATION.

June, with its roses, came in 'Sixty-three,  
But only thorns around him Lee could see,  
With devastated scenes on either hand.  
Allured by all the Plenty of the land,  
He now looked North with hungry, envious eyes,  
And to his leaders said—"I see a prize!  
We'll Baltimore and Washington surprise!"  
So, rashly, Lee prepared to move his camp,  
And said to Gordon—"Now we'll Northward tramp,  
For Maryland's and Pennsylvania's charms  
Refreshment offer to our battered arms."

---

Then Pleasanton the Rappahannock crossed,  
And Brandy Station's battle was the cost.

All there seemed lost till up Kilpatrick rode,  
And skill, as well as splendid courage, showed.  
He madly charged the foe, then backward reeled.  
The foe seemed almost master of the field  
When to his beaten cavalry he cried—  
“Back, Tenth New York!” and “Back, the Harris  
Light!  
Re-form your squadrons, charge and win the fight!”  
Again they charged. The work was bravely done:  
The Rebels fled. The battle had been won.

## XLVIII.

Towards the Potomac Lee now marched in force,  
While Hooker watched—with cavalry—his course.  
“I’ll not,” said he, “prevent his crossing o’er,  
But fight him, later, on the Northern shore!  
And meanwhile drive him higher up the stream,  
And get him where defeat will certain seem,  
Yet fight him by Divisions as he goes,  
And cripple him with unexpected blows.  
Kilpatrick now, with Pleasanton, I’ll send,  
In force, to reconnoiter and to rend!”  
And bloody battles soon those heroes fought,  
Which swiftly fresh success and glory brought.

## XLIX.

## THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Lee,—corps by corps—crossed into Maryland,  
And Meade succeeded Hooker in command.  
Then on to Pennsylvania pushed the foe,  
But heard at Gettysburg the bugles blow—  
The bugles of the Union army there,  
Which soon with booming cannon filled the air.  
The famous three-days battle had begun,  
And in the end the Union heroes won.

## L.

The Rebels knew how mighty was their stake,  
And desperately strove the lines to break,  
And madly aimed the train supplies to take ;  
And charged, in thunder, o'er and o'er again,  
While Death mowed down the battling hosts of  
men.

The Evil spirit struggled with the Good,  
And drenched the stricken land anew with blood.  
But Union prowess drove Rebellion back,  
And left it victor after each attack ;  
And in that hurricane of war it rose  
To heights sublime, and struck titanic blows.

## LI.

A peaceful valley Gettysburg had been,  
With hills environed, picturesque and green—  
Oak Ridge, Round Top, and Wolf's and Culp's in  
view,  
And Cemetery Hill—the largest—too,  
But when three hundred cannon thundered there,  
And rent—with shells and musketry—the air,  
Nigh deaf'ning was the wild, terrific roar,  
And wreaths of smoke the hills—that echoed—wore,  
While Battle's scars the trees, like soldiers, bore.  
Hill, Johnston, Ewell, Longstreet, led—with Lee—  
The Rebel forces, surging like the sea,  
And hurled them o'er and o'er, with savage yells,  
Against the Union lines. But history tells  
How oft repulsed, with heavy loss, were they,  
Or routed fled—disordered—in dismay.

## LII.

Yes, hosts in Blue o'ercame the hosts in Gray  
On Gettysburg's third, awful, battle day,

And drove the rash invaders whence they came,  
Back to Virginia. Lee had missed his aim.  
To Hancock, Meade and Sickles lasting fame!  
To all who battled there, a laurel crown!  
Immortal be each mortal man's renown!  
Well might this Union triumph, great and grand,  
Fill with rejoicing all the loyal land.  
Yet Lee exclaimed—the first day's battles fought—  
“Behold we've frightful Fed'ral havoc wrought,  
And—mark!—to-morrow we will vanquish Meade,  
And Sykes and Sedgwick will be crushed indeed.”

## LIII.

A hundred thousand men had Lee, and more,  
And on the Union side were ninety-four.  
So deadly was the conflict that of these—  
Whose Union flags were waving in the breeze—  
O'er twenty-three were captured, wounded, killed,  
And forty of the Gray, ere it was stilled.  
There Reynolds, Weed and Farnsworth passed away,  
And Sickles, Hancock, Barlow, Doubleday,  
Fell wounded in the hottest of the strife,  
But glory crowned them both in death and life,  
And Gettysburg will live forevermore.  
Rebellion there was riddled to the core.  
Thus in defeat again its fate was sealed,  
All hail! to that decisive battle's field!

## LIV.

## SOUTHERN PRISONS—ANDERSONVILLE AND LIBBY.

'Twas sad to turn from Union battles won  
To prison pens where cruel deeds were done,  
And think of scenes with death and torture rife—



Worse even than the battle's deadly strife,  
Where Northern soldiers found a Southern hell,  
Whose sick'ning horrors are remembered well.  
At Libby and at Andersonville, lo!—  
Where Union captives suffered woe on woe—  
The prison proved the portal to the grave,  
And death in life there met the Northern brave.  
But, strong in courage still their hearts were true,  
And proudly, in their jails, they wore the Blue,  
And gloried in the Union cause anew.  
Well the ferocious Wirtz deserved his fate :  
At Andersonville Death was at the gate.

## LV.

## THE UNION ARMS PROSPER.

The Northern star shone brighter than before,  
The Union arms were prosp'ring more and more.  
Black River Bridge and Champion Hill were next  
To preach, with shot and shell, from Battle's text.  
But greater, vaster, grander scenes were near.  
For these the Nation watched with hope and fear—  
Both North and South—with keen, and anxious eyes  
That told of war, hate, sorrow, love and sighs.

## LVI.

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG AND PORT HUDSON  
TO GRANT RE-OPENS THE MISSISSIPPI.

The glorious Fourth was marked in 'Sixty-three  
By Grant's great Mississippi victory,  
For Vicksburg, long besieged, surrendered then,  
And cheers for Grant rose o'er and o'er again.  
He swept the Mississippi when it fell.

To Rebel ears it sounded like a knell.  
Port Hudson followed. All with Grant went well,  
Rebellion shuddered at the stronghold's fate.  
Good fortune on the Union seemed to wait,  
And Gold—the war barometer—fell too,  
As great events came thronging to the view,  
For Gettysburg's glad tidings then were new.  
The North rejoiced, and cheered the Boys in Blue,  
And through the land thanksgiving prayers arose  
For all these triumphs o'er the Union's foes,  
Who lost—in "Attakapas country"—sway.  
Again the Mississippi open lay,  
And more contracted grew the South's domain,  
And more oppressive there the Rebel reign.

## LVII.

## THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

On raged the war, and Millikens—the Bend—  
Fresh horror to the struggle seemed to lend,  
While deeds of valor Chickamauga showed.  
Fame, to that battle, gallant Steadman owed,  
And Thomas and McCook the glory shared.  
No braver soldiers ever perils dared.  
That two days' struggle sorely tried the Blue,  
For Rosecrans had soldiers far too few,—  
Far from his base his troops had traveled, too—  
And Longstreet fought with ninety thousand men,—  
While Rosecrans had only six to ten.  
But Fortune smiled on Union arms again,  
For, just when all seemed lost, up Steadman came  
With reinforcements. There was loud acclaim.  
"Charge through that gap, where rushes now the  
foe!"  
Cried Thomas, "and, in charging, headlong go,

And drive him back by striking blow on blow,  
Else he will pierce and sweep away our 'left,'  
For, see, of 'right' and 'center' we're bereft!"  
Then, charging madly, Steadman's forces flew  
And Longstreet's hosts, by thousands, fiercely slew,  
Yea, drove them back, disordered, as they came,  
And won the battle and undying fame.  
O'er sixteen thousand men the Union lost,—  
And even more that fight the Rebels cost—  
In missing, and in wounded and in dead,  
But glory crowned each Union hero's head.  
Alas! that Chickamauga's battle field  
Should kindred hearts to slaughter thus have steeled.

## LVIII.

## THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Then came a bloody battle in the clouds—  
Clouds that—alas!—to many proved their shrouds.  
A thousand feet above the Vale it raged—  
On Lookout Mountain desperately waged—  
And from the Valley those who viewed the fight,  
Ne'er saw a grander—more terrific—sight  
Till smoke and mist concealed it from the view—  
A fight from dawn to dark that hotter grew  
Till all the Rebel hosts were put to flight—  
Confused, disordered, and in awful plight;  
For Bragg to check the Union army failed,  
And Lookout Mountain's rugged top was scaled,—  
Its fortress captured, and the vict'ry hailed,—  
And Missionary Ridge, from west to east.  
"On vict'ries now—behold—!" said Grant, "we  
feast!"  
'Twas not till night the long day's battle ceased,  
And then triumphant were the Boys in Blue,

Who Chattanooga Valley captured, too,  
And with the stars and stripes adorned the view.  
“ Well done ! ” said Grant, “ you climbed that Mountain well.

Of harder fighting hist’ry ne’er will tell ! ”  
Grant led his forces grandly, and the foe  
Surrendered, died, or fled to plains below,  
Pursued by Sherman’s and by Hooker’s fire.  
Bragg and Rebellion met disaster dire.

Kentucky now—with Tennessee—was freed  
From Rebel raids, while Burnside, much in need—  
At Knoxville—gained not glory but relief.  
“ I hail,” said Grant, “ one consequence as chief ;  
It opens Georgia to the Union arms,  
And fills the groaning South with fresh alarms,  
For fifteen thousand men its battle cost—  
The captured, wounded and the dead it lost.”  
November, ’Sixty-three, grew dark indeed  
To Rebel eyes. Reverses gathered speed.

### LIX.

#### FRESH UNION SUCCESSES, AND THE ALABAMA SUNK BY THE KEARSARGE.

Thus to the Union Cause there came success.  
The God of Battles seemed its arms to bless.  
At Ringgold met again the Blue and Gray,  
But at Fort Pillow Massacre held sway.  
The demon Forrest there “ No quarter ! ” cried,  
And, at his cruel hands, all captured died—  
As foul an act as e’er disgraced a foe.  
He merits hell who struck that dastard blow.

Virginia's battles then spurred North and South,  
And told their story at the cannon's mouth,  
While Tolopatomoy's deep, silent creek  
Saw Blue and Gray remorseless vengeance wreak.  
Cold Harbor's echoes scarce had died away  
When on the Chickahominy the fray  
Broke out in fury, thund'ring far and near.  
Ne'er war more agonizing seemed than here.  
The Union prospered, and success was sure,  
While more and more the South grew weak and  
poor.

The *Alabama* found a wat'ry grave,  
Sunk by those gunners of the *Kearsarge* brave,  
The stars and stripes above them waving high.  
Amid the cannon's roar we saw them fly,  
While Winslow cried, "We'll sink her, or we'll  
die!"

Ne'er retribution smote with fitter fate,  
Nor e'er a ship was more pursued by hate :  
And so Secession's terror of the seas  
Was, like the *Nashville*, sent below the breeze,  
No more on ocean's breast to loot and burn.  
In war Secession now was far astern,  
And strategy from Rosecrans could learn.  
With Chattanooga and Altoona lost,  
And Hood—defeated—counting Battle's cost—  
The South began—but ah, too late, too late—  
To realize at last her coming fate.  
The calls for troops, made o'er and o'er again,  
Brought to the army hosts of willing men,  
And other hosts, unnumbered, ready stood  
In Union's sacred cause to shed their blood.

## LX.

GRANT, IN COMMAND OF ALL THE UNION ARMIES,  
PLANS THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA AND RICHMOND.

The spring of 'Sixty-four brought fresh campaigns.  
Grant now of all the armies held the reins,  
And showed indomitable pluck and brains.  
To capture Richmond and Atlanta, too,  
He laid his plans, and said—"I'll take the two.  
Both heart and lungs Rebellion then will lose,  
And must 'tween death and prompt surrender  
choose."

To Sherman he assigned Atlanta's fate,  
But held himself the key to Richmond's gate,  
And chose as Corps Commanders only those  
In whom he felt he could his trust repose,  
For one weak link, he knew, might break a chain,  
And neutralize what all the rest might gain.

His chain of war, five thousand miles in length,  
And varying in military strength,  
From Rio Grande to Potomac spanned,  
And comprehended all the Rebel land—  
A vast domain ruled only by the sword,  
And by the horns of Battle deeply gored.  
Six hundred war-ships coast and rivers ploughed,  
And—for the South—the North prepared a shroud.  
The last great deadly struggle each foresaw,  
And laid its plans the prize of war to draw,  
And each resolved to conquer or to die,  
And gloried in the flag it carried high.



LXI.

THIS WAR OF BROTHERS A FIERCE AND SAD DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A war so great to all mankind was new,  
And ne'er before a war so many slew.  
The startled world looked on with wond'ring eyes,  
While North and South breathed hopes and fears,  
and sighs.  
No greater test of strength e'er nation stood  
Than this our Union in that flood of blood.  
No grander cause to grander triumph led  
Than that in which the Union heroes bled.

This war of brothers was supremely sad  
Howe'er success might make the winners glad.  
A fierce domestic tragedy ran wild,  
And angry passions better things defiled.  
Alas ! that such a kinsman's war was waged,  
Alas ! that foul Rebellion ever raged.  
Against itself the South committed crime—  
A crime to rue until the end of time.

LXII.

GRANT'S EIGHT DAYS OF BATTLE WITH LEE IN THE  
WILDERNESS AND AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.—MEADE,  
HANCOCK, SEDGWICK, BUTLER, CROOK AND  
WARREN COMMANDERS UNDER GRANT.—  
SEDGWICK KILLED.

The army under Grant had vaster grown  
Than e'er before. To Lee its strength was known.  
But reinforcements also swelled his own,  
And both looked forward to a grand campaign,

Each planning in the end to glory gain.  
Two hundred, yea, and thirty thousand men  
Were under arms—with Grant Commander, then,  
His aim the rebel hosts to rout and crush,  
And on to Richmond, and its capture, push.  
His first advance was 'mid the bloom of May,  
When nature made the landscape bright and gay.  
Meade, Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick, Butler, Crook,  
Their way to battle—Grant-directed—took,  
And in the Wilderness terrific strife  
Soon thousands swept, amid its roar, from life.  
Alas! 'twas there the daring Sedgwick fell  
To rise no more. But he had labored well.  
Fast Spottsylvania followed in its wake,—  
Both bloody battles, with their heaps of slain,  
Yet neither side displayed decisive gain.  
Eight days of battle cost the Union side  
Full thirty thousand men—those who had died,  
The captured and the maimed. But Grant was bold,  
And thus to Lincoln his decision told :—  
“To fight it out, on this line, I propose,  
E'en if it takes until the summer's close !”  
But nigh a year of bloodshed passed away  
Ere Peace, o'er North and South, resumed her sway.

## LXIII.

SHERMAN ENTERS ATLANTA AND THEN MARCHES  
VICTORIOUSLY THROUGH GEORGIA TO THE SEA, AND  
CAPTURES SAVANNAH.

Soon, from Atlanta, Hood was forced to fly,—  
But as he left, its flames illumed the sky.  
Then Sherman o'er it raised the flag on high.  
Secession's end was swiftly drawing nigh.

Atlanta's capture made rebellion wail,  
And of impending ruin told the tale.

---

There in Atlanta, one November morn,—  
When barns were rich with newly garnered corn,  
And Phœbus bathed the landscape in his sheen,  
And glorified the memorable scene,—  
The Union army—sixty thousand strong,—  
Began its famous march—so bold and long.  
“ Now through the State of Georgia to the sea,  
March forward,—Soldiers ! ”—Sherman cried, “ with  
me !

The Rebels—in retreat,—have met defeat,  
And we can crush whatever foe we meet !  
By God,—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,—  
Secession's doomed, and all the Rebel host !  
And o'er the South triumphant is the flag  
That traitors, down have foully tried to drag !  
Triumphant is the red, the white and blue,  
And—Soldiers ! Comrades !—glory waits on you !  
So forward march, victorious and strong ! ”  
And on they went, with playing bands and song.

Thus Sherman with his legions strong and brave,—  
Whose willing hands would dig Secession's grave,—  
Marched boldly from Atlanta to the sea—  
A splendid spectacle of pageantry,  
The stars and stripes, and music in the air,  
And Georgia, like a garden, bright and fair.  
Red, white and blue, with Nature's green and gold,  
Made picturesque that famous march of old.

#### LXIV.

The whistle of the mocking bird was heard,  
And, flashing by, was seen the humming bird,

♥

The oriole and gaudy tropeo,  
And cardinal, with scarlet breast aglow,  
While autumn bloom shed perfume on the air,  
And Nature's dress seemed ev'ry tint to share.  
There rich magnolias, with creamy bloom,  
Contrasted with the pine tree's stately gloom,  
And splendid verdure carpeted the ground  
Far as the eye could reach, and all around.  
Through Georgia to Savannah sped the host,  
Oft battling on the journey to the coast.  
Of such a deed no other e'er could boast.  
No march like this the wondering world had known,  
And grandly Sherman as a soldier shone.  
Savannah soon surrendered to his blows,  
And he was victor over all his foes.  
Rebellion heard the news with bated breath,  
It heralded, all knew, Secession's death.

## LXV.

O ! land of beauty, and O ! splendid clime,  
Robed in the glories of the autumn time,—  
With blushing fruits, and blossoms, far and near,  
And balmy air and sky divinely clear,—  
How sad that war should thus have ploughed thy  
soil,  
And armies turned thy treasures into spoil.

## LXVI.

So vast a war filled nations with surprise,  
And all the world looked on with wond'ring eyes ;  
And greater, grander this our Union grew  
As, act by act, war's drama came in view.  
The great Republic, tried by fire and sword,  
The honors of the mighty conflict scored.

God blessed the cause of Freedom from the first,  
And human bondage swept away—accurst.

## LXVII.

## THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

With angry mouths Fort Fisher's cannon gleamed.  
Gibraltar-like, impregnable it seemed,  
And Balaklava's charge less bold appeared—  
As Terry's expedition, steaming, neared—  
Than taking this stern fortress by assault.  
But those who led it were too brave to halt.  
An awful storm of shells and iron hail,  
Made those behind its sullen ramparts quail.  
The Fort was madly stormed from ship and shore ;  
Terrific was the battle's angry roar.  
A fiercer fight lives not in army lore  
Than that attack in which Fort Fisher fell.  
Time after time was heard the Rebel yell,  
As from the fortress deadly missiles flew,  
And havoc wrought, and Curtis wounded, too.  
Each side in force, in battle's stern array,  
Fought wildly, and appalling was the fray.  
Soon to the casemates all for shelter fled,  
Where lay in heaps the wounded and the dead.

Then came, in three brigades, the fierce assault,  
And not a man in this was seen to halt.  
The troops of Curtis, Pennypacker, Bell,  
Fought hand to hand amid the Rebel yell,—  
First on the ramparts, and then—lost to view—  
Behind the parapets, where still they slew,  
And hotter still the dreadful struggle grew,  
Till Lamb and Whitney—"We surrender!" cried,  
And thus victorious was the Union side.

Triumphant o'er Rebellion was the Blue,  
And o'er Fort Fisher Union's banner flew.  
Thus 'Sixty-five auspiciously began.  
Rebellion's course had dwindled to a span.

## LXVIII.

SHERMAN CONTINUES HIS MARCH TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

Then Sherman from Savannah onward pressed—  
South Carolina's overthrow his quest—  
Nor, till Columbia's capture, paused for rest,  
And wheresoe'er he went he won the day,  
Though hard the Rebels fought in every fray.  
Through lowland plains, where large plantations lay  
With negro huts and cultivated fields,—  
Suggestive of the wealth that Ceres yields,—  
(While skirting them were forests of the pine  
Festooned with cypress, hanging moss and vine,—)  
And then through long and dreary swamps—he  
trod,—  
And over rivers—with his trust in God.  
His well-tried leaders—Howard, Slocum, Blair;  
Kilpatrick, Logan, Davis, too,—were there,  
And each of perils nobly bore his share.  
On further marched they, and they prospered well.  
Before their prowess all opposing fell.

## LXIX.

THE WAR IN MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA IN 1864.—  
SHERIDAN'S RIDE FROM WINCHESTER.

Rebellion still, in 'Sixty-four, was bold,  
And summer wore her dress of green and gold,  
And Maryland was tempting to the eyes.  
So Early—full of daring enterprise—



Marched forward, an invader on her soil,  
His aim to capture Washington and spoil.  
But troops to drive him back were quickly massed,  
And Sheridan defeated him at last,  
While Grant at Petersburg was fighting Lee.  
Now "Little Phil" said, "Lincoln I must see!"  
And, briefly, from his army took his way.  
Then Early cried—"I'll fight while he's away,  
Surprise his forces at the break of day,  
And overwhelm them swiftly with defeat,  
And thus retrieve my losses by retreat!"  
With all his force he made a bold attack,  
And drove the Union troops—disordered—back.  
In Winchester, full twenty miles away,  
Brave Sheridan—returning—heard the fray.  
The distant roar of cannon filled the air.  
"My God!" he cried, "my men are battling there!"

From Winchester, then, galloped Sheridan—  
Whose rapid ride made famous horse and man—  
And met his routed troops, in swift retreat,  
But rallied them, and cried, "You've met defeat!  
Had I been with you, you had ne'er been beat!  
But I will now recapture all your guns,  
And drive the foe before you! Charge, my sons!"  
They fiercely charged, and swelled the host of dead.  
The, erst victorious, foe defeated fled  
As Sheridan his troops to glory led.  
Fast Early passed from Shenandoah's Vale,  
And Maryland was left no more to wail.

## LXX.

## VIRGINIA THE WAR'S GREAT BATTLE GROUND.

Virginia was the war's great battle ground—  
Where rarely hushed was Battle's booming sound—

The theater of almost ceaseless strife,  
Where Death's keen scythe mowed down the grass  
of life

With restless, tireless, devastating sweep,  
The dead and wounded in a common heap ;  
Where North and South most desperately fought,  
And—in their conflict—greatest havoc wrought ;  
Where awful carnage told of awful days,  
And awful nights, when Battle seemed to blaze.  
O ! dreadful battle days of 'Sixty four,  
When Grant and Lee so drenched the land with gore,  
And Burnside, Hooker, Banks and Hancock led  
The way to glory over piles of dead,  
And—worse—those dreadful days of 'Sixty-five  
Ere Lee with Grant forever ceased to strive.

Too seldom silenced was the cannon's boom  
That told of thousands hurried to their doom ;  
Too seldom musketry's loud rattle stilled ;  
Too oft the air with bursting shells was filled ;  
Too oft with blood the bayonet was red,  
While trampled lay the wounded and the dead.  
Oh ! scenes of bloodshed, shocking, cruel, wild,  
What horrors, deep, on horrors there were piled !

## LXXI.

CHARLESTON CAPTURED.—THE STARS AND STRIPES  
AGAIN WAVE OVER FORT SUMPTER.

Savannah fallen, Charleston followed soon—  
The hotbed of Secession in its noon—  
And Grant, now facing Lee, foresaw the end,  
But Lee still fought, Virginia to defend,—

A hopeless struggle in a hopeless Cause  
Against the Union and his Country's laws.

---

Once more the stars and stripes o'er Sumpter flew—  
The glorious symbol, red and white and blue,—  
The flag that Moultrie's guns had swept away  
When first the Evil Spirit led the fray;  
And all the patriot hosts rejoiced to see  
There, once again, the emblem of the free,  
The black and white alike in freedom now,  
Rebellion to the Union had to bow.  
South Carolina retribution felt :  
As she had done, so unto her was dealt.  
"The end," said Lincoln, "all can see is near,  
No more, thank God, need we Rebellion fear!"  
While Davis knew that all indeed was o'er,  
But cried—"We'll fight till we can fight no more!"  
He to the last extreme of war would go,  
Unmindful of the South's appalling woe,  
Its empty coffers and half-famished troops,  
And evils new that menaced it in groups.  
The tragedy was drawing to a close:  
Rebellion lay in dissolution's throes.

## LXXII.

THE LAST BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.—RICHMOND CAPTURED.—SHERIDAN PURSUES AND ROUTS EARLY;  
AND GRANT, AFTER THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS,  
AND A SUCCESSION OF OTHER BATTLES WITH LEE,  
CUTS HIM OFF FROM ALL MEANS OF ESCAPE.

The dawn of spring in 'Sixty-five had come,  
And with it came, with fire, and dash and drum,  
A victor fresh from Shenandoah's Vale.  
Phil. Sheridan again made Early quail.

With full ten thousand cavalry he sped—  
As brave a soldier as e'er soldiers led.  
At Waynesboro he boldly charged the foe,  
And like a fierce tornado was the blow.  
He captured prisoners, guns, supplies, galore,  
And then, pursuing—captured more and more,  
While bugles blew, and Rebels—routed—ran.  
“Hurrah!” the Union cried, “for Sheridan!”

Then Grant attacked, in force, the lines of Lee,  
And left him so that nowhere he could flee,—  
Destroyed the railways; cut off all escape,  
And thinned his ranks with canister and grape.  
Five Forks then brought him nearer to his fate,  
With savage slaughter, more than ever great,  
And, Grant—pursuing—forced him to retreat  
With famished soldiers, now no longer fleet.  
Ord, Sheridan and Griffith, Humphreys, Wright,  
Like Grant, were in the thickest of the fight,  
And, with them, Gibbon, Birney, Ayres and Parke—  
All tried commanders—men of signal mark.  
Lee finally retreated to the West,  
O'erwhelming force against him,—hotly pressed,  
With Weitzel holding Richmond as his prize,  
While fled the Rebel leaders in disguise.

### LXXIII.

#### THE UNION ARMS VICTORIOUS.

Thus back to Appomattox comes the tale  
That here has traced Rebellion's bloody trail,  
For all converged to Lee's surrender now.  
Inevitably he was doomed to bow  
Alike to Right, o'erwhelming force and fate—  
How little sov'reign seemed at last the State—

A splendid soldier but mistaken man,  
 Whose zeal for war his sense of Right o'erran,  
 Like "Stonewall" Jackson, Davis and the rest,  
 Who blindly onward to their ruin pressed,  
 And pinned their faith to treason, doubly damned,  
 And State Right doctrine, deep with error crammed.

Not when the *Alabama* ranged the seas,  
 Or yet the *Shenandoah* wooed the breeze,  
 When days were darkest for the Union arms,  
 And traitors to their country coined alarms,  
 E'er faltered in the fight the Northern heart,  
 But played from first to last a glorious part.

## LXXIV.

THE REBELLION ENDS WITH THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

'Twas plain Rebellion's hours were numbered.  
 Death

Stood watching o'er it's swiftly ebbing breath,—  
 Plain—as, of old, the writing on the wall—  
 The fabric of Secession had to fall;  
 But, passion-blinded, some refused to see,  
 For to Secession still they bowed the knee,  
 And fought when fighting could but useless be.  
 'Twas then that Grant to Lee "Surrender!" cried,  
 And on the morrow, lo! Rebellion died.  
 Virginia's Rebel army was no more!  
 With Lee surrendered—Hail!—the war was o'er!  
 Yes, the long war was now a thing of yore,  
 And North and South gave welcome to the boon—  
 The boon of peace which changed the night to  
 noon.

## LXXV.

SHERMAN CAPTURES RALEIGH, N. C., AND JOHNSTON  
SURRENDERS.

Then Grant to Sherman sent the news of Lee,  
And Sherman cried, "To God the glory be!"  
And entered Raleigh with exultant mien.  
North Carolina's rebels fled the scene,  
And Johnston followed Lee—his only course—  
"I now," said he, "surrender all my force!"  
But twenty-seven thousand mustered there!  
Rejoicings, flags and music filled the air—  
The Union arms triumphant everywhere.  
The Evil Spirit of the war was crushed,  
The Evil Spirit of the South was hushed;  
And o'er the South there hung a mourning pall,  
While Lincoln rose triumphant over all.  
Dis-union perished, ne'er to rise again.  
Behold it buried with a million men!

## LXXVI.

THE GUIDING FORCES OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.  
LINCOLN, SEWARD, STANTON, GRANT AND CHASE.  
THE COMMANDERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY AND  
BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

Five guiding forces of the war had we—  
Who left their impress most on land and sea—  
In Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Grant and Chase,  
Who added luster to their time and race;  
And, next to these, in great achievement came,  
The host of army heroes known to fame,  
Though to success the Navy paved the way,  
And, when it battled, oft it won the day.



Thus Farragut—the hero of the rope—  
Who boldly sailed where some had feared to grope—  
Passed by the Mississippi's belching forts,  
And made a conquest of the Rebel ports.  
With him let Porter, brave, be honored, too,  
And Dahlgren, who, ere death, as famous grew,  
And Foote—Fort Henry's captor—dashing, brave,  
Who, sorely wounded, found, too soon, the grave ;  
Nor let Dupont be hidden from the view,  
Though he defeat, at Charleston, lived to rue.  
'Twas well the Navy gave the Army aid,  
And vigilantly kept its long blockade,  
For certain this, the Union triumph made.

Long New Orleans will dwell on Butler's reign—  
Of all secessionists the hated bane—  
He who the demon Riot, later, quelled,  
And in his iron grip Manhattan held.  
His measures were the product of his time.  
Despotic acts were meant to strangle crime,  
And martial law but meant his iron will.  
Good often comes—remember this—from ill.

## LXXVII.

## THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

Long live in fame, those heroes of the field,  
Whose swords the fate of vile secession sealed—  
Grant, Sherman, Hancock, Sheridan and Banks,  
Each merits evermore the nation's thanks,  
With Hooker, Burnside, Sigel, Howard, Meade,  
Who, for themselves, no danger e'er would heed ;  
Kilpatrick, Thomas, and McDowell, too,  
With Slocum, Sedgwick, Stoneman, Schofield, true,  
And Hallock, Hunter, Canby, Dix, McCook,

And Kearney—reckless of the risks he took—  
With Fremont, Terry, Pleasanton and Hays.  
Nor less deserving of the nation's praise  
Were Scott, McClellan, Rosecrans and Pope—  
(Such heroes are—in war—their Country's hope—)  
McPherson, Reynolds, Wadsworth, Corcoran—  
Who at Bull Run his course to glory ran—  
And Barlow, Foster, Heintzelman, and more  
Who, in the struggle, parts commanding bore,  
With Birney, Sumner, Mitchell, Geary, yea,  
All those who did their duty in the fray—  
Who arms, as leaders, in the conflict bore,—  
Who led their troops amid the battle's roar,  
The stars and stripes their banner and their shield,  
Whose glories nerved them, as in line they wheeled.

The New World's Great Republic, vast and grand,  
May well be proud of this heroic band,  
And all the volunteers who wore the Blue—  
The heroes, to the Union staunch and true ;  
And glory ever crown the fallen brave,  
Who fought that priceless heritage to save.

Ah, bitter tears, at home, were shed for ye  
Who passed from war to peace—eternity—  
To rise no more till that last trump shall sound,  
And Resurrection comes, with glory crowned.

### LXXVIII.

#### THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.—THE NATION MOURNS.

When, with surrender, the Rebellion died  
The angel Peace was welcomed on each side,  
And—"Now to civil life !" the soldiers cried,

And all appeared pacific and serene.  
But suddenly a change came o'er the scene.  
In that glad month of April, 'Sixty-five,  
While North and South in peace prepared to thrive,  
A pistol shot rang out upon the world;  
A whiff of smoke before an audience curled,  
And Lincoln—in a theater—lay dead,  
While, unimpeded, his assassin fled.  
From box to stage, and into night, he sped,  
And, hark!—"Sic semper"—then—"Tyrannis!" cried,  
While all looked on dumbfounded, horrified.  
A curse pursued that murd'rer—Booth—till death—  
The vilest wretch that ever drew a breath.

A wail of horror traversed all the land—  
And mourning draped it—solemn, sad and grand—  
When Lincoln died by that assassin's hand—  
He who proclaimed the freedom of the slave,  
And to his Country peace, in triumph gave,  
And left the flag o'er North and South to wave.  
To Lincoln, martyred President, all praise—  
All glory, an eternity of bays!  
Bays twined with myrtle in the hero's crown—  
A hero everlasting in renown!

## LXXIX.

## LINCOLN ENSHRINED IN THE NATION'S HEART.

What grander figure has historic fame?  
What more immortal than his storied name?  
Enshrined is Lincoln in the nation's heart,  
An actor true, who nobly played his part.  
His words were—"I have charity for all,  
And malice bear to no one, great or small."  
He left his Country blest with peace at last—

The die at Appomattox had been cast—  
To find—himself—peace only in the grave.  
His life to the UNITED STATES he gave,  
And o'er "Old Abe" its flag will ever wave.

## LXXX.

LINCOLN, A GREAT AND PROVIDENTIAL LEADER,  
CROWNED WITH IMMORTAL FAME.

The Great Emancipationist was dead,  
The spirit of the king, uncrowned, had fled,  
The pilot of the ship of state had gone.  
But still his noble work was speeding on,  
And through the ages he will ever be  
Famed as the Chief who made the negro free,  
And saved the Union from its Southern foes.  
How great a debt to him his Country owes !  
Crown him with bays and laurel evermore,  
The grandest figure of this war of yore !  
Though dead, he lives, immortal here below.  
For him will Fame its trumpet ever blow ;  
And at the Resurrection he may rise  
And reap the promised harvest in the skies.

---

The throne of Lincoln was the nation's heart,  
And ne'er he took in pomp, or state, a part,  
Save in response, as Chief, to duty's call,  
Nor felt the pride that goes before a fall,  
But gave his Country—even life—his all.  
He loved the rude log-cabin of his birth—  
The spot where first he trod on Mother Earth,  
Though poverty and hardship beat him down—  
God's chosen leader, yet to wear a crown.  
He died a martyr, patriotic, grand,  
A Ruler guided by the Master's hand.

## LXXXI.

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WAR.—JEFFERSON DAVIS  
A CAPTIVE.

Jeff. Davis—mark him !—foul Secession's head,  
Ingloriously—baffled, hiding—fled.  
But Retribution followed, as he sped,  
And captive he—to Fort Monroe—was led,  
There o'er the carnage he had caused, to brood.  
But not with vengeance he was then pursued.  
His life the North magnanimously spared,  
Though he to seek his Country's life had dared.  
Thus charity and mercy, nigh divine,  
Were grandly—in forgiveness—seen to shine.  
The Evil Spirit conquered by the Good,  
No more could drench his native land with blood.

## LXXXII.

## THE CONFEDERATE STATES IN THE UNION FOLD.

Each Rebel force surrendered after Lee,  
For, in the field, Rebellion's Chief was he.  
Vain would resistance then indeed have been.  
Rebellion's utter helplessness was seen.  
Then Northern magnanimity was grand,—  
The North extended to the South its hand ;  
The erring States came back into the fold,  
And Reconstruction soon its story told.

## LXXXIII.

## BLUE AND GRAY IN UNITY ONCE MORE.

The Nation now embraced both Blue and Gray,  
Who erst had met in Battle's stern array,  
The South proclaiming Right was on its side,

And, too, imbued with patriotic pride,  
For Wrong to those expousing it is Right.  
The South believed the South's a noble fight,  
So be it judged according to its light.  
Both North and South joined hands to part no more,  
Their fratricidal strife for ever o'er.  
They met as brothers, now no longer foes,  
And Progress from the Wreck of War arose,—  
Though Reconstruction had its transient woes,—  
And swift and grand their forward march behold !  
Yet greater glory Time will fast unfold.

## LXXXIV.

## HOME AGAIN, NORTH AND SOUTH.

Swift on the heels of this now buried strife  
Both Gray and Blue sped back to Civil life—  
Returned to loving hearts and loving arms—  
And Home, with all its well-remembered charms,—  
To wives and sweethearts, mothers, sisters, friends,  
And all that to life's highest pleasure tends,—  
To all from which they'd parted long before.  
'Twas like a resurrection thus once more  
To see again the scenes they saw of yore.  
But these were only those who lived to tell  
The tale of war's vast devastating hell,—  
The comrades of the mighty hosts that fell ;  
And they, too oft, of wounds had been the prey,  
All welcomed Peace,—alike the Blue and Gray.

## LXXXV.

## LOVING HEARTS REUNITED.

Then some, whose troth was pledged in days before,  
Came back to wed in joy, and part no more—  
Came back to reap the rich reward of love,—



Came back as from the dead—the world above—  
To feast, in bliss, on long devotion's fruit,  
And only loving tender glances shoot,—  
Came back from war, with all its horrors rife—  
From gory scenes of fratricidal strife—  
To claim the long expected, promised prize,  
And bask in love-light from responsive eyes—  
Eyes that, too oft, had been bedewed with tears,—  
Came back across the stormy gulf of years  
To lay the rifle and the knapsack down,  
And seek in peace, instead of war, renown,  
To bask in smiles, and joys of hearth and home—  
Home lost so long to sight—dear cherished home.

## LXXXVI.

## PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

The Blue and Gray, at last, were one again,  
And met in peace, as fellow-countrymen ;  
And back went all to loom, and plough and trade,  
To law and physic, pulpit, science, art,—  
To all the crafts in which they knew their part.  
Then grandly prospered North and South anew,  
The Gray no less progressive than the Blue,  
Without an outward sign to tell the tale  
How they had fought ere peace had thrown its veil  
O'er all the carnage of the years gone by,—  
The North and South with still unbroken tie.

## LXXXVII.

## THE SLAVES' EMANCIPATION A BOON TO THE SOUTH.

Again the South was under Union sway.  
The country—undivided— won the day,  
The Blue predestined victors o'er the Gray,

Though in his grave the Union leader lay.  
Peace spread her wings, and hushed the deadly fray.  
And Peace once more to Plenty led the way,  
And North and South again—all hail !—were one—  
United evermore to journey on—  
The greatest nation that the world has seen,  
But yet to far surpass whate'er has been,  
And, to the future, wonders new unfold,  
And make the New World grander than the Old :  
And North and South still prosper, hand in hand,  
Each adding wealth and glory to their land,  
One Country undivisible and free,  
Far stretching o'er the mountains, sea to sea.  
The Slave's Emancipation proved a boon  
To all the South, and turned the night to noon,  
For Wrong can only prosper for a time.  
Brand man's enslavement blacker far than crime !

---

All hail to North and South, united, one !  
Hand clasping hand, God speed them ever on,  
With closer ties to bind them, than before,  
In loving peace and Union evermore,  
All bitter feelings buried with the dead,  
And each to each, with all their treasures, wed !  
Land that I love, all hail again to thee—  
O ! Great Republic of the Western Sea,  
And blessings evermore thy portion be,  
Land of a thousand glories, vast and free !

## LXXXVIII.

## THE UNION FOREVER.

Thus out of evil—war—came lasting good.  
The Union stood cemented with its blood,  
And, as of yore, it evermore will be  
The Great Republic—undivided, free.

Thank God for this inheritance of good—  
This outcome of the ordeal of blood  
By Revolution and Rebellion spilled !  
Thank God that He this great achievement willed !  
The ARCHITECT SUPREME of all the world  
To all the world THE STARS AND STRIPES unfurled !

## LXXXIX.

MAY GOD BLESS AND PRESERVE OUR SPLENDID  
HERITAGE.

Great God of Battles ! hail ! again to Thee  
For this great priceless triumph of the free—  
For ev'ry battle by the Union won.  
To Thee the glory for whate'er was done !  
To Thee, Lord God of Hosts ! our thanks are due  
For that success that crowned the "Boys in Blue";  
And through all ages we to Thee will sing  
Hosannas, that on high their way will wing.  
O ! Mighty Ruler of the Universe !  
Who gave us strength to sweep away a curse,  
And rise triumphant from a sea of arms,  
To dwell in Peace, remote from War's alarms,  
We thank Thee for the splendid guerdon won,  
And all the noble work for Freedom done.  
We look to Thee for guidance and for care,  
And glorify Thy holy name in prayer,  
And praise Thee for the blessings that we share.  
O ! Great Jehovah ! from Thy throne above,  
Guard us, Thy children, with a father's love,  
And—re-united—bless us evermore,  
From Maine to Texas, and Alaska's shore,  
And from the Lakes to Rio Grande's tide ;  
And over all be 'Thou our friend and guide,—  
Across the Continent from sea to sea—  
The Country pledged to Freedom and to Thee !



*Original and unique in American Literature.*

---

# The Song of America and Columbus;

OR

## The Story of the New World :

*A Greeting to Columbus and Columbia, and  
Historical Narrative of the Voyages  
and Career of Columbus.*

---

A National and patriotic Poem in celebration of the  
Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery  
of America, with copious footnotes.

By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

---

**12mo. Cloth,** with illustration, stamped cover, and  
beveled edges, \$**1.00.**

---

Sold by all booksellers, or sent postpaid by

**THE DAILY INVESTIGATOR,**

52 Broadway, New York.

---

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

---

Let it be clearly understood that this poem is thoroughly clever, readable and enjoyable. The whole is in strong verse having the merit of historical accuracy in every particular. The poem is as large as Milton's *Paradise Lost*. As he is well known as the author of a number of tales and sketches, poems of travel and other works, a fashion is likely to set in to follow the example of Mr. Cornwallis in this large epical undertaking. "The Song of America and Columbus" will no doubt prove a successful volume in the year of the "World's Fair." Our American cousins are noted for great undertakings. This poem has to be included among them. Let us hope Mr. Cornwallis may be encouraged to follow up this edition by an illustrated one. There is an inexhaustible quarry for artists in this highly interesting poem.—*The Liverpool Mercury*, Dec. 29, 1892.

"An epic poem, having for its fabric all that pertains to the inspiring subject, 'The Song of America and Columbus,' presents to the extent of nearly three hundred pages, a judicious selection from this vast wealth of all that is most picturesque and at the same time, historically most important. The material, possessing in itself the elements of adventure, scenic beauty and patriotism, here loses nothing by being rendered into verse. The poetry is very good, and its value is enhanced, by historical accuracy."—*The Chautauquan* for January, 1893.

"It is doubly welcome—First, because it is an extremely interesting story, written with all a true poet's ardor and zeal, and clothed in language at once beautiful and graphic. Secondly, it gives us a complete narrative, in a pleasing form, of the life and adventures of Columbus. Mr. Cornwallis' Song should be read by all who love a charming poem, with an inspiring and interesting subject, set forth in the sublime and impassioned language which a true poet, in love with his subject, alone knows."—*Boston Republic*.

"It has in it some very good lines, showing that the author has some rare gifts in the poetic line. The book is worth owning and reading."—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

"A very full and quite accurate history of Columbus' life and achievements in verse. It is quite an agreeable instance of an editor of a financial gazette having the capacity and the leisure and the happy taste and turn for working up so many detailed historical incidents into a no mean epic, and we could earnestly desire that the gifted author might spend a full energy and patience, as well as his undoubted genius upon a poem that should come to stay. All the more one so wishes since he writes with such an evident spontaneity and joy in his work as to make his readers personally like him. It is quite marvelous what a good general idea one gets from it of the great discoverer's life and work."—*New York Christian Intelligence*.

"Rapidly turning the pages we find our poet in the full tide of inspired description. The volume closes with this eloquent apostrophe to the great Admiral."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"It is the story of the New World told in verse of much merit. It is worthy of a place in literature. This may be appreciated from this extract containing a description of the Hudson River."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

"An ambitious work, which is virtually the history of America in the age of discovery. That this poetical narrative of the four voyages of Columbus was composed out of pure love of the inspiring theme is shown in the spontaneous flow of verse and the genuine enthusiasm which marks the entire production. The writer's use of the heroic couplet has resulted in many sublime passages."—*Philadelphia North American*.

"Of course it could not be expected in a poem of this length, and embracing such a variety of subjects, that there should not be some inequalities; but there is no doubt that whatever else the author may or may not be, as a novelist or financial writer, he is unquestionably a poet. The divine afflatus may not inspire him to the same extent as a Homer, a Milton, or a Longfellow, but it is there, if in a lesser degree, and the brain that can weave line upon line in the



manner and to the extent we have here is not of the common order. The book is very handsomely gotten up, and will be valuable as a souvenir of a memorable event."—*San Francisco Daily Report*.

"Mr. Cornwallis is a fluent and ready writer, with obviously thorough knowledge of the story to be told. His versification is smooth and rhythmic, and his verbal fertility remarkable. It can be said for it that it is graceful, fluent and intelligent, and furnishes a story of America attractive and readable, as well as approximately correct. It is decidedly respectable from a historic point of view."—*Chicago Times*.

"Mr. Cornwallis has shown a laudable ambition, and he possesses considerable power of graphic description in verse. There is a great deal in the narrative which is interesting and well told."—*Boston Congregationalist*.

"As an epic poem the book is worthy of praise, and the lines scan well."—*Mobile Daily Register*.

"His verse is spirited throughout, and he sometimes coins a phrase of striking beauty and originality. The Song is full of high patriotism, and a gloriously optimistic view of the nation and the race."—*Detroit Tribune*.

"Among the numerous Columbus volumes, this poem, which is indeed an epic, is entitled to special mention."—*Boston Traveller*.

"The descriptive portions are vividly drawn. The Song will no doubt be read with admiration and instruction."—*Harrisburg Star-Independent*.

"The 'Song of America and Columbus' is sung in a sturdy volume of verse."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"The first part of the book presents in a spirited style 'The Song of America in 1892.' The verse runs in entire smoothness, and bears the impress of sincerity and enthusiasm. The work is a fitting tribute to Columbus and to the great Republic."—*Chicago Herald*.

"We know more than one financial man who is a poet. The purpose of the author is commendable, and we have read poems with far less merit or *raison d'être*."—*New York Observer*.

"The lines give evidence of the writer's facility in versification, and are marked by much picturesque description."—*Boston Golden Rule*.

"The verse runs with entire smoothness, and bears the impress of sincerity and enthusiasm. The work is a fitting tribute to Columbus and the Great Republic."—*Boston Home Journal*.

"Mr. Cornwallis' description of the tropical luxuriance which greeted the eyes of Columbus, and his portrayal of the simple life of the natives is evidently inspired by a thorough sympathy with his subject and with the beauties of nature. His work will doubtless receive all the attention which he hoped for it, and its trifling defects of rhyme and rhythm will escape notice in the midst of so much that is good."—*Philadelphia Evening Item*.

"We may concede him, beside historical accuracy, a very smooth and on the whole rhythmic versification. Where the historical

method is not too closely followed it rises to quite a poetic height. Many will read his verses with pleasure, and find in them many beauties."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"It has power and fire and vigor."—*Boston Watchman*.

"The scope of the composition is vast, for this volume embraces descriptive accounts of the four voyages of Columbus, and of the precursors of his great discovery, and the sequel of our national history. This is a great deal to be compressed within the limits of a narrative poem, but the writer's enthusiasm is both hearty and sincere. He carries his readers smoothly over the centuries. The distinction of "The Song" is that it accords unique importance to the industrial grandeur of the United States."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"It is full of enthusiasm, and has some striking descriptive poetry."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian Journal*.

"There are many good lines in our poet historian's work. He is a good-natured singer, and certainly does not lack enthusiasm, while the encyclopedic range of his heroic poem demands a wide view of the history of navigation, of the annals of scientific and political progress, and especially of the America that was, that is, and is to be. The volume certainly takes the reader out of the beaten track of literature, and it may act as an antidote to an unhealthy tendency of the day to go crazy over short stories, dwarfed essays and sketchy work in general."—*Portland (Me.) Daily Eastern Argus*.

"It is safe to say that this laudable purpose—historical accuracy—has been achieved. The verse is mellifluous. It contains more of geographical and ethnological information than most text-books in those departments of knowledge. Anybody reading the catalogue of aboriginal tribes is instantly reminded of the enumeration of ships in the *Iliad*, and in the matter of cataloging, Mr. Cornwallis need not take off his cap to Homer or any other bard. The book as a whole is a very interesting contribution to Columbian literature."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Mr. Cornwallis is a versatile writer and with a rich vocabulary, and he writes rhythmic verse."—*Kansas City Times*.

"It is a wonderfully fertile and fluent body of rhyme. Though in conception it is merely a greeting to Columbus and Columbia in one breath, as it were, it expands into a descriptive narrative of the voyages and career of Columbus, not neglecting his precursors even, and describes, finally, the sequel as seen in the United States."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

"It moves along in a spirited way. Very few, if any, of the salient points of our great country have escaped being apostrophised by this poet before he sweeps into a more heroic strain."—*St. Paul Globe*.

"It deals with a noble theme in a dignified and serious style."—*Buffalo News*.

"It is written with much smoothness and careful attention in the main to rhyme and rhythm. The volume will be found to be of considerable interest."—*Chicago Mail*.

"He certainly rhymes with all the spirit and fervor of an old-fashioned patriot."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"A very clever poem. It is the story of the New World very readably put, and should be in all households."—*Pittsburg Press*.

"It reads smoothly and easily. The writer has kept close to the story, and is at no loss for choice language. The book is likely to find favor in the eyes of the reading public."—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*.

"There is much in the book to entertain, and the sentiment will commend it to the patriotic."—*Burlington Hawk Eye*.

"It is true to historical facts, and at times is really poetical."—*Utica Morning Herald*.

"It would seem like the work of a lifetime. The whole is at least an earnest, laudable and enthusiastic effort at patriotism."—*New Haven News*.

"Incompatible though they may appear, finance and poetry sometimes go hand in hand. Such was the case of the banker-poet, Samuel Rogers, and such is the case of Mr. Stedman. A third illustration may be found in Kinahan Cornwallis, editor of the DAILY INVESTIGATOR."—*Boston Courier*,

"There is a good deal of information and study in this volume, and one stands aghast at the labor it implies."—*Hartford Courant*.

"The narrative is given in attractive style. We look forward with pleasurable anticipations to the continuation."—*Albany Times-Union*.

"The volume is well worth reading."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"We present the following sample of its general merits, interest in which is enhanced by the fact that few of us know how many tribes of redmen the coming of Columbus started on the road to extinction."—*Troy Times*.

"Mr. Cornwallis has produced a poem which deserves something better than a passing mention. We think the public will demand so many copies of this bright, cheery and instructive poem that the author will find his labor of love a good investment."—*N. Y. Sunday Times*.

"An exceedingly ambitious work. Besides an invocation to Columbus it gives in easy verse, chiefly iambic couplets, the entire history of Columbus and the discovery. The alternate theme is naturally the World's Fair at Chicago, and the book is timely and interesting."—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

"He, in his preface, is more severe on himself than most critics will be on his work. It has the merit of heroic endeavor and historical accuracy. To this we might add a freedom from any effort to make the verse a sacrifice to facts. It is easy reading, and will no doubt please many. We give the following extracts."—*Cincinnati Christian Standard*.

"This is a successful attempt to put into verse the story of Columbus and his predecessors. There are really fine stanzas in these pages, some of which we wish we had space to quote."—*Boston Zion's Herald*.

"The picturesqueness and beauty of our native Indian names has often been pointed out, but it was reserved for Mr. Cornwallis fully to subdue them to the uses of poetry. He says: "*Chicago Evening Journal*.

"The author justly claims for this work—a poetic narrative of the history of America—the merit of historical accuracy. In this volume however, we get only one dose of it, and it is not an unpleasant one. We give a few specimens."—*Boston Morning Star*.

"It forms an instructive and entertaining volume."—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

"A few lines will give some indication of the vivacity and felicity of Mr. Cornwallis's manner. Even more spirit and invention is displayed where he enumerates the aboriginal tribes. Homer's Catalogue of Ships is nothing to this astounding *tour de force*."—*Boston Beacon*.

"There are some glowing pictorial passages."—*Godey's Magazine*.

"The many who take pleasure in reading Columbus literature, and who enjoy poetry, will relish this story of the great navigator in heroic verse."—*The Springfield (Mass.) Daily News*.

"The narrative itself is written with evident care for historical accuracy: the diction is unaffected and respectable."—*Boston Literary World*.

"It contains many evidences of poetic skill."—*Hartford Post*.

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, who has long been well known as an able and enterprising journalist, and is also the author of novels that have had a fair popularity, has come out in a new rôle, that of poet. The theme is a grand one."—*Montreal Gazette*.

"When we have read the book through, we are ready to burst forth in the same spirit and sing, 'O Kinahan Cornwallis, not even the Great Corliss ever got up so much steam as you on the Columbian theme.'"—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

"Other praiseworthy and instructive books of the quarter have been \* \* \* and 'The Song of America and Columbus, or the Story of the New World,' by Kinahan Cornwallis."—*Current History, Detroit*.

"The rhyming is accurate, the lines are fluent, the history is orthodox, and the whole is probably as readable as any poem of 273 pages could hope to be."—*New York Evening Telegram*.

Of "A Marvellous Coincidence"—A strange story of Adventure, by the same author, the Philadelphia *Item* says—"The story is agreeably and pleasantly told and diversified with plenty of action and dialogue. Despite the fact that the marvellous occupies a large part in the plot the probabilities are all along fairly well maintained. The plot has certain faults which however do not in any degree mar the reader's interest in the work. The verdict of those who read it will be that it is a tale with an ingenious plot, worked out on natural and simple lines of sensational and romantic interest." Mailed free on receipt of 50 cents by the DAILY INVESTIGATOR. Office 52 Broadway New York.



# WORKS BY KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

---

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

---

### The Song of America and Columbus;

OR,

### The Story of the New World.

---

"One of the most interesting contributions to the great mass of Columbian literature is a poem, epic in length as well as in some of its aims. If one will dip into the poem he will find something to repay. He will find, to begin with, that Mr. Cornwallis is fully conversant with his theme, and that one of the great merits of the composition is historical accuracy. It is often difficult to be historically accurate and poetic at one and the same time, but this stumblin-gblock has been very cleverly escaped by the author, although he persists in bringing out the facts. The verse is for the most part iambic pentameter, and it flows as smoothly as any that Pope ever wrote. The diction is of the best, and the thought is often striking. Notice these lines in an apostrophe to Columbia. Wherever there is an opportunity for the manifestation of true poetic sentiment, it is generally employed to good advantage. The work is enthusiastic, appreciative and patriotic, and is well worth reading."—*The Evening Dispatch*, Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 18, 1893.

"He has gone out of the beaten track and treated his subject in an original poetically descriptive manner. The work is large and comprehensive, but scarcely deserves the author's own description of being elephantine. Coming at an appropriate time when America is celebrating the quadro-centenary, this effort should do much towards quickening the undoubted enthusiasm which this exhibition is provoking, while amongst the many mementoes that will be sought after, the fact of a national poem having been specially published should leave little difficulty as to the form this memento should take. There are some fine descriptive passages, especially in the narrative of the voyages. The book concludes with a stately ode anent the Chicago event."—*The Brighton Gazette*, England, Feb. 18, 1893.

"As an American National and Patriotic poem it has no peer, and the talented author can well feel proud of his brilliant effort."—*The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram*.

"Mr. Cornwallis has been inspired by a great and stirring theme : yet has not only realized its full requirements, but has endeavored to rise to their height with creditable success."—*The Leicester Post*, England, Feb. 8, 1893.

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis has accomplished a gigantic task in writing a poetical narrative of the history of America. This is an attractive way of reading history. That he has made it interesting is undoubted, and the graphic descriptions of the beauties of the various countries are very vivid."—*Sala's Journal*, London, Feb. 4, 1893.

"A fine production. We love to read it. Many people will be fascinated with it; and we feel safe in saying that it is one of the finest productions the great event has brought out."—*Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate*, Feb. 15, 1893.

"If ever a stupendous poetical task was attempted it was when Mr. Cornwallis began his poetical narrative of the history of America in celebration of the Discovery. There is much that is praiseworthy in it. There is a certain metrical aptness in the verse, and the story is told concisely as well as rhythmically. One admires Mr. Cornwallis's enthusiasm."—*The Portland, (Me.,) Transcript*.

"With a theme so vast and attractive, the whole cannot fail to be interesting. This first volume promises well. To undertake such a work required a boldness not far removed in kind from that which led the great discoverer to embark upon his perilous mission, and one would naturally expect equal boldness of treatment, nor are these expectations unrealized. All through the book there is evidence of considerable dramatic power. Such a work, made melodious by a versifier so skilful, forms pleasant and instructive reading."—*The Ardrossan Herald, Scotland, Feb. 24, 1893*.

## Adrift with a Vengeance.

### A Tale of Love and Adventure.

The *Chicago Tribune* of Jan. 16, 1871, says: "In the weak, wishy-washy, everlasting flood of novels it is refreshing to get a really good story now and then, and such is 'Adrift with a Vengeance,' by Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis. The novel is in reality a story of adventure, and the scene therefore constantly shifts, and the hero is led through an amazing variety of adventures, so that an opportunity is afforded the writer for his descriptive powers, and these he applies with no ordinary ability to natural scenery, social life, and manners and customs in almost every part of the known world. The pages of this novel are literally crowded with pleasant incidents, told in a very graphic way, which has the unusual merit of not being sensational."

The *Albany Evening Journal* of Nov. 25, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance;" "Although this is, we suppose, a novel, it could with almost equal propriety be called a book of travels or of adventure, for it takes the reader all over the world by sea and by land, and introduces him to such odd places and to such droll characters, and everything is presented so vividly and so graphically that it seems more like a true story than a work of fiction. But it is a novel, and one of the very best. There is nothing sophomoric about it, for its author was a mature thinker long before he took up his pen to write 'Adrift.'"

The *New York Evening Post*, of Nov. 5, 1870, says: "CARLETON's last success is a novel entitled 'Adrift with a Vengeance,' by Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, well known as the editor of the *New York Albion*. The scene of the story constantly shifts from land to sea, and by turn lies in all the continents and Oceanica, and the hero passes through an almost infinite variety of adventures to find himself at last in the House of Lords. The work abounds in vivid descriptions of natural scenery and of social life, at one time horrifying us with a bull-fight at Lima, and at another delighting us with a wedding breakfast at Delmonico's. From beginning to end there is not a dull page; the incidents, though crowded, are not out of the range of probability, and the reader's excitement in the story is always genuine and never morbid."



The New York *Commercial Advertiser*, of Nov. 11, 1870, says: "The story is well told; the style is easy and natural, and the reader is interested throughout. The writer has a vivid imagination and a graceful pen."

The New York *Evening Express*, of Nov. 12, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "This tale of Love and Adventure will be devoured by lovers of fiction, for its marvellous incidents and its thrilling scenes, which although given in a style that approaches the realistic and the natural, have all the vivid effects produced in novels of the strictly sensational school. We cannot analyze the story, which combines all the striking incidents of travel and adventure, stereotyped in similar productions, but reproduced by the author with admirable skill and ingenuity, in comparatively new forms which absorb the reader's attention until the close of the volume. To lovers of the marvellous and the exciting we can safely recommend the work as one that will satisfy their most expectant desires."

The New York *Times*, of Nov. 25, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "Those fond of scenes of thrilling adventure will find in this romance ample matter for the most intense interest. The book is fraught with wonderful escapes and records of peculiar enterprise, and displays a remarkable knowledge of the varied hunting episodes of strange climes. Parallel with the romance of travel and the chase, there runs the narrative of the course of true love, so that those to whom the 'sports of field and flood' fail of interest, will find the congenial record of the phases of the tender passion amply repay the perusal of the volume. Altogether, the book is an excellent type of the popular fiction of the period."

The New York *World*, of Nov. 25, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "Mr. Cornwallis has undertaken in this volume the task of writing a sensational novel with a moderate undercurrent of sentiment, in which the adventures are numerous and exciting, and the love incident of the most approved character. The plot is fairly sustained, and would, perhaps, have been stronger had it been told in the third person; but in the narration of adventures this is amply compensated for by the vivacity which the personal relation always insures. Although strictly to be classed under the sensational school, and possessing some of its excellent features 'Adrift with a Vengeance' is nevertheless free from the worst characteristics of that style."

*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, of Dec. 10, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "Lively in style, graphic in description, with a plot somewhat involved but well worked out, indicating the practised hand of an accomplished man of the world. Mr. Cornwallis is a master of the ways of society, and his characters are obviously typical."

The New York *Herald*, of Dec. 25, 1870, says: "One of the best satires on the sensational novel of the day which we have read is 'Adrift with a Vengeance,' written by Kinahan Cornwallis. The book is decidedly rich, and ought to be widely read. It is the best thing of the kind published."

The New York *Evening Telegram*, of Dec. 27, 1870, says: "'Adrift with a Vengeance' is as exciting a story as one could wish to read. \* \* Mr. Cornwallis has written a very readable story. He writes in an agreeable style."

The New York *Citizen and Round Table*, of Nov. 26, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "Mr. Cornwallis is favorably known as the editor of the *Albion*, and the author of a number of entertaining books. 'Adrift with a Vengeance' is his latest work. It is a novel which was published as a serial story in the *Albion*, and was received with sufficient favor to justify its republication in book form. It is full of adventure of the most exciting variety, and the hero, after passing through experiences sufficiently varied to supply a dozen lives with interest and excitement, finally becomes an English Earl. Mr. Cornwallis writes fluently and with much vivacity, and his latest story will be sure of a large circle of interested readers."

The New York *Evening Free Press*, of Nov. 28, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "Kinahan Cornwallis is a familiar name in journalism, and promises to become as familiar in literature. 'Adrift with a Vengeance' is, in fact, a novel of the English standard for cleverness. The author has adopted that autobiographical *naïvete* of narration, which made 'David Copperfield' and 'Alton Locke' so famous in their day, but which has since been worn threadbare with reiteration. In its use—that is, in writing in the first person—an author produces a book either intensely stupid and egotistic, or intensely interesting; and Mr. Cornwallis has succeeded in giving his new novel the quality of intensity in the latter direction. Mr. Cornwallis must be complimented, therefore, for having done successfully that which can be done only by a master. The general *ensemble* of the story is 'David Copperfield' over again. The author of 'Adrift' has in him the elements of a master novelist, and has only to develop them—to express himself. There is need enough, *mehercule*, of a great master of fiction in this country. 'Adrift with a Vengeance' is exceedingly graphic in description and bold in invention—is, in a word, finely imaginative in passages, and abounds in the picturesque, graceful and *insouciant* ease of the true literary artist. The volume is the hit of the season."

The *Scottish American*, of Dec. 1, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "This is a tale that we have but to commence reading to make sure that we will get to the end of it."

The New York *Scientific American*, of Dec. 3, 1870, says: "Kinahan Cornwallis, the accomplished editor of the *Albion*, has given us in this volume a very graphic and entertaining story, which combines incidents of social life, travel and adventure in a most thrilling and interested manner. We can cordially commend this book as one well suited to enliven the family circle on the dull Winter evenings."

The New York *Star*, of Nov. 7, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "The versatile author of this admirably-conceived and very entertaining story is well known as a journalist of many years' standing. 'Adrift with a Vengeance' is the story of a youngster, Washington Edmonds, told in the first person much in the style of 'David Copperfield.' He passes through about as many trials and tribulations as that eminent worthy. The interest is maintained to the end, the dialogue is easy and natural, and the whole book shows itself to be the work of a highly imaginative mind, and an easy, graceful writer."

The New York *Home Journal*, of Oct. 12, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "From a hasty look at the advance sheets of the work, we find them rich, not only in promise, but in performance, that should give Mr. Cornwallis assurance, as they undoubtedly will

his readers, that he has not mistaken his vocation. Its pages are crowded with incident and adventure and 'hairbreadth 'scapes' in South Africa, Australia, and upon the treacherous deep, enough to furnish forth many such volumes."

The Philadelphia *North America*, of Dec. 8, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "He (the author) here tells a vivid story of English and American life in an agreeable manner that will be read with interest. \* \* There is genuine and unflagging interest from first to last."

The New Orleans *Picayune*, of Dec. 3, 1870, says: "'Adrift with a Vengeance' is a fiction of varied interest, abounding with adventure and striking descriptions of scenery, character and social life. It is crowded with incident."

The Chicago *Times* says: "The author has given us in this book an average of one thrilling episode for every three pages. This will constitute the story an invaluable work of reference for all compilers of attenuated serials in the weekly family papers, as they can find enough material in 'Adrift with a Vengeance' to set them up in business for the next dozen years. The author is a veteran writer, and all of his works have been characterized by the same oddity of title and spirit of contents that characterizes 'Adrift with a Vengeance.'"

The Detroit *Free Press* says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "The story, though leaning somewhat toward the 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Masterman Ready' style of literature, is a lively and entertaining one, filled from title to *finis* with the most varied of adventures."

The Philadelphia *Telegraph* says: "'Adrift with a Vengeance,' by Kinahan Cornwallis, from the press of Carleton, is a story of adventure which contains many exciting incidents and some highly graphic descriptions of scenery and life in all parts of the world. Mr. Cornwallis, who is well known as the editor of the New York *Albion*, is an able writer, and in 'Adrift with a Vengeance' he has produced a very interesting story that is full of life and animation from first to last."

The Boston *Evening Transcript* says: "Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis has, in 'Adrift with a Vengeance,' given us an animated adventurous tale, full of exciting scenes on land and sea, shifting from mid-ocean to Delmonico's, and from Lima to the House of Lords. Extraordinary but not impossible, eventful but not hyperbolical, the interest of the tale never flags, and it is full of graphic force and personal zest."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "There is abundance of lively incident—fights with wild beasts and wild men, shipwrecks, bull-fights, perilous journeys, narrow escapes, much hardship of all sorts—and the characters of the romance are as diversified as the events described."

The Philadelphia *Press*, of Nov. 26, 1870, says: "Mr. Cornwallis has produced in 'Adrift with a Vengeance' a story full of action and variety, with many changes of scene and many phases of society."

The Cincinnati *Times* says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "The work abounds in vivid descriptions of natural scenery and domestic life, and the incidents are sufficiently startling to enchain the reader's attention to the close."



The *Cincinnati Chronicle*, of Dec. 9, 1870, says of "Adrift with a Vengeance:" "Crowded with incidents, and as full of exciting adventure as the most exacting reader could demand. This story by turns amuses, horrifies and interests us. The life of the hero is a checkered one, and his experience is sufficiently varied to keep up a constant interest in his descriptions of the phases of social life through which he passes. There are few dull pages in this volume."

The *Troy Times* says: "The style is graphic, and the plot, which is natural, evinces considerable ingenuity. Those who enjoy fiction will be likely to read this book through if they begin its perusal."

"Mr. Cornwallis has given the public in this work a novel of more than ordinary interest. The plot is fresh and vigorous, and with love or adventure, or both, delightfully commingled, every page is made attractive. It takes in, and most entrancingly too, everything from a bull-fight at Lima to a wedding breakfast at Delmonico's. The novel will make a hit."—*The St. Louis Democrat*.

"Those who are fond of dare-devil adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and a touching description of man's constancy and devotion and woman's love and fidelity, will read this volume with emotions of unmingled pleasure. There is nothing dull or uninteresting from the first to the last page. There are many passages descriptive of scenery and places which rise into the regions of both the grand and the beautiful."—*San Francisco Pioneer*.

"The book contains many glowing descriptions of life and manners in the countries visited by the hero, and will gratify the most insatiate appetite for adventure."—*New York Tribune*.

"Mr. Cornwallis is fertile in imagination, and the multitude of incidents in his story sustains the reader's excitement and interest from the commencement to the happy conclusion."—*The Providence (R. I.) Telegraph*.

---

## Pilgrims of Fashion.

Cloth, \$1. Published by Harper & Bros.

---

"His Bull Run battle-piece is well executed. The whole work is good, and cannot fail to please numerous readers."—*Boston Evening Traveller*.

"This is a well-written novel."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"It is a continued series of healthy observations upon the recklessness and needless extravagance of society. The plot is well arranged and handsomely carried out, and the reader can while away an hour in the perusal of the book with profit."—*Portland Advertiser*.

"It is animatedly written."—*Boston Evening Gazette*.

"'Pilgrims of Fashion' contains many well-directed blows at the worshippers at Fashion's shrine. The plot is excellent, and is well carried out to the end."—*New York Express*.

"The work is powerfully and graphically written."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"A work of an uncommon order, and remarkable for its originality and freshness."—*Salem Register*.

"Unless we are greatly mistaken this work is destined to create a sensation in the literary world. It is artistically constructed; the style is pure and scholarly; the moral is healthful. It abounds in vivid descriptions of nature and life, and the interest never flags from the opening to the closing chapter."—*The Albany*, (N. Y.) *Evening Journal*, January 31, 1862.

"The characters of his story are artistically delineated, and the descriptions are remarkably fine. The style of the work is pure and refined, and the language is classically English. We congratulate Mr. Cornwallis on his first American novel, and hope to hear from him again in the same field."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Feb. 15, 1862.

"Pilgrims of Fashion is a very well told and intensely interesting story of both hemispheres dedicated to the author's friend Charles Reade, who brought out the London edition of the work for him through his own publishers, Trubner & Co., just as Mr. Cornwallis brought out for Mr. Reade the first American edition of "The Cloister and the Hearth," through Rudd & Carleton of New York, from advance sheets mailed to him. It is full of graphic and picturesque descriptions and dramatic scenes."—*The New York Herald*.

## Royalty in the New World;

OR,

### The Prince of Wales in America.

*With Steel Engraved Portrait of the Prince.*

Being a Summer Tour through the British Provinces and the United States, in 1860. 1 vol., 75 cents.

From the *New York Herald*.

"QUEEN VICTORIA AND ROYALTY IN THE NEW WORLD—Among the pleasant souvenirs of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country we may include the following letter from Queen Victoria, through her Secretary, Sir Charles Phipps, C. B., Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse, to Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, who, as correspondent of this journal traveled with the royal party throughout their tour on this continent. In accepting and thanking him so gracefully for the copy of his book relating to her son's travels, the Queen has paid no common compliment, for it is well known that it is contrary to the usual custom for her to receive gifts of any kind, either from her own subjects or foreign citizens. The exception to the rule in this case shows that an impartial narrative and reliable history, coming from an American source, of the events of the Prince's progress through this country, has been properly appreciated by those most intimately interested. We need only say, in comment, that 'Royalty in the New World' is worthy to fill the niche so willingly assigned it in the royal library."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Jan. 19, 1861.

"SIR: It was only yesterday that I received your letter of the 30th of November, accompanying a copy of your work, entitled 'Royalty in the New World, or, The Prince of Wales in America' destined for her Majesty the Queen. I lost no time in presenting your work to

the Queen, and it was very graciously accepted by her Majesty. I have received the Queen's commands to thank you in her name for your attention. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

C. B. PHIPPS.

"KINAHAN CORNWALLIS, Esq."

"The following letter from Maj. General Bruce, the governor of the Prince of Wales, conveys a merited tribute to the accuracy of the book."

"MADINGLEY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 20, 1861.

"DEAR SIR: I only received two days ago your letter of the 30th of November last, together with two copies of your work entitled 'Royalty in the New World' and am directed to convey to you the Prince of Wales's thanks for the one which you forward for his Royal Highness's acceptance. I am extremely obliged to you for the other, which you kindly present to me. You have evidently striven to give a faithful narrative of his Royal Highness's progress, and of the gratifying reception which he met with, both in the British Provinces and in the United States of America. I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

R. BRUCE.

"KINAHAN CORNWALLIS, Esq."

From the Duke of Newcastle, The Cabinet Minister in charge of the Prince:—

"LONDON, Feb'y 8, 1861.

"DEAR SIR: Pray accept my thanks for a beautifully bound copy of your new book 'Royalty in the New World.' My very pressing engagements since I received it have hitherto prevented my reading it, but I hope to do so before long. Let me assure you, and those with whom you are associated, how anxiously we all desire in this country to see a happy termination to the troubles which are now afflicting the United States. The accounts from thence are watched with an intensity of interest scarcely less than that which three years ago attached to every mail from India. I am, dear Sir, yours very truly

"NEWCASTLE."

"Mr. Cornwallis has embodied a complete history of the royal visit in an exceedingly interesting book of travel, which the public, we are sure, will peruse with much pleasure and profit. As an eyewitness of the events which he records, his descriptions, which, for graphic simplicity and vigor could not be surpassed, have a peculiar value, and there is a consequent freshness imparted to his writings, which otherwise would be hardly attainable. We have here, in the handsome volume before us, not only a panorama of the tour, but pictorial glimpses of the history and present state of the country through which he passed. We here meet with much that is new, and much that is both instructive and amusing, and, in turning over the pages, we have been hurried from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with a rapidity worthy of the best of novels; yet, we have noticed throughout, the strictest adherence to the facts, and the most well-weighed words in everything upon which an opinion is pronounced. Every page might be quoted with advantage to the author. But we have said enough to induce our readers to get the work, and judge for themselves."—*New York Herald*, Dec. 9, 1860.

"Last week, the *Critic*, our leading literary paper, gave a long, discriminating, analytical criticism of the 'Tour of the Prince of Wales in America,' by Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, and gave it very high praise as a most graphic, sensible narrative."—Extract from the London Correspondence of the *New York Herald*, April 3, 1861.



## A Panorama of the New World.

Being Travels in Australia and South and North America.

In Two Volumes.

"Mr. Cornwallis is a pleasant traveller, enthusiastic, persevering, and overflowing with good spirits. His former works have already taught us to appreciate his perfect fitness for the particular walk of literature which he has adopted; nor will the present work diminish his popularity. A quick and discriminating eye, rapid powers of combination, a true feeling for nature, and a wholesome large-hearted sympathy with his fellow-men, are his leading characteristics; and before we have read through fifty pages of his book, we claim him as a friend, and wander on with perfect confidence in our guide, wherever he may see fit to lead us. The Panorama is the result of three years of travel, and the variety of scenes which it depicts, is consequently very great; nor do we think we can do Mr. Cornwallis better justice, than by transferring two or three of these to our own columns. We are indebted to Mr. Cornwallis for many agreeable hours. We have met with few descriptions more graphic than our lively author's picture of a first night at Melbourne. But we are exceeding our limits, and reluctantly take leave of Mr. Cornwallis, with a couple of anecdotes illustrative of Yankee delicacy."—*Literary Gazette*, London, July 23, 1859.

"A book that will be read; for it is fresh and sparkling, lively, true, and original."—*Morning Herald*, London, June 7, 1859.

"Nothing can be more spirited, graphic, and full of interest, nothing more pictorial, or brilliant in its execution. It is all life and animation; full of humor and amusement. The poet combines with the wit and judgment of the cosmopolitan to produce a perfect and in every way attractive picture."—*The Globe*, London.

"None, perhaps, have succeeded in making their descriptions so graphic and amusing."—*The Morning Chronicle*, London.

"His account of the Spanish settlements of Valparaiso, Pisco, Lima, and Panama, are the most entertaining, because the freshest, portions of this 'Panorama of the New World,' and shows how readily an author may amuse and instruct us, when he adds to the stock of knowledge."—*The Atlas*, London, June 4, 1859.

"We can give a ready welcome to Mr. Cornwallis's books. There is honesty of good humor about the proprietor of this new Panorama, while there is in his boisterous talk really much useful information. Many travellers have visited and written about Australia, but Peru and Panama, through which Mr. Cornwallis returned leisurely to England, afforded somewhat newer ground. This part of the Panorama, therefore, is particularly full of interesting sketches. Of a bull-fight, far exceeding in cruelty the cruellest of Spain, these volumes contain a long and animated description."—*The Examiner*, London, June 4, 1859.

"The work is replete with interest, and contains information on every subject connected with the countries of which it treats. . . . The volumes before us demand a detailed critique, for the author has evidently bestowed the greatest amount of attention upon them; and the result is the production of one of the most amusing books of travels ever written, equal, in many respects, to 'Eöthen' and 'The

Crescent and the Cross.' Having ourselves travelled through the United States and Canada, we can vouch for the accuracy of the description of those countries, their scenery, inhabitants, and manners. . . . In taking leave of Mr. Cornwallis, we can only express our hope that, ere long, we shall be called upon to notice other productions from his talented pen. Few authors combine so much amusement and instruction. We can honestly recommend the 'Panorama of the New World' to all classes of readers."—*The Review*, London, June 7, 1859.

"He is a lively, rattling writer. His descriptions are never dull. The sketches of Peruvian life and manners are fresh, racy, and vigorous. The volumes abound with amusing anecdotes and conversations."—*The Weekly Mail*, London, June 12, 1859.

"Mr. Cornwallis seems resolved that the public, who have received his former productions with favor, should not forget him. He now publishes the narrative of the events connected with nearly three years' travels in the West; his first volume being dedicated to Australia, his second to Valparaiso, Callao, Lima, Panama, Toboga, Jamaica, New York, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, the Falls of Niagara, Albany, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, by New York to Boston, and from thence to the banks of the St. Lawrence, Montreal, and Quebec—a goodly line of travel; and of most of those places we have accounts, more or less diffuse, written in Mr. Cornwallis's lively and amusing style, with occasional glimpses of places on the route. . . . He (the author) has produced works, from which the public derive both information and amusement. We ought to be glad of the chance which has procured us such a mental pabulum, and wish for a renewal of the pleasure which the graphic description of strange scenes, strange people, and strange events must always give rise to. We could make many more amusing extracts; our limits will only allow us to select the following passage, and we assure our readers they will not regret it, if the specimens we give should induce them to procure this work."—*Naval and Military Gazette*, London, June 18, 1859.

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis is already known as the author of some amusing books of travels, and his 'Panorama of the New World' is behind none of its predecessors in sketching picturesqueness and graphic interest. In the first volume, decidedly the most attractive part is that in which the peculiarities of colonial life are hit off with life-like reality. Life and the mode of trade in Melbourne, the mysteries of 'old-chummism' and 'new-chummism' life at the diggings, bush-ranging, hunting kangaroos, and all the other features of Australian life, are hit off with a life-like reality. Perhaps the 'diggings' themselves were never better described, than in the pages which Mr. Cornwallis devotes to them at Bendigo. Here is the daily routine of a digger's life dashed off in a few strokes."—*The Critic*, London, June 18, 1859.

"Readers will be pleased with his lively, careless style, and amused with his anecdotes illustrative of society in Australia. . . . The description of the bull-fight at Lima is especially good—perhaps one of the best we have ever seen—but, unfortunately, far too long to extract."—*The Press*, London.

"He has the faculty of describing, in a very agreeable and readable way, the scenes and people he mingled with or passed through. There are episodes of colonial adventure, which are narrated with a picturesque simplicity and vigor not surpassed by Charles Reade.

He is a shrewd observer, and communicates his observations with freshness and perspicuity."—*The Tablet*, London, August 6, 1859.

"The author of these volumes is already favorably known as one of those 'wandering Englishmen,' who has the faculty of describing agreeably what he sees and hears in his journeyings over the world. The travels of Mr. Cornwallis have been decidedly extended, and have been previously recorded in works of great merit. His present contribution to the literature of movement, comprises visits to Australia and South America, and his adventures, if not startling, form quite a sufficient basis for the story he has to tell, which he tells easily, frankly, and pleasantly. The book will repay perusal, and has an air of freshness about it."—*The London Illustrated News*, July 15, 1859.

"As a traveller, the author is well known to the reading public. . . . Viewed either as a book of amusement, or a work of information, it will be an acceptable addition to the *utile et dulce* class of literature, which gives in a free and easy style, bold sketches of the striking things incidental to extensive travel. '*Hic et ubique*,' ought to be the motto of the accomplished writer of '*The Panorama of the New World*,' which we have great pleasure in recommending to our readers."—*The Sunday Times*, London, July 3, 1859.

"Mr. Cornwallis has been a great traveller, and dashes off impressions of the countries he has visited in a gay rattling manner. He is a gay observer of manners, with a quick eye for the picturesque and the odd, and with a strong proclivity for the funny. Any one may agreeably spend an hour or two over the gay, rapid chapters. The record of his wanderings to and fro upon the face of the earth is amusing, and we award it the possession of interest."—*The Eclectic Magazine*, London, August, 1859.

## Howard Plunkett; or, Adrift in Life.

A Novel in Two Volumes, Price, 21s.

"It is a bold, clever book. There is a vigor and exuberance throughout, and in some of the scenes a graphic power and reality. The author has talent and vigor, and the power of writing an amusing story."—*The Athenæum*, London.

"A tale so full of incident, developing so much of character, can hardly fail to be interesting; but that interest is greatly enhanced when, as in the present case, the narrative is well sustained, and the portraits of the various personages are drawn with vigor, and no ordinary ability."—*The Observer*, London.

"The author of this work has certainly great skill in constructing a story, and arranging its component parts. The characters are numerous, most interesting, and aptly sketched. Striking are the scenes, vigorous the descriptions. Some of the events relating to the young outcast's life, who walks the wilderness of the world alone, are exceedingly well described. We have life in its varying phases pictured before us in many a diverse land. The story commences and concludes at home; but in its course it wanders far and wide, from the bright and rolling waters of the gorgeous Mississippi to the lofty banks of the Yarra Yarra."—*The Sun*, London.



"The author of this novel has evidently seen much of life, and, moreover, possesses the ability to give vivid reflections of what he has seen. There is, consequently, much to admire in the course of the story; and whether in the old world or the new, at home or at the antipodes, he keeps alive the reader's attention, and affords pleasant entertainment. Considerable talent is displayed in the production of the varied scenes, and the manners of society are hit off effectively therein."—*The News of the World*, London.

"Worked out with great ability, and no ordinary power."—*John Bull*, London.

"Far superior to the ordinary volumes of the circulating library. Mr. Cornwallis has evidently travelled much and seen much of the world, and some of the best parts of his story are, probably, scenes which he has himself witnessed. We have spoken well of Mr. Cornwallis's poem 'Yarra Yarra,' and recognize in him the art of writing well."—*The Literary Gazette*, London.

"It possesses the merit of boldness, vigor, and ease of style. The style is of a free and dashing order, and there is a large amount of very clever writing in the novel. That there is some vivid pictorial matter is evident enough from the following extract."—*The Dispatch*, London.

"'Howard Plunkett' is a unique work. This peculiarity is not owing to descriptions of manners and scenery, or to facetiousness. The native coloring is something much more deeply dyed than that. There are no bulls in the tale; but the writer's mind seems one huge reservoir of bulls held in solution. There is an audacious impossibility about the book, a genial incoherency, and a bubbling gaiety, which render the whole quite unparalleled. But exactly because this novel is so real, it is indescribable. The tale must be read to be understood. . . . The elopement and the incidents that followed are described at great length; but we cannot enter on its details, further than to remark that no part of the book shows more conspicuously one of the author's greatest excellences. He makes his *dramatis personæ* talk as people really talk. Thus, for instance, only one sentence of the bride's conversation after her marriage is recorded, but then it is just what a real Angelina would have said. She repeated over and over again, 'I really do wonder what Aunt Foster will say.'"—*Saturday Review*, November 7, 1857.

"He can exhibit characteristically, if not dramatically."—*The Spectator*.

---

## Two Journeys to Japan.

Second Edition, Two Volumes, 21s. Illustrated by Colored Plates, from Original Drawings by the Author.

---

"It is full of amusement—lively, graphic, and full of interest. He possesses the art of letting in light upon all the topics which he undertakes to discuss. A real talent for description is a somewhat rare gift, and this traveller really possesses it. Through his pages we, for the first time, obtain a true notion of that part of Japan which he visited. The country, under his pencil comes out fresh, dewy, and picturesque before the eye, with its cedars, its camphor-laurels, its tapering volcanoes, its winding valleys, its long sweeps

of undulating plains. He certainly possesses a talent for description, and places a series of very striking pictures before the minds of his readers. But he is not exclusively picturesque; he likewise makes the most of other interesting subjects, as eating, drinking, dressing, bathing, and worshipping idols."—*Chamber's Journal*, Edinburgh, Feb. 12, 1859.

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis is well known to the British public as an amusing and spirited writer. His books teem with life and activity. When he wanders in a meadow, he brings with him the odor of the grass and the wild flowers; when he mixes with the aborigines, he carries from amongst them, fresh and distinct in his memory, the wildness of their gestures and attire, the strangeness of their appearance, and their customs; in fact, whenever he travels, and writes about what he has heard and seen, we feel as if we also had participated in the scenes which he depicts. In concluding, we thank Mr. Cornwallis for his entertaining and lively volumes. He is an amusing, sprightly, and observant traveller."—*Daily Telegraph*, London, March 31, 1859.

"His two journeys, as his title-page indicates, were made in 1833 and 1857. Each time he enjoyed most miraculous good fortune; for he seemed to carry a spell with him which dissipated Japanese suspicion, and procured him all sorts of privileges. It is a paradise of flowered silks, lacquer, yellow, vermillion, ivory, velvet-lined saloons, and fantastic elegancies; and Mr. Cornwallis, living the life of Telemachus or Æneas in this world of luxury, continually bursts upon some scene even more Eden-like and primitive . . . . The poet Spencer, in his Allegro visions, never saw more freely the hundreds of unarrayed damsels dancing, lily-white, in fairy-land, than this traveller sees the mellow beves of Japan wading in baths of Boccaccian simplicity; plunging, like Phrynes, into the seafoam; or standing statuesquely as Greek slaves. Mr. Cornwallis pursues his pilgrimage, admires the latticed and matted houses, more like Swiss in their toy-like symmetry, and then breaks upon a succession of Paradisaical scenes, which he describes with a characteristic unction. The mystery of Japan melts away as we follow Mr. Cornwallis through happy valleys, palaces of sublime magnificence, villages of abstract cleanliness, and throngs of dignitaries in whose presence the world of Japan grows pale. All this goes to make up an amusing book. His knowledge of Japan is considerable."—*The Athenceum*, London, Feb. 12, 1859.

"Mr. Cornwallis has produced a very agreeable and interesting book; qualities which are much enhanced by a number of illustrations of Japanese scenery, customs, and costumes, well executed, in chromo-lithography, from his own drawings."—*Birmingham Journal*, England.

"The book has great value in depicting the manners and customs of a hitherto strange people. It is an amusing book."—*The World*, London.

"For brilliancy of execution we can compare it only with *Föthen*: for descriptive power and graphic portraiture, we have rarely read its equal. The author has had opportunities which no other Englishman has had of studying the manners and customs of the Japanese."—*The Globe*, London.

"The book is an amusing book, pleasantly written, and evidencing generous feelings."—*The Literary Gazette*, London.

"We meet Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis on the same easy terms of life in El Dorado, sophisticated London, unsophisticated Nookoorra, exclusive Japan—shining as novelist, historian, scientific observer, conversationalist, explorer, and moralist, with unmitigated fluency and startling rapidity."—*The Saturday Review*, London, April 30, 1859.

"Mr. Cornwallis recently gave us a very good book on the new El Dorado, British Columbia. To that he now adds a very good one on Japan and its people. They who love travel and adventure, and wish to inform themselves about Japan and the Japanese, will like Mr. Cornwallis's work, wherein they will find animated descriptions of natural scenery, and of almost everything appertaining to the customs, manners, and pursuits of the people of all degrees."—*Sunday Times*, London, Feb. 26, 1859.

"He saw a good deal of the Japanese and of the country, and gives pretty minute descriptions of all the towns he visited. The account of Nagasaki, and of Mr. Cornwallis's friends, Noskotoska and Tazolee, is very interesting; but for that, and the summary of the history of Japan, and its religion, we must refer to the volumes, which are illustrated by colored lithographs from drawings by Mr. Cornwallis, and will well repay perusal."—*Naval and Military Gazette*, London, Feb. 26, 1859.

"There has not been so interesting a book of travels since Warburton's 'Crescent and the Cross.'"—*Scottish Press*.

"The author has given us two interesting volumes. It (the work) furnishes many charming glimpses of Japanese life. We have risen from its perusal with great pleasure and profit."—*The Constitutional Press*, London, Feb. 26, 1859.

"What Mr. Cornwallis has here presented will engage the public attention, for it is given in a readable and attractive style: and the scenery, habits and manners, are made to pass in succession before us like a collection of photographic pictures. The author describes all that passed under his notice, during his two visits to Japan, with so much liveliness and ease as to afford much satisfaction, whether the work be taken up for information, or merely the entertainment of a leisure hour; and there is every likelihood of his literary labors being rewarded by the favorable opinion of the public."—*The News of the World*, London, March 6, 1859.

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis is well known in the literary world as the writer of 'El Dorado,' and other popular productions; and in the work before us we find no falling off whatever. It is beautifully illustrated, is replete with interest, and contains information on every subject connected with the country on which he treats. Not only have we an excellent historical and geological sketch of the country, but a thorough insight into the habits and manners of the Japanese."—*The Review*, London.

"These volumes contain a vast amount of information about Japan and her people, clever and amusing."—*The Leader*, London.

"Mr. Cornwallis describes, in very agreeable language, what he saw, did, and heard, during two visits to that marvellous country, Japan. We can earnestly recommend Mr. Cornwallis's book to our readers."—*Morning Herald*, April 2, 1859.

"The author exhibits much knowledge of Japanese life. He has written a very amusing book."—*The New Quarterly Review*, London, April, 1859.



"Few can take up Mr. Cornwallis's interesting work without wishing it may be their lot some day to visit the islands of Japan."—*The China Telegraph*, London.

"Among the guests at the ball given by Gen. Cass on Friday evening last, in honor of the Japanese Embassy, was Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, a gentleman well known in literary circles in England, and of considerable repute, both as an author and traveller. In the course of his travels he five years ago visited Japan, of which country he afterwards published in England a very spirited description. Two of the present Embassy, who had seen him at Simoda, on meeting him the other day at Washington, at once recognized him. Mr. Cornwallis has only recently arrived in this country, but it is not his first visit, as in the fall of 1855 he travelled through the Union, and subsequently embodied his opinions of American men and women in one of his books, entitled 'A Panorama of the New World,' which speaks very flatteringly of ourselves, and shows its writer to be a man of wide sympathies, liberal sentiments, and, what is better, few prejudices."—*The New York Herald*, May 26, 1860.

## **New El Dorado; or, British Columbia.**

Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Bart.

Second Edition, price, 10s. 6d., cloth. With a Map and Illustrations by the Author.

"So little is known of British Columbia, a territory that promises to open up an immense field of enterprise to the mother-country, that Mr. Cornwallis may fairly congratulate himself upon being, if not the only, at least the most modern, historian of the colony. Mr. Cornwallis tells us, in pleasant language, how he wandered from California to New Columbia, what he saw there, and what, in his opinion, are the prospects of emigrants, whether as diggers or agriculturists. As a handbook to British Columbia, this volume, which is dedicated, by permission, to the Colonial Secretary, may be recommended as authentic, useful, and well timed."—*The Morning Post*, London.

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, a gentleman who has had considerable experience of the gold fields of Australia, and who graphically described what he saw and learnt in his work call 'Yarra Yarra,' has lately returned from British Columbia, and having been present almost from the first at the golden district bordering on the Fraser River, has just published a very interesting account of his sojourn there. The work is exceedingly opportune. It is very spiritedly written, and will amuse as well as instruct, and necessarily obtain an immense circulation."—*The Observer*, London.

"The book is full of information as to the best modes existing or expected of reaching these enviable regions, and of many matters of commerce, trade, and production. The book is therefore not merely interesting, but instructive, and we are glad to find so useful a collection of facts on a movement pregnant with events of which we can as yet only dimly appreciate the full consequences."—*The Morning Chronicle*, London.

"The book gives all the information it is possible to obtain respecting the new colony. It is altogether of a most interesting and instructive character."—*The Star*, London.

"Historical and descriptive of British Columbia. It will be found both entertaining and useful."—*The Sunday Times*, London.

"There is information in the volume to render it acceptable."—*The Athenæum*, London.

"A highly useful work. The chapters on the ascent of the Fraser, and the bivouac beyond the Forks, will be found particularly interesting."—*News of the World*, London.

"A book on emigration from the pen of one who *knows* what he is writing is in the highest degree acceptable, because we find in it more of practice and less of theory. The book is interspersed with much that is animated and interesting, while the geographical position, climate, and peculiarities of the colony are thoroughly elucidated. As a handbook to British Columbia, nothing could be more useful, instructive, or valuable; and as such, to that class we particularly commend it."—*Weekly Mail*, London.

"No wonder that this book has gone through a first edition, when we consider the importance of the subject and the admirable manner in which it is handled. Truthful delineation of the state and resources of this newly-discovered treasure-land is its great characteristic. As a useful and almost necessary appendage to the emigrant, this work is entitled to the highest praise; while to those who 'live at home at ease,' we can cordially recommend it, as containing the most animated and interesting descriptions of a country which may ere long vie with, if not eclipse, the golden regions of Australia and California. We lately noticed, in most eulogistic terms, the well-known poem by the same author, entitled 'Yarra, Yarra,' and happy are we to find that in Mr. Cornwallis's case it is not *poetas et præterea nihil*. The 'New El Dorado' will outlive all ephemeral productions of the hour, and become a book of reference in the standard library of travels."—*Sporting Magazine*, London.

"We can recommend it to those who are curious as to the general features which such a region presents, and looking for amusement."—*Press*, London.

"With all the graphic advantages of a personal narrative, he has gathered a considerable amount of information respecting the country, its inhabitants, natural productions, and resources, which will doubtless be found useful to future adventurers, who will thus go there furnished with all it is possible to convey through the medium of a work intended to be amusing as well as useful. The Appendix comprehends a large amount of local and statistical matter, valuable because it is authentic; and a colored Map of that region and Vancouver places before the reader a complete plan and guide to the most important localities named in the text."—*The Dispatch*, London.

"It is a very interesting and valuable work. Extracts from it are beginning to plentifully abound in our papers."—*Toronto Globe*.

"All testimonies, from the very pleasant and interesting book of Mr. Cornwallis to the last correspondence received, agree in attributing great capabilities of producing wealth, both agricultural and mineral, to the district of Columbia."—Extract from a leader in the *London Standard*.

"Mr. Cornwallis's book will repay perusal. It contains twenty-three chapters on the new gold movement, its dazzling prospects, the physical geography and natural resources of this land of the magic spell, discusses the question of railway communication, and gives us animated pictures of the gold hunters' life. There are some glimpses also afforded us into the manners and beliefs of the Indians."—*The Westminster Review*, London.

"Mr. Cornwallis is a shrewd man of the world, and has given us a very clear account of the auriferous districts of the country, and of their prospects. His remarks may suggest many a new thought to the emigrant, and his information is precise and well adapted for giving us the knowledge of a *terra incognita*, and a new colony. Many a man will thank him as his pioneer. In the early stages of colonial life we seldom meet with a work so applicable to the real state of affairs."—*The World*, London, January 23, 1859.

"To give some idea of the state of things as they have been till within recent times, we will make a condensed abstract of a gold-searching expedition made by a very intelligent and adventurous gentleman—Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis—who has recorded his experiences in a lively volume, entitled 'The New El Dorado, or British Columbia.'"—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, London, article "British Columbia," February, 1859.

See also the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1859, article "Hudson's Bay Territory."

"Mr. Cornwallis revels in the primeval wilderness; he glories in pushing up unknown rivers, in penetrating thick jungles, in roaming over horizon-bound prairies, and then returning to the haunts of civilized men to depict, in animated colors, and with his poetic fancies, the scenes that he has witnessed when far removed from the influence and attraction of modern society. The general reader will find much that is of an entertaining character to beguile a leisure hour."—*China Express*.

---

## The Wandering Aborigine.

A Poetical Narrative in Thirteen Books. Fifth and cheap Edition.

Price, 2s.

---

"We have already spoken well of Mr. Cornwallis' poem, and are glad to find, by this new edition, that the public agree with us."—*The Literary Gazette*, London.

"It is a book that will be read—yes, and relished—by many. Its very wildness has a charm for such of our feelings as are unsophisticated; and the boldness with which it breaks through all conventional restraint is refreshing in these days of civilization-worship. It is misty; but gleams of brilliant light traverse the haze, and strains of Nature's sweetest music blend with the confusion. Mr. Cornwallis is a bold and honest writer; and his work displays some very high imaginative qualities, with vast and varied experience of men and countries."—*The Illustrated News of the World*, London.

"This poetical narrative is bold, picturesque, and full of ardent feelings. What the author had to do, he has done well. It has arrived at the honor of a fifth edition, which speaks considerably in favor of the poem."—*The Dispatch*, London.

"The Australian 'Hiawatha.'"—*The Guardian*, London.

"This clever poem, which on its first appearance attracted some attention, has reached its fifth edition, a circumstance which goes far to confirm the verdict passed by the public upon its merit. It loses none of its interest by re-perusal. The verse is smooth and flowing, and the interest of the subject retains its original freshness."—*The Weekly Times*, London.

"The plan and execution of this volume, which has already gone through five editions, are entitled to the highest commendation. The subject, Australia, in itself so interesting, and so fitted for poetical expansion and illustration, is treated with no less judgment than skill, and the author fully succeeds in awakening the most delicate feelings of our nature. The story of his love for Quillah Quah is very naturally introduced, and her melancholy fate pathetically described; man's natural affection for the land of his birth occupies a few interesting pages. The fondness with which we recur to pleasures long past, and to friends separated by death, the requiem to the fallen brave, are touched upon with uncommon felicity. The author's address to Nature, 'Oft have I stood and viewed fair Phœbus rise,' is animated and poetical; and in a strain equally flowing, sweet, and affecting, Mr. Cornwallis soliloquizes over the waters of the Arno. The observations on Australia will be read with great satisfaction, as they prove that the writer's prose is as animated, just, and instructive, as his poetry is spirited and characteristically appropriate."—*Sporting Magazine*, London.

"There is strength and beauty in this poem. Love is the grand theme of the author."—*The Court Circular*, London.

See also Dickens' "Household Words," London, July, 1858; article on "The Savage Muse."

## My Life and Adventures.

### A TALE.

Two vols. London, 1859. Dedicated, by permission, to Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Bart.

"The author's power of language in thus depicting most imminent and perilous situations is perfectly irresistible, and has the effect of conveying the whole scene with fearful distinctness home to the imagination of the reader. 'My Life and Adventures,' for the vigor of its descriptions, carrying along with them an equal amount of instruction and amusement, is deserving of unqualified praise."—*The Leader*, London, April 7, 1860.

"It is both amusing and instructive."—*The Observer*, London.

"His descriptions display power, and the style has the merit of carrying us quickly over its pages."—*The Literary Gazette*, London, April 21, 1860.

**Wreck and Ruin.** *A Novel.* 3 Vols. London, 1860.

**The Crossticks.** *A Novelette.* 1 Vol. London, 1858.



# The Conquest of Mexico and Peru,

PREFACED BY

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE POEM, BY KINAHAN CORNWALLIS,

*Author of "The Song of America and Columbus ; or, The Story of the New World," &c.*

**450 Pages, 12mo. Cloth, Price \$1.00.**

Sold by all booksellers, or sent postpaid by THE DAILY INVESTIGATOR, 44 Broadway, New York.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The consideration that is due to laborious enterprises, conscientiously carried out, must decidedly be accorded to Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis's historical epic narratives in rhymed heroics. This poem contains nearly 6,000 more lines than the earlier poem, which is yet a monument of patient toil. 'Like Pelion on Ossa' is this second instalment of what Mr. Cornwallis truthfully calls his colossal undertaking to tell the history of the New World in verse. Historical accuracy the author claims for his work, and we cannot say we have discovered any reason to doubt that the claim is good. His enthusiasm is undeniable and worthy of commendation, and that his narrative is often really skilful and his verse fluent and animated, are not less indisputable features of his work."—*The Saturday Review, London, May 13, 1893.*

"This is probably the most ambitious attempt to write a great American epic since Joel Barlow gave the world his 'Columbiad,' in the first decade of our century. The poem

is a continuation of the author's earlier 'Song of America and Columbus,' and traces in heroic couplets the progress of discovery in the New World, with special attention to the two great conquests of Pizarro and Cortez. The book is very readable. The versification is smooth, and many of the descriptive pictures are finely finished. A great many people will find the early story of the continent as here told at once instructive and entertaining. Mr. Cornwallis is to be commended highly for his literary independence. He has written this epic in no mercenary and no cringing spirit."—*Review of Reviews*, N. Y., June, 1893.

"A new epic poet has arisen. His name, it may safely be augured, will rapidly spread through the mouths of men. He has found a stirring theme in the story of the Discovery of the Pacific and the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. In the course of a graphic picture of the scenery around Rio occur the following lines. In spite of his strong sense of historic accuracy, the poet has not entirely curbed his imagination. But, after all, he excels in correct description."—*The Evening Dispatch*, Edinburgh.

"Worked out with creditable success."—*The Chautauquan*, October, 1893.

"An epic poem on the history of the American continent is an ambitious undertaking, from which most poets would have recoiled. It is, however, being attempted by Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, the clever and indefatigable editor of the *Daily Investigator*, in a manner that, to judge from the second book, is likely to earn for the work a lasting place in the literary annals of the United States. The versification is skilful and fluent, and the literary excellence is well maintained throughout. But this is not the only claim of the poem to favor; it displays extensive research, and its historical accuracy and the interest of the subject, render it a valuable public educator."—*The Galignani Messenger*, Paris, October 10, 1893.

"Poetry has been the busy editor's hobby for years. He has set himself to study the early history of America with a conscientious care, which adds greatly to the value of his work. The poetry itself flows easily, and is pleasant to read. It is certainly a monument of painstaking research, and may serve as an introduction to prose histories dealing with the same subject."—*The London Quarterly Review*, October, 1893.



"An epic, in these days of bustling civilization, is something before which the ordinary reader stands appalled. But let not the ordinary reader despair—even he will find a dipping into this lengthy narrative well worth his while. The man of finer mental fiber will do more than merely turn the pages cursorily ; though he may not read the volume through from cover to cover, he will find many stirring passages to compel his attention. Mr. Cornwallis's verse is smooth and flowing ; it is spirited, often powerful, and his language is rich in pictorial fancy. The book is valuable in its historical accuracy and the scope of its theme—the conquering of those tropical countries, Mexico and Peru—permits a glorious display of rhetorical fire and feeling. It is impossible that work of this length should not have its inequalities, but as a whole this ambitious conception is one of sustained and marked ability."—*Boston Evening Transcript*, May 10, 1893.

"In this handsome book the clever author continues in verse of pleasing meter the history of the New World, commenced in so attractive a manner in 'The Song of America and Columbus.' The narrative is in delightfully free and expressive language, combined with a spice of sentiment. The stirring adventures of Balboa, Cortez and Pizarro are related with a power and continuity of interest, of which many prose writers might be envious. The originality of the production is at once apparant, and the bright tone of the verse makes it difficult indeed on the part of the reader to place the book aside."—*The Brighton Gazette, Brighton, Eng.*

"This work is an elaborate poetical history, dealing with some of the most vivid episodes in the world's annals. There is much genuine poetry in it ; vast stores of valuable information are supplied in readable form, and many stirring pictures of romance and war furnished to the reader. A scene from the campaign of Cortez will illustrate the author's style."—*Toronto (Canada) Empire.*

"His rhymes are smooth and swinging, and the historical accuracy of his facts is unquestioned. The poem is spirited and stirring."—*Daily America, New York.*

"The author has devoted much time and close study to his task, and he has done his work well."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"Among the unique literary productions of the Columbian period the narrative poems of Kinahan Cornwallis are sure of the place of honor. It is a tribute to the versatility of Cornwallis that he should be able to summon from the long dead past in such life-likeness the daring adventurers who overran this continent in search of gold and dominion. His pictures of them are really striking, and will convey to many a reader clearer impressions of fact than he would receive from even the charming pages of Prescott. And it is proper to state with emphasis, that the historian is not lost in the poet. The truth of history is not sacrificed to make mellifluous verse."—*The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Times*, April 22, 1893.

"It gives in poetic form the history of the period of discovery and exploration, and is valuable not only in regard to its historical accuracy but in being a delightful acquisition to the rhythmic literature of the day."—*The Hartford (Conn.) Journal*.

"The story is very cleverly told in lines that are worth reading on account both of their form and substance. To many persons history is dry reading, but here it is made attractive in a poetic dress."—*The Journal of Commerce, New York*.

"We appreciate Mr. Cornwallis's extraordinary grasp of history and facility of rhyme and rhythm."—*Portland (Me.) Transcript*.

"The pains he has taken to secure historic accuracy are evident on every page. Touched by the poet's fancy the record reads like a fairy tale. Not the least remarkable feature of the book is the nice sense of discrimination shown by the author in ascribing to ambition and religious zeal their relative places among the motives by which the Spaniards were inspired. In these lines, for instance, the historian is as much in evidence as the poet. A book with so lofty a conception, animated with a spirit so strong and invigorating, deserves to meet with a good reception, and there is little wonder that the first volume has earned so much success. The narrative teems with incidents graphically yet chastely presented. It was a wonderful time, and the book is worthy of the time."—*The Androssan (Scotland) Herald*, June 16, 1893.

"In smooth and rhythmic meter Mr. Cornwallis has given us an historical narrative poem of an exceedingly high order of merit."—*The University Magazine, New York*, August, 1893.

"Mr. Cornwallis's poem is a labor of love, and in a captivating preface, which puts us in love with his prose, he frankly confesses that he knows epic poems to be out of fashion. He does, however, claim for his poem the merit of being written after laborious research, and of historical accuracy. We would add to these good points, which he does not claim without reason, the further graces of smooth and flowing verse, and often of picturesque and entertaining narrative. The poem is thoroughly creditable to its author, and the reader who takes it up, either as a whole or in part, will be well repaid."—*The Advance, Chicago*, Oct. 12, 1893.

"An exceedingly bright preface anticipates the criticism of this historical poem. While poetry was the medium of history in the earlier period of literature it seems to have given place to prose. But this work is exceedingly well done. Its historical facts are accurate, and the poetical setting forth of these facts is masterly. There are portions of the work that are singularly beautiful, and the reader is sure to find instruction on every page."—*The Christian Intelligencer, New York*, Sept. 30, 1893.

"The author has been before in this field in an epic on a similar scale entitled 'The Song of America and Columbus,' which was favorably received by the public. While Prescott's vivid prose must ever remain the classic, this does not prevent us from saying that Mr. Cornwallis has here achieved a noteworthy performance. He has the gift of smooth and easy versification, and as he moves from point to point of his exciting theme he carries his readers with him by his vigorous descriptions of scenes, characters and events."—*The Christian World, London*, July 6, 1893.

"This is a remarkable book. In the preparation of this historical narrative poem he has spent as much time and pains as if he had been intending to rival Prescott in his work of writing history in the ordinary fashion."—*The North British Daily Mail, Glasgow, Scotland*.

"Those who have read Prescott's prose will experience great pleasure in perusing this poetical rendering which must

have entailed much hard work and laborious study. A work of this kind is singularly rare, and will command public attention. There will doubtless be many who will read the book in poetical form, even though they would not scan a prose version. Mr. Cornwallis has portrayed the stirring scenes of the conquest in an admirable manner, which can not fail to charm the reader of this work."—*Reynold's Weekly Newspaper*, London, Sept. 3, 1893.

"In view of the vast researches of the author, and the interest attaching to the historical facts here related in rhymed verse, the volume may certainly be classed among the remarkable achievements in modern literature."—*The American Register*, Paris, France, Sept. 9, 1893.

"The author's style is all that could be desired to make his poem thoroughly enjoyable, and the historical data which it embodies allows no questioning as to its correctness. That Mr. Cornwallis should find time for such work in the midst of his busy Wall Street life is in itself surprising, but one marvels still more at the variety and wealth of material so strongly evidenced in his numerous contributions to literature."—*The Baltimore American*.

"Kinahan Cornwallis, whose splendid descriptive poem, 'The Song of America and Columbus,' was very favorably commented upon some time ago, has given us another one of his unique songs. He writes an exceedingly interesting story, clothing it with all a poet's imagery, yet giving the essential facts their true prominence. The almost superhuman work of this prolific writer is evidenced by the great length of the two poems which have come from his pen within a comparatively short space of time. 'The Conquest of Mexico and Peru' stretches over 450 pages, and every line is necessary."—*The Republic*, Boston.

"The versification is smooth and the imagery at times very poetic and striking."—*The Detroit Free Press*.

"It is an interestingly written story."—*Trenton Times*.

"Mr. Cornwallis has graphic descriptive powers—apparent in his earlier works—and they find wide field in this volume. His rhyme is smooth and without those complications which poets imagine themselves licensed to use."—*The Evening Star*, Washington, D. C.

"His rhymes are smooth and swinging. The author evidently takes to rhythm as a duck to water. He has gone to just as much trouble in examining authorities as if he had been writing prose."—*The Daily News, Denver, Col.*

"The history of fierce and final conquests is admirably told, lending a charm which cannot fail to win the closest attention of the reader; the poem is exceedingly clever, and the facts are strictly historical, furnishing a volume of more than ordinary merit and interest."—*The Utica (N. Y.) Press.*

"Maritime adventure and military exploits are celebrated here in a smooth, metrical version. Mr. Cornwallis gives a bird's-eye view of history in picturesque and sturdy verse."—*Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"It is a valuable production, and will be read with pleasure and profit."—*The Free Methodist, Chicago, Ill.*

"As a writer of historical verse Mr. Cornwallis can be ranked among the foremost authors of the day, and his new work will be a welcome addition to many homes."—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram.*

"The work of Mr. Cornwallis, in this and the preceding volume, is certainly a novelty in American literature. Mr. Cornwallis has been exceedingly conscientious in his study of authorities. The subject is full of interest, the handling of it is effective and the result is a smoothly flowing and pleasing poem."—*The Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

"There was evidently much labor spent on the work, and the versification is much above the average in literary merit."—*The United Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa.*

"The story is told so pleasantly in verse that we hope many will find pleasure and profit in this poetical history."—*The Morning Star, Boston.*

"A novelty in American literature, very creditable as a poetic effort, and it possesses the great merit of historical accuracy."—*The Republic, Washington, D. C.*

"The author preserves historical accuracy and achieves surprisingly good verse for the theme, and it is a wonder that



in this age any man has had patience to produce such a work."  
—*The Commercial Advertiser, New York.*

"The poem seems as reliable for use as a text-book of history as it is an example of correct verse. The poetry is excellent, and in many places, particularly those where there is the inspiration of a great discovery, rises to beauty and power."—*The Chicago Times.*

"The story of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru is told in verse and well told."—*The Savannah, Ga., News.*

"An interesting story in verse that is peculiarly appropriate at this time."—*The Sunday States, New Orleans.*

"There is rhyme, rhythm and reason in Mr. Cornwallis's work, and inasmuch as he does not distort facts to serve the ends of prosody, his book will have additional attraction for readers. The present book is in every way attractive."—*The Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.*

"The astonishing care and industry of the author in obtaining and verifying his historic facts, and the ability which he shows in weaving them into epic form, cannot fail to win our admiration."—*The Shooting Times and British Sportsman, London.*

"Mr. Cornwallis lays the flattering unction to his soul that there is not an error of fact in verse or footnote in the whole volume. This is certainly a good deal to claim, and so far as we have examined the book we see no reason to doubt the claim."—*The Philadelphia Record.*

"Its historical accuracy makes it a valuable historical study, and it will doubtless take a prominent place in the literature of this Columbian year."—*The Christian Observer, St. Louis, Mo.*

"Kinahan Cornwallis, who has won fame for himself in writings of various kinds—travel, fiction, finance and poetry—has just published an epic poem of America."—*Chicago Times.*

"Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis has followed up his wonderful metrical narrative of 'The Song of America and Columbus,' with an equally remarkable volume. Historical accuracy is



made an indispensable condition, but there are romantic flights of fancy in many parts of the volume, which is well worthy of being read and treasured as a distinctly novel contribution to the literature of the great exposition of the year which commemorates the first of the great events that Mr. Cornwallis, in his bold, clever and picturesque style, has so ably depicted."—*The London (Canada) Advertiser*.

"It is one of the most remarkable literary works of modern times. Altogether it is a decided novelty in American literature, and true poetic fire breathes in the lines."—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Daily Intelligencer*.

"The Verse is spirited, heroic and attractive. It will be read and admired by lovers of good literature."—*The Harrisburgh (Pa.) Star Independent*.

"Mr. Cornwallis evinces much poetic fancy and weaves a very entertaining story."—*The Albany (N. Y.) Press*.

"This is an historical poem of real merit, and presents these important historical events in pleasing form and style. The writer is an able poet, and the work should have a large sale."—*The Times Union, Albany, N. Y.*

"A decided novelty in American literature is 'The Conquest of Mexico and Peru.' We doubt not that many will peruse the verse who would weary of prose. All in good metre. We quote from a scene in 'The Conquest of Mexico.'"—*The New York Observer*.

"Mr. Cornwallis, who years ago won a conspicuous place in literature and journalism, is an easy, an accomplished writer, and does this work as well as would seem possible for any one. Passages are strong and dramatic."—*Newark (N. J.) Evening News*.

"It will have a charm for many readers, as it is true to history, while it relieves the usual dry recital of facts by presenting them in panoramic order and rhythmic flow."—*The Baltimore Methodist*.

"It certainly deserves to survive as one of the curiosities of literature."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

"It is well written, and to such readers as favor story in verse will be a treat."—*The Daily Bee, Omaha, Neb.*

"There are not wanting pages of genuine descriptive power."—*The Inquirer, London.*

"A narrative poem of considerable interest and much merit. It is smooth, and he occasionally rises to a fine genius."—*The Duluth (Minn.) News-Tribune.*

"We can speak of the present production with even higher praise. It has all the stately roll of a magnificent poem. For poem it is—the whole story of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru being given in verse. Because the poem has a background of as wonderful history as can be anywhere found in the story of mankind. It is on that account all the more interesting. And Mr. Cornwallis promises to be the poet of this Columbian period."—*Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, O.*

"It is based upon extended and careful historical study, and contains many passages of glowing description. It holds attention well, and the reader's interest grows steadily. Some of his descriptive passages are at once picturesque and inspiring. The recent development of popular interest in American exploration will secure for the book a wider and more cordial welcome."—*The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.*

"This is really an epic poem, its fabric woven from all the reality and romance which the first fifty years of the history of the New World can furnish. Many passages are truly poetic, and the whole volume is well worthy to take its place beside the author's 'Song of America and Columbus.' The book is a most valuable contribution to the annals of the New World, and well worth a place upon the student's shelves."—*The Mid-Continent, St. Louis, (Mo.)*

"We view with awe Mr. Cornwallis's feats as a mental Hercules, a cerebral Sandow. No man in this or any other country has produced as great a quantity of pentameters in as small a time as he. We now challenge all poets to compete with Kinahan Cornwallis in a free-for-all match at long-distance poesy. Mr. Cornwallis could win this race with one leg in a sling, as it were. His latest performance on the Parnasian cinderpath justifies the most extravagant belief in his

speed and staying powers."—*The Morning Journal, New York.*

"Such a volume ought to find a multitude of readers. The facts of history, like the lessons of nature, may often be best taught through the pleasing forms of verse. Incidents which in prose sometimes seem dry and tedious appear as possessing delightful interest."—*The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.*

"It combines the beauty of history and poetry, and while one may revel in poetic delight, he at the same time will be thrilled with historical narrative. The author is particularly happy in his conceptions as well as in his expressions. The book will be read with interest and with great profit."—*Central Baptist, St. Louis, Mo.*

"The whole work is in strong verse, having the merit of historical accuracy in every particular, and is full of instruction and profit to the student and general reader."—*The Evening Standard, New Bedford, Mass., April 23.*

"Not only does the music of this song commend it, as it has the merit of historical accuracy, making it a desirable acquisition to the student's library."—*The Universalist, Chicago.*

"The author is well known to the literary world through his 'Song of America and Columbus,' and through previous productions, which have been widely read and approved. Aside from its poetic attractiveness the book is historically accurate."—*The Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*

"Few authors would undertake so ambitious a theme ; few would have accomplished it in a more spirited or graphic style."—*The Presbyterian, New York.*

"These American epics written in easy, flowing measure with seemingly little effort, will no doubt charm many readers who would object to plain history in prose. The poems show evidences of wide reading and a thorough understanding of the matters treated."—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.*

"The story is well told. Mr. Cornwallis all in all has given us a delightful and at the same time a reliable poem."—*California Christian Advocate, San Francisco.*

"This is a well-written historical narrative poem—a thoroughly interesting book."—*International Journal of Microscopy and National Science, Bath, England.*

"Mr. Cornwallis is perfectly at ease in the matter of versifying, and certainly has been painstaking and industrious in looking up the facts that he records."—*The Independent, New York.*

"The verse is not only musical and the rhythm smooth, but there is revealed a profound knowledge of history, which studied in this way, becomes more attractive. It is altogether a fine poem, replete with the spirit of the men and events which it portrays. It is ambitious in its conception, but it meets fully the requirements."—*Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.*

"It is a companion volume to 'The Song of America and Columbus, or The Story of the New World,' by the same author, and bears the same evidences of sustained metrical fluency."—*The Evening Telegram, New York.*

"It must be said that the author has fine descriptive powers and that his verse shows in many places remarkable spirit and vigor. His skill in versification is decided, and his fidelity to historical truth will probably not be questioned. Mr. Cornwallis is a wonderful man."—*The Baltimore (Md.) News.*

"As a historical narrative the book is unquestionably valuable and interesting. In many instances its vigor and sincerity are striking. The spirit of the author is admirable, and his immense work certainly deserves to survive, as one of the curiosities of literature connected with this special Columbian and patriotic period."—*The Boston, Mass., Home Journal.*

"It is well written, and will please those who read it."—*The Christian Oracle, Chicago, Ill.*

"Here is a novelty in American literature—an epic of 450 pages reciting every event in the first fifty years of the Western Hemisphere after its discovery. The style of the author is clear and flowing."—*The Chicago Journal.*

"The reader finds no little gratification in dipping into the books here and there. Mr. Cornwallis in his narrative of the Red men courageously battles with the strange names of tribes and comes out victorious. His greeting to the more famous portions of the great continent is not less skilful or enthusiastic. Americans may be expected to turn over the pages with gratification. His verse is smooth and flowing."—*The Norwich (England) Mercury*.

"The theme of the book is one which offers vast scope to one who can wield a big brush. Needless to say, Mr. Cornwallis is that man; and nothing daunted, he lays his colors on thick, and with a sort of panoramic splendor. It is perhaps natural also that he should pride himself on his minute historical accuracy, and take credit for the immensity of his labors. The result is a wonderful rhyme."—*The Glasgow (Scotland) Herald*.

"The writer has been laudably ambitious, and has succeeded in accomplishing a difficult task."—*The Toronto (Canada) Mail*.

"He has succeeded so well as to have produced a spirited and stirring narrative poem. The author's enthusiasm and interest in his subject never flag. The work shows remarkable facility in composition, and in weaving facts into verse."—*The Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal*.

"Mr. Cornwallis is the most candid poet in America. He writes better verse than many who make prodigious claims."—*The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier*.

"'The Song of America and Columbus' was not without its points of interest both as a poem and as a historical narrative. Now he follows this up with 'The Conquest of Mexico and Peru.' The colossal nature of this versification is appreciated. \* \* The versification is smooth, and it can be read with pleasure and profit. As an exhibit of combined industry and talent it ought to have a place in the World's Fair."—*The Hartford (Ct.) Post*.

"It is, like the first, an historical narrative poem in iambic pentameter, and is marked by the same accuracy of detail and metrical smoothness. It is an entrancing theme upon which Mr. Cornwallis has chosen to exercise his talents, but not for



that reason less difficult of presentation in the chosen guise. He has, however, succeeded, and it is probable that through the agency of these books, the story of the early explorers in the Western continent will be more widely read than it otherwise would have been. Prescott and others have well told the story that reads in many respects like a novel, but some persons find it easier to read verse than prose. To such these volumes will especially commend themselves, but by all they will be enjoyed, for there is in them something more than fact and meter. Mr. Cornwallis is a man of remarkable versatility and productiveness, for he is not only a poet."—*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*.

"It was a most difficult undertaking, as narrative is often defiant of poetic expression, but the author has done remarkably well, as he has been faithful to the facts of history, writing in easy, flowing and correct measure. The occasion is worthy of the effort in this Columbian year, and readers will find in the story a source of knowledge attractively stated, which would become wearisome if written in prose."—*The Troy (N. Y.) Daily Times*.

"The author is well and not unfavorably known to the reading public. The volume deserves that many should dip into its pages and familiarize themselves with a few of the numerous really fine passages in it."—*The Globe, Toronto, Canada*.

"Mr. Cornwallis makes good verse, the rhyme being as perfect as the rhythm. To many the history will be additionally attractive because of this metrical form, which admits of a multitude of pointed paragraphs easily fastened in the memory. One of the great merits of all is the historical accuracy of what is told therein."—*The Citizen, Brooklyn*.

"Mr. Cornwallis has written what he pleased as he pleased. Such conditions have produced the world's literary masterpieces. The book is furnished with helpful notes, the fruit of long study. The meter is smooth and flowing and easy to read. It is always careful and painstaking."—*The Recorder, New York*.

"This later laudable attempt to make American history attractive to those who can take it in more easily in rhyme is very smooth reading."—*The Brooklyn Eagle*.



"The author has already given us a very pleasing volume in 'Song of America and Columbus.' He is certainly fertile in imagination, and his lines will stand the test of prosody. The work itself is really interesting, some of the descriptive passages being as fine as any in contemporaneous poetic literature, and enough incident is introduced to hold the attention, so that at times it is positively unpleasant to be obliged to put the work away."—*The Pittsburg Press*.

"Few books are more worthy the occasion than 'The Conquest of Mexico and Peru.' The author has produced a work of power and interest. Its historical accuracy has not impaired the literary quality. The verse is smooth and elegant, and striking and original phrases abound."—*The Argus and Patriot, Montpelier, Vt.*

"It is a panorama of discovery, conquest and colonization; a magnificent theme magnificently treated. The author, who has seen a good deal of the world, affords some vivid pictures of natural scenery, and narrates the doings of the early explorers with a warmth and fervor which never tire. An excellent feature of the work is the reliable data of the historical details, the investigation of which must have proved a task of considerable magnitude."—*The Liverpool (England) Courier*, Nov. 21, 1893.

"The poet has here and there painted a scene with the warmth and beauty of his art. The book contains many stirring and noble passages. He is animated with a strong and vigorous spirit. Mr. Cornwallis has taken infinite pains that he should sacrifice no historical fact to the demands of his verse."—*The Hong Kong (China) Daily Press*, Oct. 10, 1893.

"An interesting volume from an historical standpoint. The history is told in verse, and shows a wealth of admirable material. He does show throughout the care and training of the student and an unusual ability to throw his ideas and facts into rhythmical form. Perhaps the one advantage of this mode of composition is to surround the story with an atmosphere of heroism and romance. We find the narrative dressed in its proper colors, without any sacrifice of historical truth and accuracy. He is surely a very creditable historian."—*The Boston Budget*, Feb. 11, 1894.

"The measure is perfect. There is not a break or jar in the rhythmic meter from beginning to end. The subject matter is of absorbing interest. Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico and Peru' in prose is not more so."—*The Baptist and Reflector, Nashville, Tenn.*, Feb. 15, 1894.

"The work is a very accurate history of those stirring times, made doubly interesting by the excellence of the verse. It is remarkable that the busy editor comes to find time to write so full, accurate and deeply interesting a work. The 'Wall Street Poet,' as he may well be termed, has given the literary world a valuable addition to its libraries."—*The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye*, Dec. 12, 1893.

"In 1892 we noticed a poem entitled 'The Song of America and Columbus, or The Story of the New World' by Kinahan Cornwallis. It was written in the manner of Pope's 'Homer,' and as large as 'Paradise Lost.' It was necessarily historical, and grandly rhetorical. Mr. Cornwallis followed up this great work by one still greater on 'The Conquest of Mexico and Peru,' together with a prefatory piece on 'The Discovery of the Pacific.'"—*Glasgow Herald (Scotland)*, June 20, 1895.

"It is an intellectual pleasure to read this history in verse of the European Conquest in America. This poetical work will be appreciated as the years roll by, and it will be a literary light to coming generations."—*Miner County Democrat, South Dakota*.

## A Strange Story of Adventure.

---

A MARVELLOUS COINCIDENCE; OR A CHAIN OF MIS-ADVENTURES AND MYSTERIES.

---

By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

---

Paper, 50 Cents. For Sale Everywhere, and mailed free on receipt of price. THE DAILY INVESTIGATOR OFFICE, 66 Broadway, New York.

---

"A story which is decidedly out of the beaten track. Critics must agree with one accord that it gives them, in the unravelling of the plot, several touches of the unanticipated. Mrs. Zachary Fenwick in a quiet Massachusetts village has a series of experiences calculated to excite the envy of any dreaming maiden who has longed to become the central figure in a novel. The adventures and reappearances of the two missing boys are told in an original and graphic way which furnishes entertaining reading for lovers of fiction."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"It is composed of lost children, shipwrecks, South Sea islands, mining camps and the like stirring events and odd places. It is impossible enough for Jules Verne, but at the same time is quite readable."—*Town Topics, N. Y.*

"A pleasing American novel. It is a chain of misadventures and mysteries from first to last, and it engrosses the attention of the reader from the beginning until the very last page has been perused."—*San Francisco Call*.

"It has some fun, some wisdom and a fair share of incident, and one strong situation."—*Commercial Advertiser, N. Y.*

"A 'Marvellous Coincidence,' is in the author's happiest vein. It is a story of American life in which the necessary love theme is skillfully blended with incident of stirring adventure. Treating essentially of American life Mr. Cornwallis has applied his moral to certain national traits in its character with impressive strength and force."—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

---

Published in the "Seaside Library," price 30 cents, and in "Lovell's Library," New York, price, 25 cents.

---

**ADRIFT WITH A VENGEANCE:** A Story of Love and Adventure. By Kinahan Cornwallis, Author of "Pilgrims of Fashion," a novel; "Royalty in the New World; or, the Prince of Wales in America," with a steel-plate portrait of the Prince, a narrative of travels; "A Panorama of the New World," a narrative of travel in North and South America and Australia, (2 vols.); "Howard Plunkett," a novel, (2 vols.); "Wreck and Ruin, or, Glimpses of Modern Society," a novel, (3 vols.); "My Life and Adventures," (2 vols.); "Two Journeys to Japan," (2 vols.), illustrated by the author; "The New El Dorado; or, British Columbia," a narrative of travel, illustrated; "Poems of Travel," &c., &c. Most of these works were originally published in London between 1853 and 1863.

# THE DAILY INVESTIGATOR: AND WALL STREET AND BANKING NEWS.

*A Financial and Commercial Review and Investors' Guide,  
and Mirror for Bankers, Brokers, Merchants, and  
Railway, Banking, Mining and Insurance  
Corporations,*

*Reflecting Monetary and Commercial Affairs and the Mar-  
kets for Securities and Speculative Commodities.*

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS, Editor and Proprietor, formerly  
financial Editor of the *New York Herald* and Editor and Pro-  
prietor of *The Knickerbocker Magazine* and *The Albion*.

Served free by carriers every morning in New York and Brook-  
lyn, and mailed, postpaid, to all other points in the United States  
nine hours earlier than the great dailies, namely, before 8 P. M. of  
the day it chronicles.

*For sale at all News-stands and all News Agencies.*

**Price 2 Cents.**

---

MERCANTILE COLLECTIONS, AND FINANCIAL NEGOTIA-  
TIONS CONNECTED WITH CORPORATIONS UNDERTAKEN,  
INCLUDING THE ORGANIZATION OF NEW COMPANIES.  
CONCERNING THESE, ADDRESS KINAHAN CORNWALLIS,  
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, 29 WALL STREET, N. Y.

---

SUBSCRIPTION Five Dollars a year or Fifty Cents  
a month. ADVERTISEMENTS 25 cents per agate  
line; for more than one insertion, 20 cents per line.  
Cards \$20 per inch per month.

---

THE INVESTIGATOR will be entirely free and  
independent in its course, and always aim to be  
just and judicial in its utterances. It will be the  
organ of no clique or individual and have no  
stock-jobbing axes of its own to grind, but be  
fair and strictly conscientious in all that it says,  
and say nothing, therefore, except in the strictest  
good faith towards its readers, and that it does  
not honestly believe, however searching and  
trenchant its criticisms may be. It will rely  
wholly on its own legitimate merits for support.

---

**Address Kinahan Cornwallis, The Daily Inves-  
tigator, 52 Broadway, New York.**





ONE COPY REC'D

NOV 27 1899

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

**A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION**

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 383 359 4

